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THE NEXT AMERICAN FRONTIER

*What's Really Wrong
With the American Economy*

BY ROBERT B. REICH



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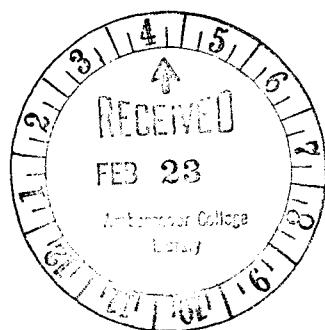
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

KISSINGER, NIXON, AND CHILE

I have read with much interest Seymour M. Hersh's article "The Price of Power: Kissinger, Nixon, and Chile," in your December issue, and wonder if I might recall the following episode in the drama of Salvador Allende:

At the beginning of December, 1972, President Allende came to New York to appeal, at the United Nations, against what Mr. Hersh, citing the CIA's own words, describes as the United States' "firm and continuing policy that Allende be overthrown." Following Allende's address on this theme to the UN General Assembly, a lengthy editorial entitled "What Allende Left Out" appeared in *The New York Times* of December 9, 1972, censuring Allende's charges as irresponsible and willfully ill-founded. In that editorial, the loss of monetary credit to Chile from American and international agencies was attributed merely to the premise "that the Allende government is not a good lending risk"; Allende was rebuked for "tarnishing all American firms for the bad deportment of a few," and for "painting official Washington's role in colors too conspiratorial"; and Allende's claim to a popular following in his own country was scathingly disparaged. Criticizing Washington for nothing more than having "acted clumsily" toward Chile, the editorial went on to make the following assertion:

In recounting I.T.T.'s misadventures, Dr. Allende failed to tell his United Nations audience that the Nixon administration wisely ignored I.T.T.'s appeal for CIA and other government help for a 1971 scheme designed to make sure that the Allende government "does not get through the crucial next six months." Similarly vital omissions are evident in Dr. Allende's account of Chile's difficulties with the Kennecott and Anaconda Copper companies.

Allende's accusations on that occasion were in fact mild in comparison with the evidence brought forward in Mr. Hersh's article.

When the *Times* editorial appeared, many persons who had no special knowl-

edge or political ideologies had already become convinced, from pressure of facts, that it was indeed official United States policy "that Allende be overthrown." A decade has passed; and perhaps Mr. Hersh—who was then at *The New York Times*—can now tell us the source and context of this misguided and influential editorial.

SHIRLEY HAZZARD

New York, N.Y.

Thank you for bringing us Seymour Hersh's account of Nixon and Kissinger's role in plotting to overthrow Salvador Allende. Hersh, though, fails to mention that private U.S. banks had a hand in the economic warfare waged against Chile in the aftermath of Allende's election.

Although they had formerly granted Chile about \$220 million a year in vital short-term loans, after Allende's election, U.S. banks limited their commitments to about \$35 million in 1971 and \$32 million in 1972.

But within eighteen months of the bloody coup that overthrew Allende, U.S. banks flocked to Chile, offering much-needed loans. By 1978, more than 90 percent of the debt of the right-wing military regime in Chile was being covered by loans from U.S. banks, led by Citibank, Bankers Trust, Morgan Guaranty, Wells Fargo, Chemical Bank, and First Chicago. U.S. banks, involved in bringing about economic conditions that made Chile ripe for a military coup, have continued to finance a totalitarian regime—one that, most likely, could not continue existing without the support of the U.S. banking community.

DAVID CORN

New York, N.Y.

The article by Seymour M. Hersh promises an exposé it simply fails to deliver. To be sure, Hersh demonstrates that Kissinger, at least, opposed any effort to overthrow the election of Salvador Allende in 1970, and did so precisely because he properly understood the limits of power. Hersh is disturbed by Kissinger's lack of moral enthusiasm for Allende, rather than by any active political opposition. But the first volume of Kis-

singer's memoirs, *The White House Years*, makes plain his negative view of the Allende regime. Hersh's article damns Kissinger's morality and, implicitly, his ideology, but fails to state plainly and fairly that Kissinger a) had no role in the efforts to prevent Allende's assumption of the Chilean presidency, and b) even opposed the schemes proposed by CIA officials. Rationalization aside, presumptions of motivations aside, the Hersh piece does not change our knowledge of this historical record one whit.

IRVING L. HOROWITZ
New Brunswick, N.J.

MORE ON DIVAD

Re *The Atlantic's* portrayal, in the October, 1982, issue, of how Ford Aerospace was chosen for the Divad contract award:

1. Throughout the Divad development, the Army conducted a number of tests designed to collect data and assess performance over a wide operational spectrum. The Army "shoot-off" referred to assessed total system performance, including target detection, tracking, gun-pointing accuracy, reliability, and operator performance. Test results are classified, but any unbiased assessment would show equal or better performance by the Ford Divad unit. There's an important general point that anyone knowledgeable about the development of new systems understands. Testing is an integral and necessary part of prototype development. Each test phase is designed to identify shortcomings and areas that need improvement or correction. To characterize the results as "failing a test" is to misunderstand the process and distort the procedure.

2. Repeated innuendos regarding the relationship between Ford Aerospace and retired Army officers are unjustified. There were absolutely no improprieties or illegalities in the presence of retired Army officers on the Ford team. Two of those named are heads of companies serving as suppliers. A third was employed as a test manager, because he is a recognized testing expert and it was in the best interest of the program to get the best man for the job. A fourth Army officer was retained as a technical consultant, because of his extensive practical military experience and knowledge of air-defense requirements. The use of retired military experts as consultants is

not only widely accepted but is also considered good management.

3. Undersecretary of the Army James Ambrose is incorrectly characterized as overseer of the Divad program at Ford Aerospace. Mr. Ambrose was vice president, technical affairs, and was assigned full time to the communications-satellite area during the period in question. He had no responsibility for Divad.

4. The author charges indirectly that Ford Motor Company went to the White House looking for a handout. At no time did Ford Motor Company ever seek financial assistance from the government. The suggestion that the Divad contract was awarded to Ford Aerospace to solve the auto company's problems is untrue, illogical, and ludicrous on the face of it. On the contrary, Ford gave assurances that there were resources to support the program and backed them up with \$43 million of investments for Divad facilities.

5. The article inaccurately states the cost of Divad. Easterbrook has taken the Option 1 contract price and divided it by the number of systems to arrive at a unit price. This makes the unit price look much larger than it is, because the Option 1 contract price includes not only the launch system but also ammunition, trainers, support equipment, major logistics efforts, long lead items, and other non-recurring expenses. The author compounds the cost confusion by assigning the cost of an M-1 tank (used for comparison purposes) at a mature point in its production schedule.

Ford Aerospace cooperated fully with the author in his research on this article. The results indicate that Easterbrook started with a premise he was unwilling to alter no matter where the facts led.

WILLIAM SHEEHAN
Vice President, Public Affairs
Ford Aerospace

Gregg Easterbrook replies:

If the Divad "shoot-off," in 1980, was an exercise to "identify shortcomings" in the competing prototypes, then the results of the Army's "check-test," held at Fort Bliss in late 1981 and early 1982, are critical, because the check-test was supposed to show whether Ford had corrected all the "shortcomings" in Divad and deserved to be awarded a production contract for the machine.

Since my article was published, I have obtained the Army's summaries of the check-test results. The details are classi-

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John Jameson
Imported Irish Whiskey

fied, but I can describe what happened in general terms. Divad, the check-test showed, still had great difficulty in aiming at hovering helicopters, the target it was "optimized" to face. Its "radar-auto" function, which is designed to direct the gun to the most threatening target, is accurate only a small percentage of the time. The radar-computer systems' "mean time between failure" is about twenty hours; that is, it breaks down at least once during any twenty hours of use. Divad's defense system against the radar-seeking missiles (ARMs) that its radars will attract suffers regular false alarms, which render the weapon inoperative for long periods. "IFF interrogators" are also unreliable, causing gunners during the check-test to shoot at friendly aircraft. Perhaps most frightening, diving aircraft caused Divad to aim into the ground, in the vicinity of the troops it is supposed to protect.

The check-test was conducted under ideal conditions: flat desert terrain, gunners specially trained by Ford engineers, special maintenance performed by Ford technicians. Most of the engagements were against single targets flying in a "benign" electronic environment—that is, using no radar-jamming or other countermeasures. The Army's summary cautioned that on "a real battlefield," Divad might not achieve even the level of performance exhibited in the check-test.

My article contained no innuendos about the retired Army officers. I provided full details of the officers' corporate affiliations. Hiring former colleagues of the people who make procurement decisions for the Pentagon may be considered "good management" by contractors, but the practice is not necessarily "good" for the national defense. As for James Ambrose, he wrote to me (he refused a personal interview) that while at Ford Aerospace he "had involvement as a corporate review official in the Divad program." Ambrose further wrote that he was "responsible for corporate oversight" of many Ford projects, including, he clearly stated, Divad. I chose the word "oversight" for his role because that is the word Ambrose chose himself.

My assessment of Ford's involvement with the White House was based on, and clearly attributed to, Pentagon sources who were in a position to know.

The costs for Divad cited in the article were not inflated. The "trainers" and

"support equipment" Mr. Sheehan mentions are made necessary by Divad's complexity. If Divad cannot be used without them, shouldn't they be included in the price? If anything, the article understates Divad's costs—by not factoring in the \$159 million that had already been paid to Ford for Divad's development, for example.

Mr. Sheehan's complaint about cost comparisons to the M-1 is perplexing. My article cited the General Accounting Office's figure of \$2.3 million per tank, a calculation that includes development expenses. According to the Army, the M-1's "mature" cost, which entails only production, is \$1.7 million per tank. If I had used the "mature" figure, as Mr. Sheehan charges, the comparison would have been even more unfavorable to Ford: each Divad vehicle would have cost four times what an M-1 tank costs, instead of three times, as the article stated.

DISARMAMENT

The merits of Hans Koning's essay "Disarmament: A First Farewell to Arms," in the January *Atlantic*, are unfortunately obscured by his rhetorical ending.

No one familiar with the history of Weimar Germany can accept the statement that "in a world that had achieved real disarmament, the Japanese militarists and the German Nazis would [not] have come to power." There are two problems with this assertion: it ignores the absence of Germany and the Soviet Union from the early disarmament talks, and it totally misrepresents the bases of Hitler's appeal. The latter is the telling point. The Nazi Party was not the largest bloc in the 1932 parliament because the major powers did not tear down their military establishments. Hitler became chancellor because he embodied the disgust millions of Germans felt at the terms of the Versailles treaty, the dismay they felt at the rising unemployment, and the trepidation they felt at the arrival of "modernism." Not one of these factors would have changed if total disarmament had been achieved in 1922.

MICHAEL D. SMITH
McLean, Va.

Hans Koning replies:

A key provision of Versailles was that the disarmament of Germany was to be

followed by disarmament of the Allies; when that did not happen, the hypocrisy of Versailles became an accepted fact. Another factor is that without rearmament the economic history of the West would have been totally different. A third is that in a disarmed world the Reichswehr, Stahlhelm, and similar German groups would have seemed not bravely defiant but ridiculous. I could go on.

IN THE FORTIES

As one of the photographers represented in your portfolio on the Standard Oil photographic project (January *Atlantic*), it occurs to me to wonder how your authors would feel if their by-lines were hidden somewhere in the back of the magazine. Has it not occurred to you that in this period when photographs are exhibited as works of art in galleries, you are perpetrating an injustice by stowing their credits where nobody except possibly another photographer would be likely to find them?

EDWIN ROSSKAM
Roosevelt, N.J.

We agree that the photographers' credits should have been more prominently displayed.

The Editors

In the January, 1983, issue of your excellent publication, the photo taken by Todd Webb at the bottom of page 46 is incorrectly captioned "Walnut Street in Philadelphia, 1947."

You are one block in error. The old Adelphia Hotel was located (the building still stands) at the northeast corner of 13th and Chestnut Streets.

FRANCIS J. BOYLE
Haddonfield, N.J.

WIN SOME, LOSE SOME

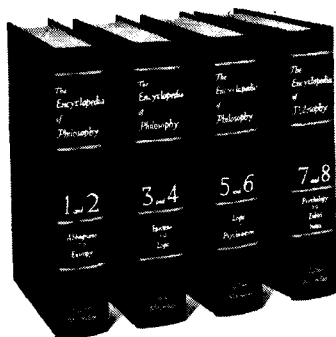
I have taken *The Atlantic* off and on for more than forty years, and until recent years I enjoyed the short stories you published.

I have just read a thing called "A New Wave Format" in the November issue. I am at a complete loss as to why it was published.

GOODRICH WALTON
Parker, Colo.

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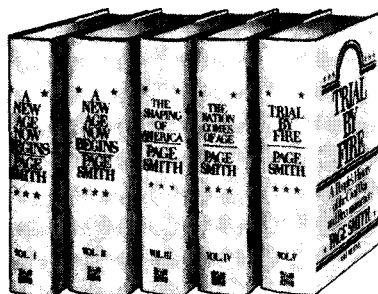


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five things you published under the heading "Poems," by William Carlos Williams, had never before been published.

It was worth subscribing to your publication just to read the poem "Loyal" by William Matthews in your October issue. Nothing I have read in a long time has moved me so.

LILLIAN SHIRVANIAN
Hackensack, N.J.

BOB DYLAN'S LYRICS

I thoroughly enjoyed reading Langdon Winner's review of Elvis Costello's most recent album, *Imperial Bedroom*, in your December issue. It was a fine review of an outstanding album.

There was, however, one problem. Mr. Winner's reference to the lyrics of Bob Dylan as "false-bottomed swindles" is analogous to, and as ignorant as, Costello's ugly reference to Ray Charles. At least Costello apologized for his comments.

JAMES P. NOLAN
Omaha, Neb.

Langdon Winner replies:

Elvis Costello's lyrics resemble Bob Dylan's in important respects. Both songwriters relish colorful, enigmatic turns of phrase; both insist on leaving much unsaid. Costello's songs, however, are held together by a coherent sense of meaning, a coherence woefully lacking in many of Dylan's songs of the past dozen years or so. As long as Dylan and his fans were able to free associate on the same wavelength, that shortcoming did not matter very much. But now that the alliance between artist and audience has crumbled, Dylan's verses have begun to sound haphazard, thoughtless, even dishonest.

ADVICE & CONSENT

As regards your piece "Longlea" ("The Years of Lyndon Johnson," November *Atlantic*), which purports to describe my parents, I should like to draw your attention to a sampling of its factual errors.

Longlea was not 1,000 acres but 860.

Mr. Caro seems to have considerable trouble generally with his numbers and plurals. "Roads" didn't lead to Longlea,

one dirt road did. As for paintings, there was one Monet (no "s") and there were no Renoirs.

Our living-room rug cost \$10,000, not \$75,000, and it wasn't purchased by my father.

My mother, who seldom rode and never had "hair long enough to sit on," did not "quickly divorce" my father, unless six years of marriage constitutes a quick divorce.

Our butler, Rudolph Kollinger, never worked at the Stork Club, nor was he a Prussian. He was a sentimental Bavarian, and he arrived not with a wife and mistress but with a wife and daughter whom he loved devotedly for nearly fifty years.

Oh, well, yours makes a better story, and maybe Mr. Caro can sell the paperback rights to *Candlelight Romances*.

DIANA MARSH
New York, N.Y.

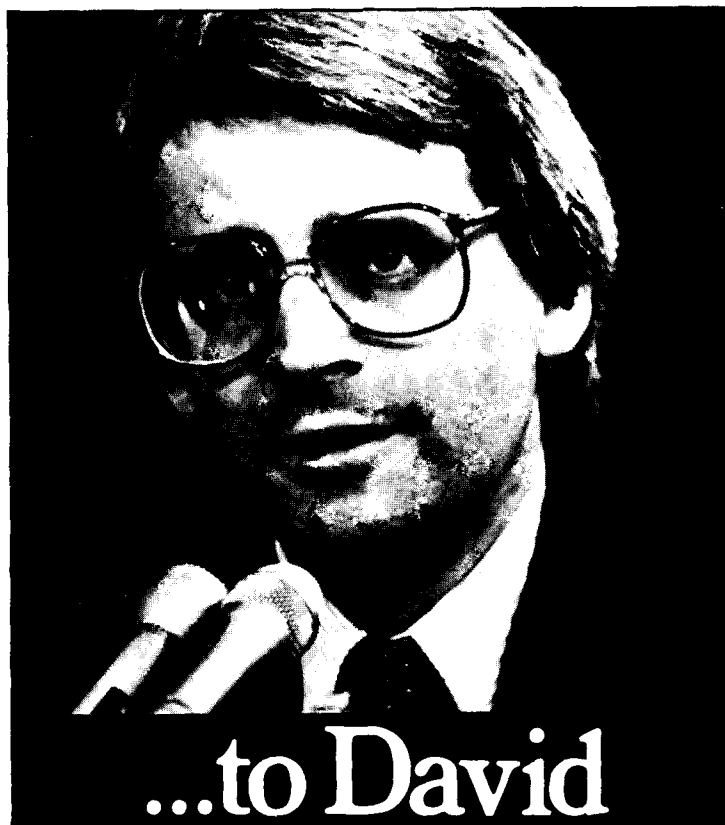
Thomas Powers's generally absorbing account of the development of U.S. nuclear-weapons strategies ("Choosing a Strategy for World War III," November *Atlantic*) was marred, I believe, by his early dismissal of a proposal of then-President-elect Jimmy Carter to reduce the number of nuclear weapons. The reference is related to the problem of "minimum deterrence": "... proposing to the Joint Chiefs of Staff a retreat to a mere 200 nuclear weapons would be like proposing to a group of international bankers that they solve the problem of poverty by dissolving their corporations and distributing their assets to the poor." This surprisingly flip dismissal of large-scale arms-reduction proposals appears to rest on Powers's contention that developments in nuclear-weapons technology guide strategic planning, and given uncertainties about what one's adversaries may be doing with that technology, "minimum deterrence is just plain unthinkable."

The objectionable aspects of this view are disguised, first of all, by Powers's use of a false analogy. Why should a strategically guided *reduction* in arms be analogous to an apparently reckless *dissolution* of a bank? A more exact analogy would compare a carefully planned arms reduction with a bank's planned decision to redeploy its assets by reducing its loan exposure in a particular area.

STANLEY A. WEISS
Washington, D.C.



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ENVIRONMENT

THE WILDLIFE TRADE

As the smuggling of endangered species of animals and plants increases, protective laws remain easy to break and hard to enforce



LAST FALL, ON the morning of September 29, officials of the General Services Administration in Washington opened the first of some 28,000 sealed bids from a bizarre government auction. For several days earlier in the month, prospective bidders had found their way to an obscure federal building on Third Avenue in Brooklyn, where, in a carefully guarded room on the fifth floor, they were allowed to inspect the merchandise for sale. Scattered on tables were more than 40,000 pieces of elephant ivory, ranging in size from whole sixty-five-

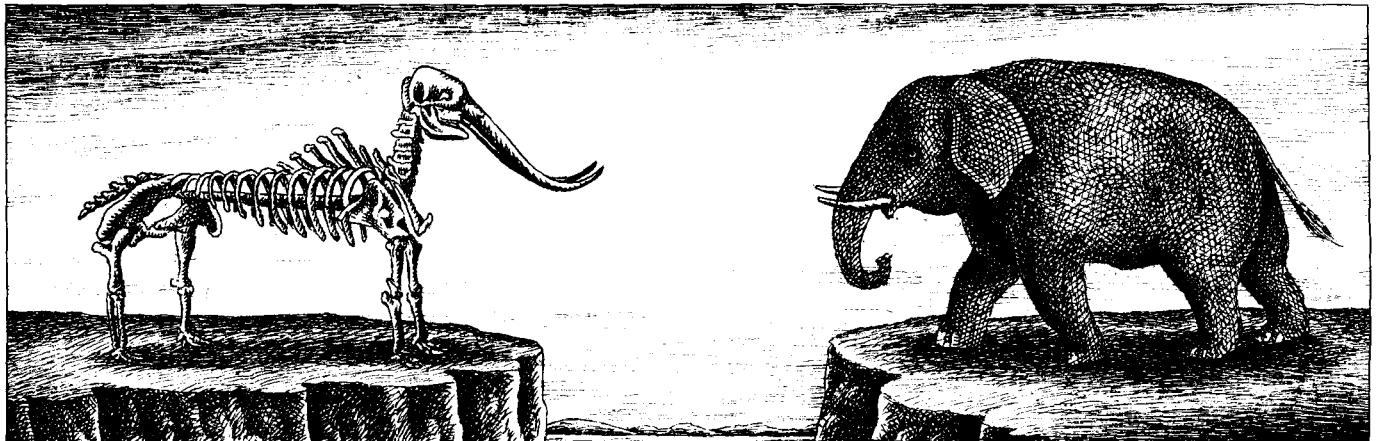
pound tusks to carved miniature golf-club pendants. Alongside the ivory were elephant-hide briefcases, elephant-hide beer mugs, elephant-hide shaving kits. There were antelope boots and cobra handbags, elephant-foot ice buckets and caiman checkbook covers. There were 1,325 pairs of python shoes.

All these objects had been confiscated over the past decade by U.S. Customs or Fish and Wildlife agents. When seized, all were being brought into the United States illegally, either in the luggage of uninformed tourists or, more often, through the maneuvers of sophisticated smugglers. Yet, prodigious as they may have seemed heaped together in one room, the 50,000 items in Brooklyn represented only a portion of the wildlife products seized. They did not include plants or live animals. They did not include the vast number of objects made from endangered species, marine mammals, and migratory birds—products that no one, not even the federal government, is allowed to sell.

In fact, the confiscated wildlife products auctioned in Brooklyn represent no more than a tiny fraction of the illegal

trade. Fish and Wildlife Service (FWS) investigators, who did not begin actively tracking down major smugglers until the late 1970s, are only now beginning to discern the likely extent of that trade, and the more they discover, the more alarmed they become. Their estimates of the money that is changing hands are still little more than guesses, but \$100 million a year is a common figure. Profits can range from 300 to 400 percent. Although wildlife officials have even less of an idea how many plants, animals, and wildlife products these profits represent, they believe the number of items could reach more than 25 million, a quarter of the legal total. One reason so little is known is that agents have trouble keeping up with even the legal trade; for example, of the 25,000 shipments of wildlife and wildlife products that come through New York every year, enforcement agents are lucky if they can inspect 20 percent.

If one thing is certain, though, it's that the world has an apparently inexhaustible appetite for live wild animals and for the skin and meat of dead ones. The illegal trade tends to satisfy that appetite



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with the most endangered plants and animals. The consequences are often grave, especially in Third World countries, where most of the species live. Scientists say that the global network of poachers, middlemen, and importers supplying the trade has become the single most important factor nudging several species of plants and animals to the verge of extinction—among them some orchids, the olive ridley sea turtle, and the rhinoceros. Officials of TRAFFIC (Trade Records Analysis of Flora and Fauna in Commerce), an international trade-monitoring group funded by the World Wildlife Fund, estimate that among some of those threatened species, four or five animals are killed during taking or shipping for every one sold on the market.

The illegal trade sometimes presents problems for the United States as well. Two years ago, FWS agents seized 10,000 pounds of walrus ivory in one day, an amount representing about 750 animals. So many headless walruses were washing up on the Siberian coast near Alaska that the Soviet government filed a formal protest with the State Department. Tens of thousands of birds are smuggled into the Southwest from Mexico every year, some of them carrying Newcastle disease, which is lethal to poultry. One 1975 Agriculture Department study concluded that if this disease should ever become established in the United States, it could cost the federal government \$250 million a year to combat it.

According to a TRAFFIC study of the legal wildlife trade, the United States is the largest consumer of practically every wild plant, animal, or animal product that can be bought on the open market. The FWS estimates that the value of the legal trade is about one billion dollars a year. But that figure is based on the declared value of goods entering or leaving the country; in a trade with such high profits, the actual amount involved could be much higher. Nor does that figure include the yearly importation of 165 million plants, a substantial number of which are collected from the wild. Whatever its value, the legal trade in many species is growing rapidly—which means that the level of illegal trade must be rising as well.

Customers vary from scientists and zookeepers to art collectors and urban cowboys. The biomedical and pharmaceutical industries, which use monkeys

for research, bought most of the 22,000 monkeys legally imported, with a declared value of about \$1.6 million, in 1981. Aside from primates and zoo specimens, most wildlife and wildlife products are luxury items, whose allure is often their exotic appearance and high price. Rhino horn, valued in some cultures for its medicinal properties and obtainable only on the illegal market, is said to be worth its weight in gold. For whatever reasons, Americans imported 700,000 live birds in 1981, with a declared value of \$11.7 million. Almost \$9 million worth of elephant ivory came in legally that year, as did \$13 million worth of marine shells and shell products, and \$3.6 million worth of coral articles.



The oldest, largest, and most profitable slice of the legal trade is the one in animal skins. The United States imported \$200 million worth of raw and dressed furs in 1981, some of which came from wild animals. The United States exports several hundred million dollars' worth of furs every year. Aside from the live-bird business, however, wildlife agents these days are most concerned about the sudden rise in the reptile-skin and -product trade. Almost \$61 million worth of reptile products were imported legally in 1981, the last year for which detailed figures are available. This represents an increase of 250 percent over 1980 imports; wildlife officials fear that the value of the illegal reptile trade may be growing just as quickly. As Kenneth Berlin, founder and until a year and a half ago leader of the Justice Department's Wildlife Section, observes, "One thing you learn by

looking at the wildlife trade is that in America you can sell anything."

THE WORLD BECAME aware of the dangers of the wildlife trade in the early 1970s, when many environmentalists were struck by the revelation that the wildlife of the world was dying off at an unimaginably fast pace. They cited estimates that half the species of warm-blooded animals that had become extinct over the previous 2,000 years had done so during the first sixty years of this century. One of every ten species of plant and animal was threatened with extinction, mostly because the wild places of the world were being cleared and developed at an uncontrolled rate. The rain forests were most severely affected; even if some animals there, such as the great spotted cats, could survive a loss of habitat, they would not be able to survive the depredations of trade much longer.

This was the message that Russell Train, then the chairman of the Council on Environmental Quality, brought to the representatives of some eighty governments who gathered in Washington during the winter of 1973 to consider a treaty to regulate the wildlife trade. Ten years later, CITES, as the treaty is called (for the Convention on International Trade in Endangered Species of Wild Fauna and Flora), is still used as a guide for keeping track of the commercial use of the countries' native wildlife. CITES, which has been ratified by seventy-seven nations, brings together for the first time the countries that export wildlife, mostly in the Third World, with those that import it, mostly in Europe, along with Japan and the United States. It specifies which wild plants and animals are so close to extinction that they must not be traded, and which must be closely regulated to prevent them from also becoming endangered. "CITES is not a treaty to prohibit trade," explains Richard Parsons, who, as the chief of the FWS Federal Wildlife Permit Office, has been a leader in refining and administering the treaty since U.S. ratification. "It's not a treaty to be conducive to trade. It's a treaty to regulate trade." Regulation occurs when the country of origin issues an approved export permit, which is then checked by the importing nation. The beauty of CITES is that the tangled wildlife laws of seventy-seven different countries are reduced to a single certification. "You just need

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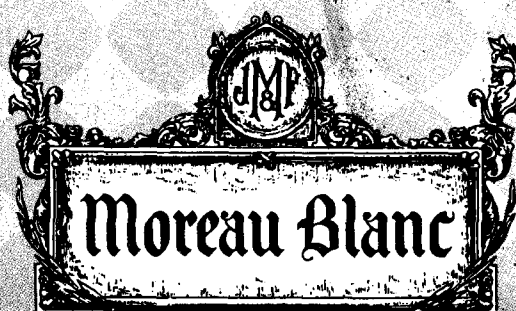
"The Vatican Collections: The Papacy and Art" appears at The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, February 26-June 12, 1983; The Art Institute of Chicago, Chicago, July 23-October 16, 1983; M.H. de Young Memorial Museum, The Fine Arts Museums of San Francisco, San Francisco, November 19, 1983-February 19, 1984.

(top left) APOLLO BELVEDERE, Roman copy, 130-140 A.D.
(bottom left) BORCHIA WITH HEAD OF ACHELOUS TARQUINIA, Bronze, 5th century B.C.
(center) MUSICAL ANGEL, Melozzo da Forlì, ca. 1480. (top right) ST JEROME, Leonardo da Vinci, ca. 1480.
(bottom right) QUETZALCOATL, Aztec feathered serpent, early 16th century.

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that piece of paper," Parsons says.

Of course, a treaty is only as good as the enforcement practices of its member nations, and these vary from good to nonexistent. With so much money to be made, bribery and corruption are inevitable. The treaty is frequently ignored, or permits are forged or signed by the wrong person. Sometimes export permits are given for species in countries where they've never been found. Ratifying CITES does not guarantee enforcement; in some countries, agents in the field have no idea what a CITES permit looks like. Too often, commercial pressures win out over conservation interests; Japan, France, and Italy, for example, have "taken reservations" on some of the species that they trade heavily, declaring, in effect, that as far as those animals are concerned, they are not members of CITES. In countries with unpatrolled borders and thriving smuggling routes, there are more clandestine ways of evading regulation: for years, Brazil has banned exports of most of its wildlife, yet a good deal of it has been exported through Paraguay and Bolivia.

The wildlife trade, both legal and illegal, is nothing if not resilient. Soon after a country bans trade in a species, a neighboring country is likely to notice business in it increasing. Often, trade simply shifts to a similar species, a problem that has been particularly acute with reptiles. But a more serious problem, in the view of many enforcement officials, including Clark Bavin, the chief of the FWS Division of Law Enforcement, is that the permit system tends "to legitimize all shipments." The fear is that the treaty has prompted illegal traders to think up more subtle deceits, that smugglers have reached the status of white-collar criminals, cranking out forged or laundered permits that allow them openly to declare their illegal goods.

Most illegal plants, animals, and products enter the country right alongside legal wildlife, and a close look at legal imports reveals the difficulty wildlife inspectors face in sorting out the illegal ones. For instance, the United States imported 250,000 skins in products of various species of alligators and crocodiles in 1981. A TRAFFIC study showed that 90 percent of these items were the skins and products of the spectacled caiman, a South American crocodile divided into four subspecies, two of which are protected by the Endangered

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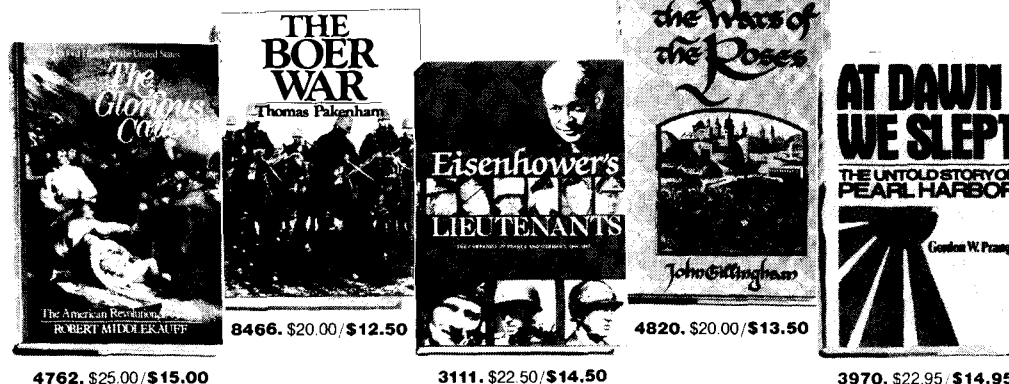
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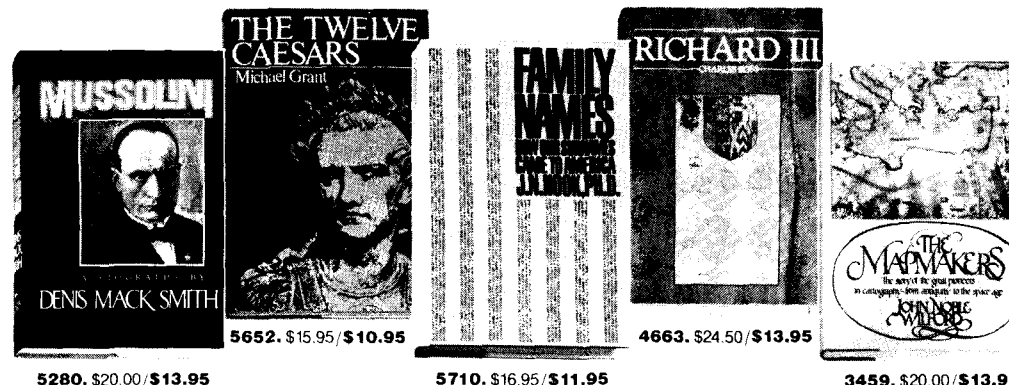
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In its best uses, technology is a means for solving problems and achieving objectives. It helps to improve life. It lets people do more things in better ways. Throughout history, it has functioned as the cutting edge of human progress. With his technology, man has overcome uncounted problems that burdened him for centuries.

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So fast do times change, because of technology, that some people, disoriented by the pace, express yearning for simpler times. They'd like to turn back the technological clock. But longing for the primitive is utter folly. It is fantasy. Life was no simpler for early people than it is for us. Actually, it was far crueler.

Turning backward would not expunge any of today's problems. With technological development curtailed, the problems would fester even as the means for solving them were blunted. To curb technology would be to squelch innovation, stifle imagination, and cap the human spirit.

Technology to serve people must continue to be nurtured and strengthened and honed and put to the tasks in society that need to be done.

The challenge of our times is to foster its continued progress, to use it wisely, to manage it for our own greater benefit and the enrichment of life for those who follow. The full promise of technology lies in its development and use to make things better for all.



Species Act and cannot be imported. In 1981, a third of the skins and products identified as *Caiman crocodilus crocodilus*, one of the legal subspecies, arrived in the United States with their points of origin listed as any of eleven countries where *C. c. crocodilus* does not exist. One of the endangered subspecies, *C. c. yacare*, does exist in some of those countries.

Imagine a wildlife inspector for the Port of New York, then, faced with one of the 1,100 yearly shipments of spectacled-caiman skins and products. He must find the time to examine the spectacled-caiman shipment thoroughly. He must be able to tell the difference between an American-alligator handbag and a spectacled-caiman handbag. He must know the range of the spectacled caiman and verify that the animal exists in the country whose name appears on the export documents in his hand. He must know the wildlife laws of that country well enough to tell whether or not they allow the export of spectacled caiman. He must be familiar enough with the Endangered Species Act to know that two subspecies of spectacled caiman cannot be imported. Finally, he must be able to tell a handbag made of one subspecies of spectacled caiman from a handbag made from another subspecies of spectacled caiman. Smugglers figure the odds are in their favor.

ALTHOUGH THE UNITED States regulates its wildlife trade as well as any other country, enforcement efforts here have not been without controversy. Before 1970, almost nothing was known about the illegal trade. Seizures were generally made by customs agents who happened to have a personal affection for animals. The first clear idea of the complexity and sweep of illegal wildlife activity formed in 1975, when customs agents in Philadelphia stumbled onto a reptile-smuggling operation that they were eventually able to trace to the villages where the smuggled animals had been taken from the wild. Five years later, after two agents and an assistant U.S. attorney had collected evidence in Papua New Guinea, Thailand, Switzerland, and a few other countries, twenty-three people had been indicted, and officials from nine zoos implicated.

President Carter helped focus attention on illegal trade in 1979, when he urged that special attention be given to fighting it. In October of that year, Ken-

neth Berlin set up the Wildlife Section in the Justice Department; then he formed the Wildlife Law Enforcement Coordinating Committee, so that representatives from five major federal agencies could conduct joint investigations. Agents began working under cover. A task force in the Southwest developed informants in the vast and lucrative illegal bird trade, where investigators discovered that, pound for pound, profits were as high for smuggling birds across the Mexican border as they were for smuggling drugs, while the chances of getting caught and jailed were far lower. Anywhere from 25,000 to 50,000 tropical birds were crossing the border every year to be sold as pets, floated across the Rio Grande on inner tubes or hidden in the engine compartments of trucks, their beaks taped, the weaker birds already dead of asphyxiation.

FWS agents set up an animal dealership in a suburb of Atlanta, and within a year and a half this "snakescam" operation had bought 10,000 illegal wild animals, including forty-eight species of protected reptiles and three endangered species; the result was twenty-five arrests in fourteen states. By now, Berlin and his colleagues on the law-enforcement committee had evolved a strategy of going after the biggest dealers they could find. "The biggest dealer will do more business than a hundred small dealers," he says. "When you do a big case, you learn everything that's going on in the industry." A year and a half after forming the Wildlife Section and keeping it under Berlin's supervision, the Justice Department had initiated forty-five wildlife prosecutions, which had resulted in thirty-one jail sentences of up to five years, \$110,000 in fines, and 120 years of probation.

Yet most of those cases had been filed under customs regulations and not under the appropriate conservation law. The Lacey Act, first passed in 1900, protects illegally taken wildlife from interstate or international transportation; for this reason, it should be the law most often used to prosecute wildlife smugglers. But of the forty-five Justice Department cases brought between October of 1979 and April of 1981, only twelve involved the Lacey Act, and only six of those concerned imports. There were two reasons for this. For one thing, the civil penalties allowed under the act were far too small to deter smugglers from going right back into business. And once in court

with a criminal case, prosecutors did not simply have to prove beyond a reasonable doubt that the law had been broken—enough for a felony conviction in most non-wildlife cases. They had to demonstrate that the defendant *knew* he was breaking both the law of the exporting country and U.S. federal law by importing the wildlife here. Considering the time and expense of detecting and investigating illegal-trade cases, wildlife agents—until 1975, at least—saw little reason to waste their energy. All that work would bring a fine considerably lower than the price of a single hyacinth macaw.

Congress amended the Lacey Act in late 1981, raising the penalties and easing the burden of proof. (Now a prosecutor must prove only that the smuggler knew he was breaking the law of the exporting nation; some wildlife attorneys, however, say that even this is unusually difficult to establish in court.) By strengthening the act and by ratifying CITES, the government had managed in just a few years to set in place some serious obstacles to illegal trade. But more than a year after their passage, the Lacey Act amendments remain little used. The Wildlife Law Enforcement Coordinating Committee no longer meets as often as it did a year ago. The FWS has lost some thirty enforcement agents to budget cuts and will soon lose fifteen more. Enforcement officials in Customs say that presidential priorities have shifted again, and the agency is no longer actively investigating wildlife cases. Berlin's successors in the Justice Department insist that major international wildlife cases are being investigated, but they add that under the Reagan Administration, their attorneys seem to be spending more time than ever defending the government in environmental litigation and less time prosecuting. Berlin himself has become concerned that the enforcement tools he helped create are no longer being used. He says that his old friends in the field are complaining that large quantities of wildlife contraband are getting through again.

EQUALLY OMINOUS TO some environmentalists is U.S. support in recent years for reducing CITES protection of certain animal species around the world. "The United States helped to sell this treaty to the world," says Ginger Merchant, an endangered-species specialist for Defenders of Wildlife, which sued the

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I'd be less than truthful if I didn't say we have mixed feelings about breaking up a 100-year-old institution which has served the nation very well. On the other hand, we cannot live outside our times. And clearly, the times have

changed. The American people really don't want monopoly, no matter how well regulated. They want competition and the choices that brings.

Technology has changed as well. Not too long ago, data processing was one thing, communications another. That's no longer true. As a result, many companies here and abroad have the technical know-how as well as the marketing resources to deliver high-quality communications products, services, and systems. Thus, the Bell System could not expect to operate and do business as it always has.

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Chairman of the Board, AT&T

The task of divesting is vastly complicated. But we have the human talent. We have the engineering and scientific resources. And we have our pride.

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Restructured by a Consent Decree with the Justice Department, the new AT&T will be able to develop and apply its technologies to the fullest.

In considering the Consent Decree proposal, we thought long and hard about whether the new structure would imperil our ability to serve. And of course we never would have accepted any terms that automatically would have degraded the quality of service to the nation. The Decree gives us the opportunity to build even better communications services and systems because it removes the arbitrary constraints which have limited us in the applications of our technologies.

We're eager to bring the benefits of all our innovations to the consumer in the competitive Information Age marketplace.

Both AT&T and the local phone companies have a bright future.

We're at the heart of the fastest growing, most promising industry in the country. The new AT&T—with its long-distance network and its new subsidiary, American Bell, plus Western Electric and Bell Labs—is in league with the future.

The telephone companies, which already provide a local communications system reaching virtually every home and business, are enhancing the quality and capability of their local lines so they can handle total information services: voice, video, data, even the new cellular mobile phone services. We are pledged to divest these companies in sound financial shape. We will keep that pledge.

This industry is where the opportunities and the excitement are.

If we have a truly competitive communications marketplace, with regulation only where it is needed, I believe AT&T and the divested telephone companies have a significant and constructive role to play in revitalizing the American economy and in maintaining and enhancing US technological leadership in communications.

The Bell System as we now know it will be no more. We will divest. But we are not demolishing the promise of tomorrow. That promise is alive and well. Bell System people are ready for new directions.



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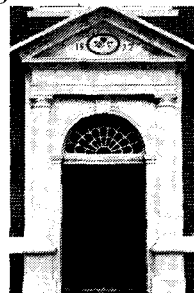
to build by hand today. But we can continue to enjoy these architectural legacies if we restore those still standing. Let's find uses today for yesterday's fine buildings. With a little imagination,



many of them can be adapted to our modern lifestyles. All across the country historic buildings are being revived. People who care about our architectural heritage are finding innovative adaptive uses for once deserted



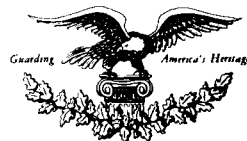
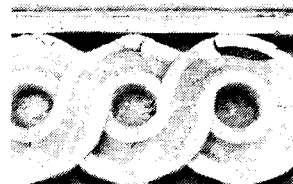
structures. They're becoming homes, offices, apartments, shops, restaurants—all with unique character that can't be created today. Yet in a few more years, it may be too late to save



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Interior Department a few years ago over CITES implementation. "But what you see in recent meetings is the United States presenting some proposals that have gone down to defeat, because the perception of the rest of the world has been that they run against the best interests of wildlife." Merchant points out that during the last CITES meeting, in New Delhi in 1981, the United States was one of very few nations to oppose increasing the controls on trade in certain species of whales and almost all species of parrots. Among the proposals the American delegation will take with it to the next CITES meeting, to be held in Botswana in April, are ones to reduce protection of the river otter, lynx, bighorn sheep, and grizzly bear.

Richard Parsons, one of the Interior Department officials most responsible for implementing CITES, argues that these proposals are needed because the original treaty protected too many species from too many unsubstantiated threats. Swayed by the environmental zeal so pervasive at the time, member countries often rushed to safeguard their wildlife without knowing whether it was in fact threatened by trade. The result was a long "wish list," difficult to enforce.

"There is a strong feeling that a lot of species get listed only for emotional reasons," Parsons says. "There's no legal requirement that anyone has to do anything other than propose a listing. But by adding a lot of species, you just increase the volume of paper. I don't want this treaty to be a paper tiger in ten or fifteen years." Parsons believes that the information that has emerged over the past decade because of CITES indicates that some of the listed animals are abundant enough not to be damaged by international trade. Reducing the number of listed animals and plants, Parsons argues, will simplify and refine the treaty, thereby making it more effective in protecting those species that need it most critically.

Meanwhile, tugging at Parsons and his colleagues from the other side are a few trade groups and hunting groups, as well as most state fish-and-game departments, who fear that the treaty will cramp the traditional right of each state to manage its own wildlife. That fear became outrage when one of the first CITES actions taken by the federal government was to propose a ban on the export of bobcat skins on the grounds that

the states were unable to prove that export would not irreparably harm the species. In response to the anger of the states, the Endangered Species Scientific Authority (ESSA), the semi-independent scientific panel that had recommended the ban, relented. Defenders of Wildlife sued, and relations between environmentalists and the federal government, which had been close throughout the drafting and early implementation of the treaty, deteriorated. Because of this and similar controversies, ESSA was eventually replaced, and its powers were assumed by the Interior Department, which now writes all CITES proposals.

Since then, Michael Bean, an attorney for the Environmental Defense Fund and a leader for the coalition of conservation groups at the 1979 and 1981 CITES meetings, has seen the government become more cautious about CITES, trying to "shorten the leash" on its delegation. He points out that the official U.S. delegation going to Botswana will be the smallest yet, and will include no one from the environmental community. "We're being politely listened to," Bean says, "but we're being just as politely ignored."

The internal debate over CITES reflects in part the position of the United States as one of the few countries in the world that is both a major importer and a major exporter of wild plants and animals. Although both importing and exporting countries profit from the wildlife trade, it is exporting countries that finally pay the greatest biological cost; as a result, importing countries that profit from wildlife taken someplace far away often clash at CITES meetings with exporting countries trying to protect their biological diversity. In Botswana next month, the representatives of seventy-seven nations will try to protect both wildlife and trade.

"The question is," says Kenneth Berlin, "will it work." Despite the existence of CITES, there are stories of entire hill-sides of cacti uprooted in an afternoon's work, of rhinos machine-gunned for their horns, of gorillas beheaded for souvenirs. As long as there are customers willing to pay any price for elephant-foot ice buckets and hyacinth macaws, there will be dealers to supply them, no questions asked.

—Norman Boucher

Norman Boucher is a writer living in Boston.

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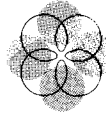
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GREECE PAPANDREOU: NATIONAL INTERESTS ARE THE KEY

Greece's Prime Minister is touchy about ties with the U.S., but pragmatic about foreign policy and economic problem-solving



IN OCTOBER OF 1981, Andreas Papandreou's Panhellenic Socialist Movement (Pasok) won an overwhelming victory in Greece's national elections, ending thirty-five years of nearly uninterrupted conservative rule in Greece. Papandreou had campaigned on a platform advocating many changes in Greek domestic and foreign policies, including a withdrawal of Greece from NATO, removal of U.S. bases from Greece, an end to Greece's ties with the European Economic Community (EEC), the elimination of all nuclear weapons from Greek soil, and a tougher stand toward Turkey. His victory, therefore, led to uncertainty about the direction Greece's domestic and foreign policies might take in the next few years.

Any shift away from Greece's traditional pro-Western stance would have important implications for U.S. and NATO strategy in the eastern Mediterranean. Greece borders on Turkey, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, and Albania. Its position in the eastern Mediterranean makes it crucial to the control of naval and air

routes in the area. Moreover, its proximity to the Middle East increases its strategic value to the United States. For instance, air bases in Greece proved particularly useful during the evacuation of American nationals from Iran early in 1979.

Andreas Papandreou is an unlikely radical. The son of a former prime minister, George Papandreou, he was arrested for leftist activities under the Metaxas dictatorship and fled in 1939 to the United States. He served in the U.S. Navy during World War II, and became a U.S. citizen in 1944. After obtaining his doctorate in economics at Harvard, he held a variety of academic posts, including the chairmanship of the economics department at the University of California at Berkeley, before returning to Greece to enter politics in 1964.

Arrested by the military during the coup in 1967, he was later released as a result of pressure from U.S. friends close to the Johnson Administration. Thereafter, he went into exile in Sweden and Canada, where he taught, and organized the resistance to the junta. While in exile, he became increasingly bitter toward the United States for what he saw as its support of the dictatorship, and, as leader of the opposition after the restoration of democracy in Greece in 1974, he became an outspoken critic of U.S. policy and Greek ties to NATO. Many observers therefore feared that his election would lead to a drift toward neutralism and a sharp deterioration of U.S.-Greek relations.

During his first year as prime minister, Papandreou has proven to be far more pragmatic and moderate than many of his critics had thought would be

the case. Once in power, he found that he, like other politicians, has relatively little room for maneuver, especially in foreign policy. As a consequence, he has had to postpone or moderate many of the radical positions that he had staked out in his campaign.

Papandreou has not been a docile and obedient ally, however. At a meeting of NATO defense ministers in December of 1981, he demanded guarantees of Greece's frontiers against Turkish aggression and held up the publication of the meeting's final communiqué. And he refused to go along with sanctions against the Soviet Union after the imposition of martial law in Poland. He has also been wooing Yasir Arafat, and one of his first acts after coming to office was to upgrade the status of the PLO office in Athens. On the whole, however, these assertions of Greek independence have not been of major significance. They have been designed primarily for domestic consumption and have been put forward at least in part in order to deflect attention from the fact that on the crucial issues—such as NATO integration, Greece's ties to the EEC, and relations with the United States—Papandreou's policy has not differed radically from that of his predecessors.

Where change has occurred, it has been of tone and style rather than of substance. This is as true for policy toward the Balkans and the Middle East as it is for policy toward the United States and Western Europe. In many of these areas, Papandreou is building on what was begun by his predecessors, Constantine Caramanlis and George Rallis, but giving it new accents.

The political significance of this change of tone and style should not be overlooked, however. In a small country that traditionally has been dominated by one outside power or another—that owes its very birth to the intervention of outside powers—and in which pride and dignity play an important political and social role, Papandreou's willingness to stand up for Greek interests has struck a responsive chord and earned him the respect of even those Greeks who disagree with him on many issues.

PAPANDREOU'S AMERICAN connection has been both a political liability and a political asset. During his first few years in Greek politics, he struggled to live down his reputation as a "parachutist"—a Johnny-come-lately who had ris-



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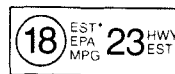
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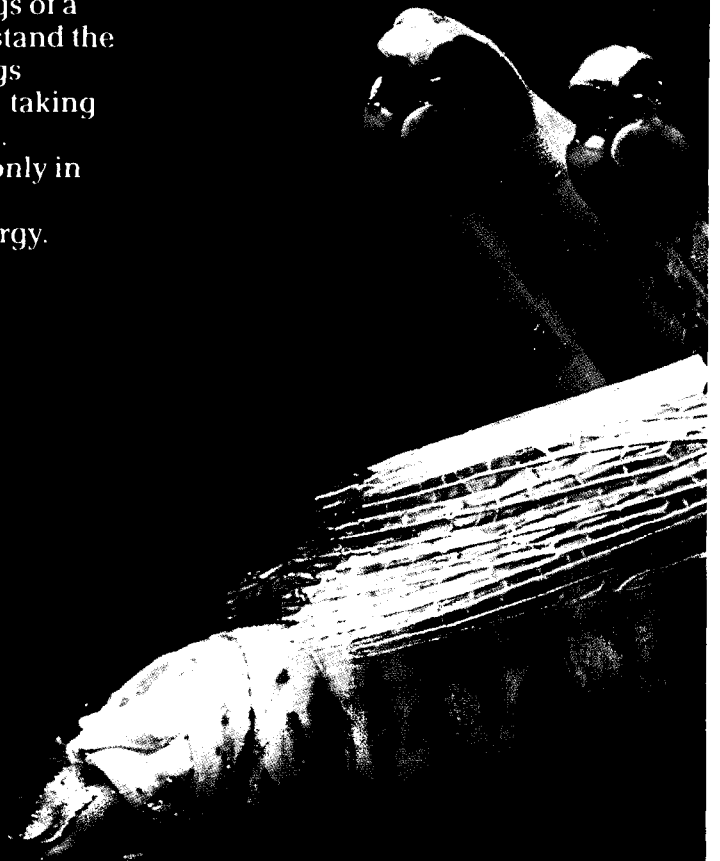
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en to political prominence because of family connections. (His father, prime minister from 1964 to 1965, had appointed Andreas minister of economic coordination not long after his return to Greece.) But as prime minister, Andreas has found that the time he spent in the U.S. is probably an asset. Having lived and taught in the U.S. for twenty years, he is at ease with Americans. He was able to establish a good working relationship with Alexander Haig, the former secretary of state, during the latter's visit to Athens last May, and Caspar Weinberger, the secretary of defense, was reportedly surprised by Papandreou's businesslike and nonpolemical manner during their meeting in Brussels in December of 1981. Other high-ranking American government officials have also been struck by the contrast between Papandreou's private demeanor and his public image as a rabble-rouser and demagogue.

To some extent this ability to adapt to his audience is just good showmanship, but it also reflects a recognition on Papandreou's part that to achieve his long-term goals he needs to avoid unnecessary conflict with Washington, particularly in the early stages of his government.

Thus far the Reagan Administration has assumed a posture of "watchful waiting," wisely judging Papandreou more on his performance in office than on his past rhetoric. For his part, Papandreou has by and large eschewed the disputatious language and scathing criticism of the United States that was his stock-in-trade while in opposition. As a result, though Washington and Athens do not agree on many issues, relations between

them are much better today than might have been expected.

Much of the credit for the success to date of U.S. policy toward Greece belongs to Alexander Haig, and to Lawrence Eagleburger, now undersecretary for political affairs. Haig took an active interest in Greek-Turkish issues, and needed little briefing on the technical aspects of the disagreements between the two countries because of his earlier responsibilities as head of NATO. Also important has been the U.S. ambassador to Greece, Monteagle Stearns. A career diplomat who speaks Greek fluently and has served several tours of duty in Greece, Stearns has won high praise in Athens for his knowledge of Greek affairs and his broad range of contacts. He has the added advantage of having a long-standing relationship with Papandreou, whom he has known for nearly twenty years.

THE REAL TIME of testing lies ahead, however. Of particular importance is the future status of the four U.S. bases in Greece. Unlike the facilities in Turkey, which are predominantly used for intelligence gathering, those in Greece provide direct support for the Sixth Fleet. Loss of these facilities, especially the deepwater port and air base at Suda Bay, on Crete, would inhibit the ability of the Sixth Fleet to operate in the eastern Mediterranean, and make the defense of Turkey more difficult if it should be attacked by one of the Warsaw Pact nations.

Papandreou regards the bases as a symbol of Greece's outmoded "client" relationship with the United States. He argues that they serve predominantly

U.S. interests and provide few direct benefits to Greece. This view reflects his belief, shared by the Greek military and the vast majority of Greeks, that the primary threat to Greece comes from Turkey, not from the Soviet Union. However, while Papandreou would like to see the bases removed, he also wants to avoid a nasty confrontation with the U.S. Thus, he is likely to tolerate their continued presence on Greek soil if some means can be found to make them serve Greek national interests more fully than in the past.

Talks on the future of the bases, which began last October, are currently in progress. While little has been revealed about the position taken by the Greek government, several issues will no doubt play an important role in the negotiations. One is the future of the Hellenikon air base, outside of Athens. The base is used, among other things, for surveillance of activities in the Middle East, including, particularly in recent years, in volatile Libya. In the past, Papandreou has maintained close relations with Libya (unsubstantiated rumors have circulated in Athens for years that Papandreou received financial support from Libya while he was in opposition), and he will probably demand that such surveillance be curtailed, and may insist that the base be closed.

Another issue likely to figure prominently in the negotiations is the question of military assistance. Papandreou sees a buildup of Greece's military strength as the best guarantee against Turkey, and he may well tie the future of the bases to an increase in U.S. military assistance, which would enable Greece to modernize its armed forces, particularly its air force. (The Greeks are currently shopping around for an advanced fighter to replace the F-4; they appear to have narrowed the choice to the F-16 and the Mirage 2000, with the F-16 the preferred aircraft.) The problem is that Greece apparently wants a bigger aid package than the U.S. is prepared to give—or can give.

Papandreou will also probably insist on some sort of annual review process, which would allow him to argue to the Greek public that the bases were under greater Greek control. Finally, there is the issue of a guarantee of the country's frontiers, which Greece has sought in the past. While Papandreou has lately tended to down-play the issue, stating that "only satellites require guarantees,"

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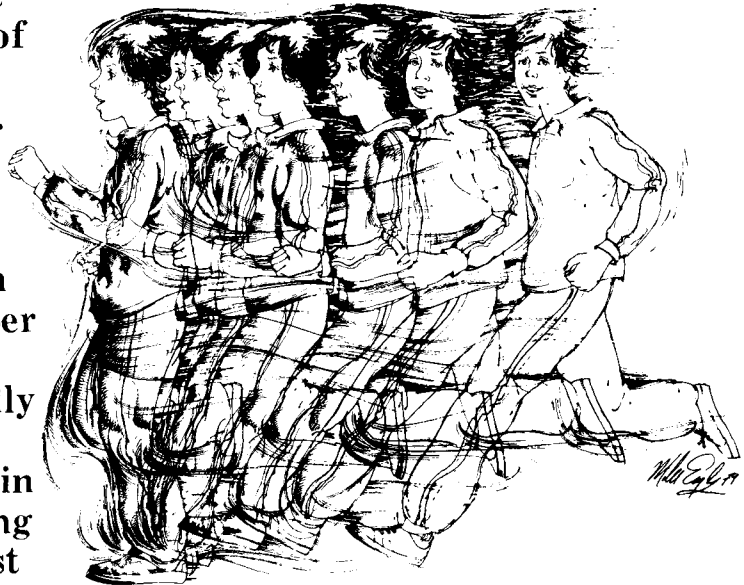
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it is bound to figure in the negotiations in some way. Greek concerns could possibly be assuaged by a reiteration of the principles set forth in 1976 in a letter from Henry Kissinger, then the U.S. secretary of state, to Greek Foreign Minister Dimitri Bitsios, which stated that the U.S. would "actively and unequivocally oppose" any effort on the part of Greece or Turkey to impose "a military solution" in the Aegean. (By what means the U.S. would oppose any such solution was deliberately left vague.)

Papandreou's position on NATO has also shifted. While he continues to insist that he would eventually like to see Greece out of NATO, he stresses that he views such a withdrawal within the framework of a dissolution of European power blocs, not as an immediate goal. As long as blocs exist—and as long as Greece perceives a threat from Turkey—a go-it-alone strategy is unfeasible. "We are realists," he emphasizes.

THE KEY TO the shifts in Papandreou's policy over the past year is his concern with Turkey. Withdrawal from NATO would leave Greece more exposed, both diplomatically and militarily, vis-à-vis Turkey. Moreover, once Greece was outside of NATO, the U.S. would probably tilt more heavily toward Turkey, committing even more resources to modernizing Ankara's armed forces. Recognizing this, Papandreou has retreated from his previous threats to withdraw from NATO and has sought instead to gain support for Greece's position within the councils of the Alliance. His efforts have been undercut, however, by Greece's tendency to footnote NATO communiqués and to depart from agreed Alliance positions. For instance, Papandreou supported Soviet proposals to include the French and British independent nuclear forces in the negotiations in Geneva on medium-range missiles—a move that brought a protest from Paris and London. And whereas most NATO members reacted with reserve to the disarmament proposals made by the Warsaw Pact in its meeting in Prague in January, Greece welcomed them warmly. Such moves may be good domestic politics, but they have done little to win Papandreou friends among NATO members who could be supportive on issues of vital concern to Athens.

The major source of Papandreou's discontent with NATO is the question of command responsibilities. Under an

agreement worked out by General Bernard Rogers, supreme allied commander in Europe, and the Rallis government, Greece rejoined the military structure of NATO in 1980 (it withdrew from the military structure in 1974, in protest over the Turkish invasion of Cyprus). Though the terms of the agreement have never been made public, the Greeks understood that two NATO commands would have responsibility for control of the Aegean: one at Izmir, in Turkey, and a new one at Larissa, in Greece. Both were to be under the command of NATO's southern European headquarters, in Naples. Specific responsibilities were to be negotiated later.

These responsibilities have never been set out, however, because Greece and Turkey cannot agree on how to divide their air and naval responsibilities. The Greeks want to go back to the pre-1974 situation, when the Greek air force had operational responsibility up to the FIR ("flight information region") line that runs midway between the Greek islands and the Turkish coast. The Turks have wanted the NATO command line to be moved out to the center of the Aegean. This is unacceptable to the Greeks, because it would give Turkey control over Greek territory.

For the Alliance, the issue is simply one of boundaries. For the Greeks, it is an issue of national sovereignty. They fear that any acceptance of Turkish control over Greek airspace will set a precedent for negotiations between Greece and Turkey over the Aegean. As a consequence, they have refused to establish the command headquarters at Larissa until the question of operational responsibilities has been clarified to their satisfaction, though they have shown some willingness to participate in certain NATO exercises.

Another important constraint on Papandreou's room for maneuver has been the Greek military. While Papandreou was once a sharp critic of the military, over the past several years he has made a concerted effort to court its support. In the 1981 election campaign, for instance, he consistently praised the important role played by the armed forces, and since becoming prime minister he has given several speeches to the officer corps, in an effort to win their support and ensure their loyalty.

One indication of the importance Papandreou attaches to keeping a firm hand on the military is his decision to

maintain the defense portfolio for himself. At the same time, over the past year he has introduced a number of measures designed to curry favor with the military, such as higher pay for recruits, increased housing allowances for officers, health benefits for military personnel, and an acceleration of the promotion process for junior officers. He has also backed off his campaign promise to reduce the length of military service for recruits, saying that a reduction would be possible only after the threat from Turkey had declined.

Another point that has earned Papandreou approval from the military has been his hawkish stand toward Turkey. At first he refused to renew the bilateral negotiations with Ankara that were begun by Caramanlis and Rallis, arguing that negotiations over the continental shelf and airspace in the Aegean involved questions of Greek sovereignty, which were "non-negotiable," and he made clear that he would give top priority to strengthening Greece's defense capability. He also undertook a number of other moves, such as a highly publicized trip to Cyprus (the first visit by a Greek prime minister to the island), which irritated the Turks and contributed to tension between the two countries early last year.

Apparently recognizing that his hard-line approach has been counterproductive, last summer Papandreou proposed a moratorium (a cessation of polemics and provocative acts by both sides), which was promptly accepted by Turkey. For a while relations between the two countries seemed to have improved. The truce was broken in November, however, when NATO proved unwilling to include the Greek island of Lemnos in its "Apex 82" exercises. This refusal was seen by the Greeks as implying acceptance of the Turkish view that the island should be demilitarized, and Greece withdrew from the exercises at the last moment. Turkey responded by sending its military aircraft into disputed airspace, which led Athens to cancel a scheduled meeting between the countries' foreign ministers.

The renewal of tension last fall emphasizes the importance of finding a diplomatic solution to the Aegean dispute. The root of the problem is that hundreds of Greek islands are scattered throughout the Aegean, some of them within a few miles of the Turkish coast. The difference of view over territorial rights is



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at the heart of the Greek-Turkish dispute over the continental shelf, civil airspace, and the two countries' roles in the NATO command structure.

These strategic issues are exacerbated by deep-seated cultural, historical, and psychological factors that color the perception of each side and make compromise difficult. But none of the issues is irresolvable. What is needed is an act of political will and courage similar to that exhibited by the great Greek statesman Eleutherios Venizelos, who, together with Kemal Atatürk, laid the foundation for Greek-Turkish reconciliation in the interwar period. Ironically, because of his tough stand toward Turkey in the past and his image as a staunch nationalist, Papandreou could pursue such a course more easily than any other Greek politician. Moreover, the chances that Papandreou could reach an accord with Turkey are probably better now, while the country is under military rule, than they will be later, if the country is governed by a weak parliamentary coalition, as was the case throughout most of the 1970s.

ON THE DOMESTIC front, too, Papandreou has moved with relative caution. He has resisted pressure from the left wing to implement a program of broad social and economic reform. Instead, he has proceeded slowly, in a series of small steps, to introduce a policy of limited reform. Unlike France's president, François Mitterrand, for instance, he has not tried to nationalize key industries.

Nonetheless, during his first year a number of small but important reforms were introduced. Civil marriage was legalized; adultery was decriminalized; the voting age was lowered from twenty to eighteen; and the contribution of the left to the national resistance against the Germans in World War II was officially recognized.

Perhaps the most important reform, however, has been Papandreou's effort to decentralize the government administration. Greece, like France, is a highly centralized state, and almost all administrative decisions, even the most minute and trivial, are made in Athens. This has often resulted in long bureaucratic delays and mountains of red tape that have seriously hindered administrative efficiency and provoked frustration at the local level. Papandreou has sought to make the process manageable by streamlining the

bureaucracy and giving more power to local authorities.

Papandreou's principal weakness, however, remains the economy, which lately has been facing mounting problems. The economic boom that Greece experienced in the 1960s and 1970s, based on an expansion of shipping and tourism as well as high industrial growth, has come to an end. Growth slowed visibly in 1980, and in 1981 the country's GNP actually fell. Inflation is currently just above 20 percent, and urban unemployment has risen to 8 percent, double that of 1981. In January, Papandreou was forced to devalue the drachma by 15 percent and to restrict imports from the EEC.

To be sure, many of these problems were inherited from his predecessors. Nonetheless, Papandreou's election generated a widespread expectation that, as an economist, he would produce a rapid turnaround of Greece's economy. But while inflation has dropped slightly and the public debt has been reduced, little overall improvement has been achieved since he took office.

In spite of growing dissatisfaction with his economic performance, Papandreou remains popular. He has been aided, moreover, by the lack of effective opposition. More than a year after its defeat in the national elections, the party formerly in power, New Democracy, remains in disarray and unable to provide a plausible alternative. The party is badly in need of rejuvenation. Evangelos Averoff, the head of the party, is too old (seventy-two) and too associated with the right to provide the dynamic, forward-looking leadership the party needs in order to attract voters from the center. If it is to recapture power, the party must appeal to the "new Greece"—the mass of voters under forty, which voted overwhelmingly for Pasok in 1981. Averoff and his entourage, however, are markedly reluctant to make way for younger leaders who could instill vigor and make the party attractive to this critical segment of the Greek electorate.

The only real opposition to date has come from the KKE, the Moscow-oriented communist party, which has hammered away mercilessly at Papandreou's failure to live up to his campaign promises. Over the past year it has called a series of strikes in public transportation and banks, designed to pressure Papandreou into abandoning his moderate course. But while the KKE did make

some gains in the municipal elections in October, Pasok's strong showing seems to suggest little serious erosion of support.

The coming year is likely to be a time of testing for Papandreou—and for U.S.-Greek relations. Much will depend on the state of the economy and Papandreou's domestic performance. If the economy does not improve, support for Papandreou could begin to erode. Faced with growing economic problems and increasing social discontent, the prime minister could be tempted to seek external scapegoats. In such a case, the U.S. would become a convenient target and the bases a ready-made issue. If these perils can be avoided, however, the U.S. has an opportunity to remove one of the main irritants in U.S.-Greek relations and to move to a more stable, though hardly trouble-free, relationship with Athens.

—F. Stephen Larrabee

F. Stephen Larrabee is co-director of the Soviet and East European research program at the Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies, in Washington, D.C.

METAPHYSICS THE SIZE OF THOUGHTS

*Three principles
distinguish large ideas from
small ones*



.....

EACH THOUGHT HAS a size, and most are about three feet tall, with the level of complexity of a lawnmower engine, or a cigarette lighter, or those tubes of toothpaste that, by mingling several hidden pastes and gels, create a pleasantly striped product. Once in a while, a thought may come up that seems, in its woolly, ranked composure, roughly the size of one's closet. But a really *large* thought, a thought in the presence of which whole urban centers would rise to their feet, and cry out with expressions of gratefulness and kinship; a thought with grandeur, and drenching, barrel-scorning cataracts, and detonations of fist-clenched hope, and hundreds of cellos; a thought that can tear phone books in half, and rap on the iron nodes

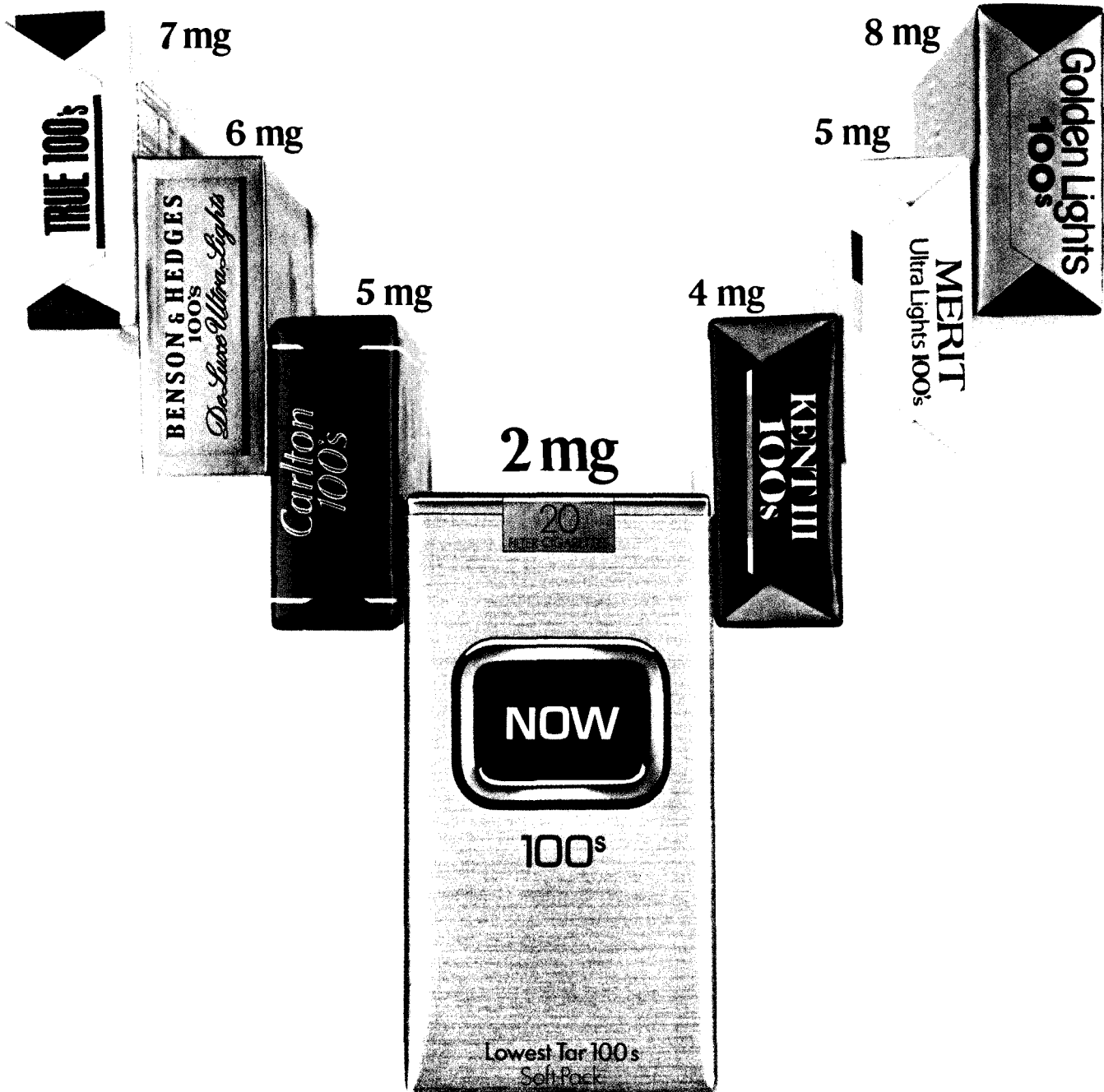
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News



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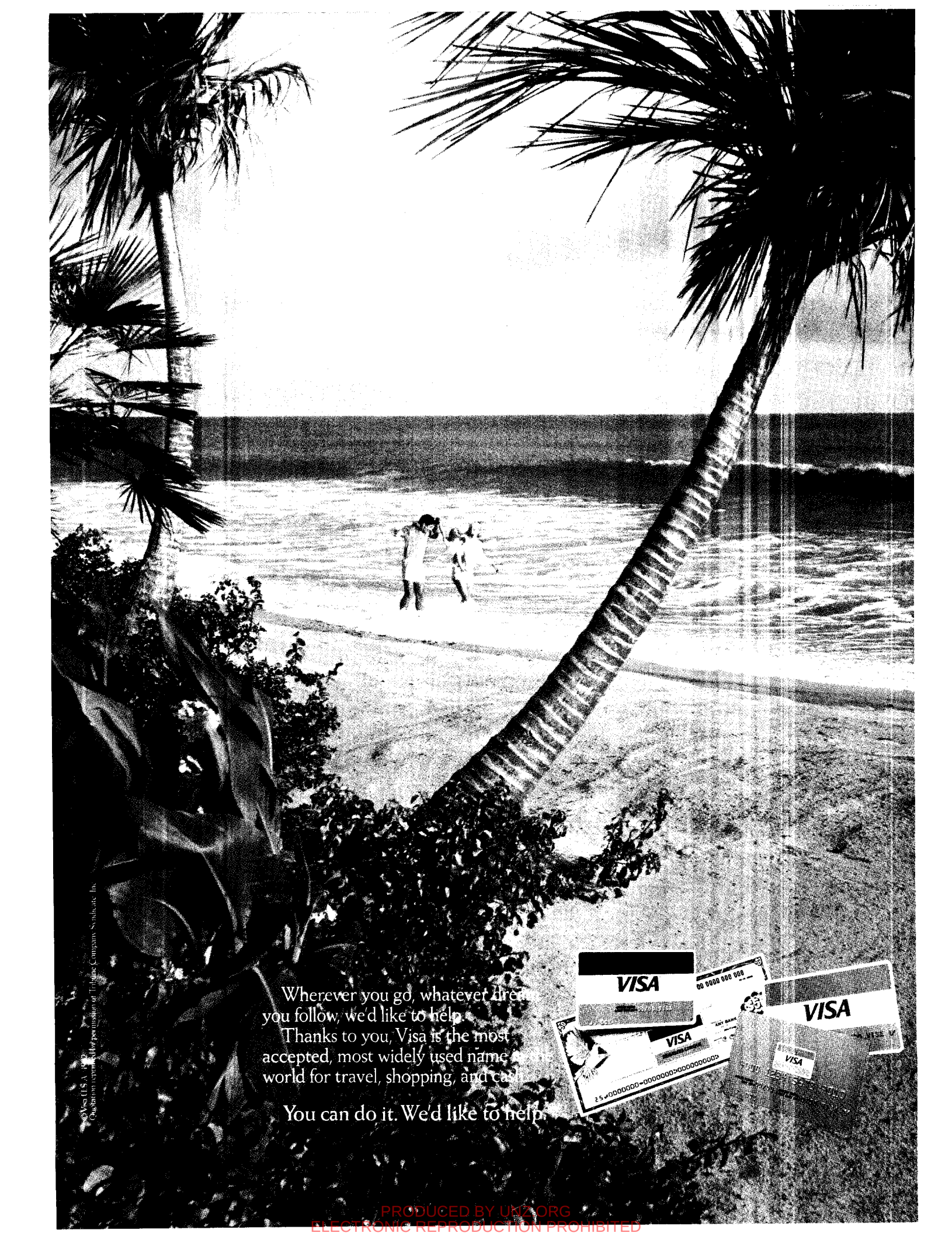
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of experience until every blue girder rings; a thought that may one day pack everything noble and good into its briefcase, elbow past the curators of purposelessness, travel overnight toward Truth, and shake it by the indifferent marble shoulders until it finally whispers its cool assent—this is the size of thought worth thinking about.

I have wanted for so long to own and maintain even a few huge, interlocking thoughts that, having exhausted more legitimate methods, I have recently resorted to theoretical speculation. Would it be possible to list those features that, taken together, confer upon a thought a lofty magnificence? What *makes* them so very large? My idle corollary hope is that perhaps a systematic and rigorous codification, on the model of Hammurabi's or Napoleon's, might make large thoughts available cheap, and in bulk, to the general public, thereby salvaging the nineteenth-century dream of a liberal democracy. But mainly I am hoping that once I can coax from large thoughts the rich impulses of their power, I will be able to think them in solitude, evening after evening, walking in little circles on the carpet with my arms outspread.

In my first attempt to find an objective measure for the size of thoughts, I theorized (as most of us have, I suppose) that I had only to mount the narrow stairs to my attic, stand in the hypotenuse of sunlight that passed through the window there in midwinter, and, concentrating, punch the thought in question once quite firmly, as if it were a pillow. The total number of tiny golden dust-monads that puffed forth from the thought's shocked stuffing would indicate, I believed, its eternal, essential size.

I found this to be a crude technique, and rejected it. Next, influenced by Sir John Eccles, the famous neurophysiologist, who used the axon of the giant-squid neuron to arrive at truths about the chemistry of human nerve fibers (small truths, needless to say: all scientific truths are small), I cast about for a suitably large thought existing in a form compact enough for me to experiment on it intensively. I tried a line of Wordsworth's,

... steps

Almost as silent as the turf they trod.

but it wasn't really big enough for my purposes. I tried

O, for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene . . .

but I wept every time I read it, and got nowhere. Finally I decided to think about Henry James's sentence "What is morality but high intelligence?" It came to seem so conveniently vast, so ideally ample, that I handled it for several days, as if it were some richly figured object carved in cool stone; and when it failed to relinquish the secret of its size after that period, I discovered that I had indirectly arrived at my first theorem regarding large thoughts, which was:

1) *All large thoughts are reluctant.* I don't think this is intentional on their part. It follows from the unhasty, liquid pace of human thinking. As an experiment, overturn half a glass of wine onto a newly starched tablecloth. Watch, wholly absorbed, as the borders of the stain search their way outward, plumping up each parched capillary of cotton, threadlet by threadlet, and then traveling on—a soundless, happy explosion, with no moving parts. Thought moves at the velocity of that stain. And since a large thought seems to wish to pierce and acknowledge and even to replenish many more shoots and plumules of one's experience, some shrunken from long neglect (for every thought, even the largest, tires, winds down, and hardens into a hibernating token of chat, a placeholder for real intellection, unless it is worried into endless, pliant movement

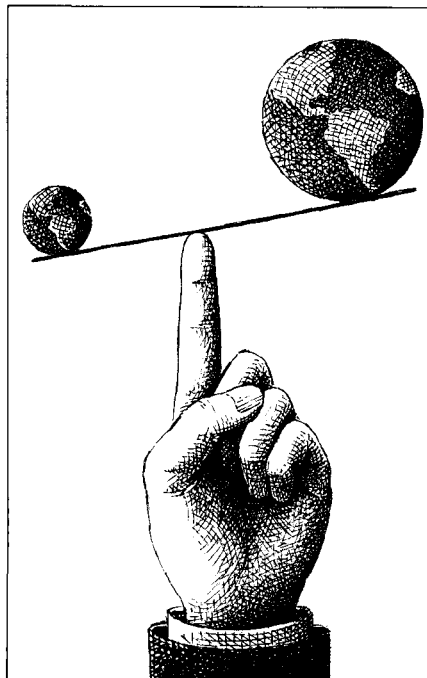
by second thoughts, and by the sense of its own provisionality, passing and re-passing through the hundreds of semi-permeable membranes that insulate learning, suffering, ambition, civility, and puzzlement from one another, and from their neighbors), its thrum of fineness will necessarily be delayed, baffled, and drawn out with numerous interstitial timidities—one pauses, looks up from the page, waits; the eyes move in meditative polygons in their orbits; and then, somehow, *more* of the thought is released into the soul, the corroborating peal of some new, distant bell—until it has filled out the entirety of its form, as a thick clay slip settles into an intricate mold, or as a ladleful of batter colonizes cell after cell of the waffle iron, or as, later, the smell of that waffle will have toured the awakening rooms of the house.

Yet I sensed that reluctance was insufficient. What else did a large thought have to have? Filled with an ambitious sort of wistfulness, I flung open the door of the island cottage where I was staying, nodded to the moon, and began to walk up the fairway of a golf course, repeating, to the pulse of my invisible feet, a large thought of Tennyson's on which I had decided to perform a few experiments:

Witch-elms that counterchange the floor
Of this flat lawn with dusk and bright . . .

The sand traps, ghostly objects shaped like white blood cells, floated slowly past. At last I reached the green, the moon-colored green, where a dark flag flapped, and looked out over the warm, white sea. I threw my arms wide, and waited. Right then my second theorem regarding large thoughts ought to have formed itself in silver characters on the far horizon, but, in fact, it reached me only some weeks later, in a public library:

2) *Large thoughts are creatures of the shade.* Not deep shade, necessarily, but the mixed and leafy shade at the floor of large forests. Small thoughts are happy to run around in their colorful swimwear under the brutallest of noons, but large thoughts really must have sizable volumes of cool, still air, to allow room for the approach and docking of their components of sadness. Nobody can frown intently at a delicate task sitting on the floor of a large forest, and large thoughts, too, evade the pointedness



and single-purposiveness of a frown; instead, they assert with a general pressure, and avoid contentiousness, and limit themselves to the suggestion that not far off, not far off, there are wholly convincing marginalia of still-undiscovered feeling, stored like heaped tapestries in unlit vaults: they exhibit, then, a lush shadiness, as do the purple fastnesses in one's lungs, or the wrought, jewelled, dark interiors of water-resistant watches. All large thoughts are also patched and played over by leaf-shadows of slight hesitation and uncertainty: this tentativeness gives the thought just enough humility for it to be true. (All that is untrue is small.) I have found that dusk—the moment of planetary shade—is the most likely time to encounter large thoughts. Because, I suppose, of some power struggle between the retina's rods and cones brought on with the coming of darkness, there is a quarter-hour or so when colors, though less distinct, seem superbly pigmented, and the important things, faces and especially the teeth of smiles, take on a soft, amiable light: it is then that large thoughts may best be observed, strolling on their somber porches, and reciting from their codices.

As you may imagine, by the time I had successfully formulated this second theorem regarding large thoughts, I was desperately tired of them. If I felt one looming up in a page of Tolstoy, I ran off; I hid. The party seemed over: Ed Peters and the band had packed up, and the deadened balloons scudded about the floor.

I slumped in a chair. More than anything else, I wished just then for the minty breath of a slighter, gentler truth or two in my ear. A minor botanical discovery concerning a rare species of fern, perhaps; a paradox or an aperçu would do; faint harpsichord music; tricks with coins or cards; witty biographies of peripheral Victorians. What was so very contemptible about small thoughts? Where, indeed, would we be without cornish game hens such as "It is one of the chief merits of proofs that they instill a certain skepticism about the result proved," which came to rest in Bertrand Russell's lucky mind one day? Or Charles Churchill's little two-step:

With curious art the brain, too
finely wrought,
Preys on herself, and is destroyed
by thought.

Or, finally, this bit from Pater: "There is

a certain shade of unconcern, the perfect manner of the eighteenth century, which may be thought to mark complete culture in the handling of abstract questions": a thought that bounds beamingly, radiantly skyward for an instant, but is then, like many fine small thoughts, snuffed out on the second bounce by a bookish delegation of counterexamples. If we exiled all that is nifty, careless, wildly exaggerated, light-footed, vulnerable, or curiously spiced from our spiritual landscape, we would be in terrible shape. I became disgusted with myself for my callousness toward the small. "Refine all epics into epigrams!" I said. "I shall measure only the flares and glimmers of the world, thimbleful by peerless thimbleful; and I shall not grudge even the jingle of a light-bulb filament the silence of an enraptured continent."

But this extreme reaction missed the point, which was, as I found out not long afterward, that:

3) *Large thoughts depend more heavily on small thoughts than you might think.* Why does velvet feel smoother than chrome? Because smoothness is a secondary inference on the part of the confused fingertip, based on its perception of many extraordinarily fleeting little roughnesses running underneath it too quickly to be individually considered. This suggestion of resistance in all truly smooth surfaces, like the sense of ornamental insurrection in all truly graceful lines, is analogous to the profusion, the anarchy, of lovely, brief insights that we often experience as we read or listen our way through a great work of the mind, a work that, once completed, will leave us filled with large, calm truths. I do not know how this happens, but it happens. The villi on the inside of our small intestine—dense groves of microscopic protuberances—constitute a total surface area dedicated to absorption of nutrients which, if flattened out, would rival the island of Manhattan in size, I am told. Large thoughts, too, disembellished and abstracted from the small thoughts that diversify their surface, become sheer and indigestible. Consider the infinitesimal hooks on the horsehairs that draw from the cello string its lavish tone; consider the grosgrain in silk; the gargoyles on a cathedral; the acanthus sprays or egg-and-dart molding along the tasteful curve of a chair; the lumps of potato that, by exception, prove the otherwise fine uniformity of a cream soup; consider the examples that enforce a moral essay;

the social satire in a novel with a tragic ending; the sixteenth notes in a peaceful melody; the fanatically detailed foliage in a Dutch landscape; the incessant roadside metaphors in a work of philosophy—consider all the indefensible appliances, the snags, the friction, the plush, that seem to hinder the achievement of a larger purpose, but are, in fact, critical to it. Major truths, like benevolent madonnas, are sustained aloft by dozens of busy, cheerful angels of detail.

I have tested these three theorems—the theorem of reluctance, the theorem of shade, and the theorem of dependence—on as many of the artifacts of reason as I could while holding a steady job. My results may have a certain severe appeal. Few indeed are the hobbyists in human memory who have known the recondite craft of building a spacious, previously unthought thought of their very own: how to obtain, in arranging its long hallways and high, ornate rooms, that pull of an ever-riper deferment, by returning to it again and again, after some studied distraction—now full-face, now three-quarter view, now very near, now far off; how to gather in its huge, slow force with an encircling persistence that is three parts novelty, two parts confirming, strengthening repetition. I count Henry James, Brahms, Bellini. Burke, Bach, Pontormo. A mere eighty-six others. And now, in a mood of icy impartiality, I am going to test the size of the thought I am offering you right here, which I expect to see peter out very shortly with few surprises, wrapped up after another two or three breaths of the mind, extended perhaps by a last, gravelly spatter of instantiation, unless, O yearn! I just happen to happen upon that loose-limbed, reckless acceleration, wherein this very thought might shamle forward, plucking tart berries, purchasing newspapers, and retrieving odd bits of refuse without once breaking stride—risking a smile, shaking the outstretched hands of young constituents, loosening its tie!—no, that's all, I believe: this thought has rounded itself out, and ratified itself, despite all of its friendly intentions, as small.

— Nicholson Baker

Nicholson Baker has contributed to The Atlantic and The New Yorker. His story "K.590" was published in The Best American Short Stories, 1982.

The Chromium Mechanism

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The Chromium Mechanism

The first comprehensive explanation of electrochemical activity during the plating of chromium has recently been formulated at the General Motors Research Laboratories. This understanding has aided in transforming chromium plating into a highly efficient, high-speed operation.

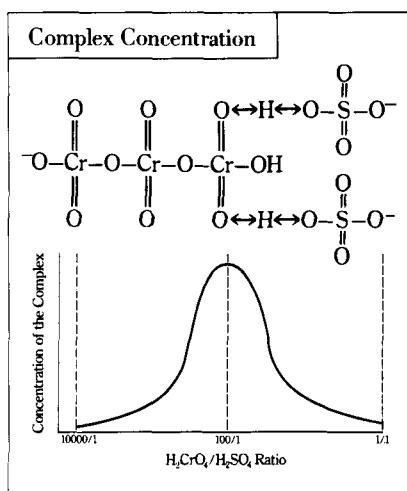
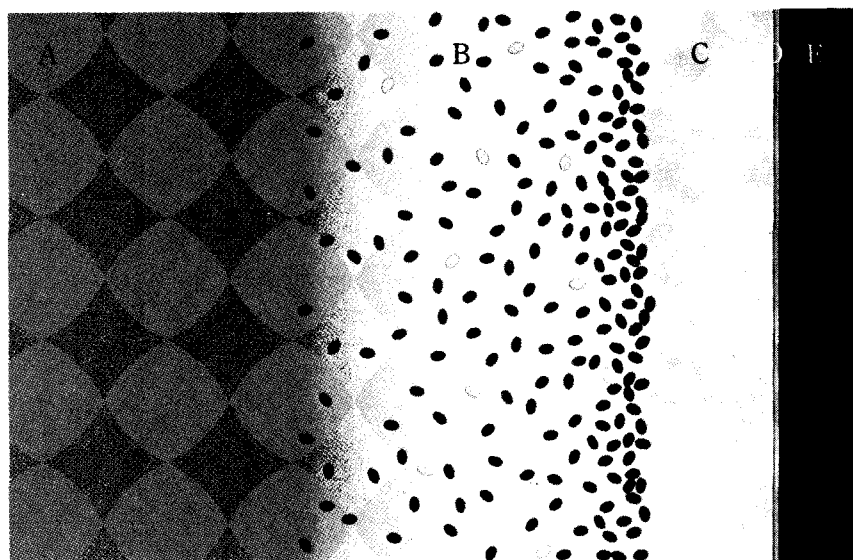


Figure 1: The electroactive complex and a theoretical plot of its concentration as a function of chromic acid to sulfuric acid ratio.

Figure 2: The electroactive complex diffuses from the bulk electrolyte solution (A) through the diffusion layer (B) to the Helmholtz double layer (C) to be discharged as metallic chromium (D) on the cathode (E) surface.



FOR MANY industrial applications, chromium coatings of more than 0.2 mil thickness are required for wear and corrosion resistance. But the conventional method of plating chromium is neither fast nor efficient. Nor, until the recent work of a GM researcher, had the steps involved in the century-old plating process been explained in detail. Through a combination of theory and experiment, Dr. James Hoare has devised the first comprehensive mechanism for chromium plating. This increased understanding has helped electrochemists at the General Motors Research Laboratories develop a system that plates chromium sixty times faster than the conventional method, while improving energy-efficiency by a factor of three.

The electrolyte for plating is

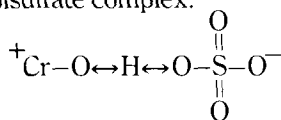
a chromic acid solution which contains various chromate ions: chromate, dichromate and trichromate. From a series of steady-state polarization experiments, Dr. Hoare concluded that trichromate is the ion important in chromium deposition.

Sulfuric acid has been recognized as essential to chromium plating and has been assumed by some to be a catalyst for the process. In this strongly acidic solution, sulfate should be mostly present as the bisulfate ion (HSO_4^-). Dr. Hoare found, contrary to expectations, that the addition of sulfuric acid to the plating bath decreased the conductivity of the solution.

Combining these findings with the results of previous investigations, Dr. Hoare concluded that the electroactive species was a trichromate-bisulfate complex (see Figure 1). From equilibrium considerations, he theorized that the maximum concentration of this species occurred at a 100-to-1 chromic acid/sulfuric acid ratio. The observation that the maximum rate of chromium deposition also occurred at this ratio supports the conclusion that this trichromate-bisulfate complex is the electroactive species.

During the plating process, the complex diffuses from the bulk solution toward the cathode (see Figure 2). Electron transport takes place by quantum mechanical tunneling through the potential energy barrier of the Helmholtz double layer and the unprotected chromium in the complex (Cr atom

on the left in Figure 1) loses electrons by successive steps, going from Cr^{+6} to Cr^{+2} . Decomposition of the resulting chromous dichromate complex takes place by acid hydrolysis to form a chromous-oxybisulfate complex:



The positive end of this complex is adsorbed onto the cathode surface. Electrons are transferred from the cathode to the adsorbed chromium ion, forming metallic chromium and regenerating the $(\text{HSO}_4)^-$ ion. Thus, Dr. Hoare's mechanism explains how sulfuric acid, in the form of the bisulfate ion, participates in the plating process.

IT HAS long been known that chromium cannot be plated from a solution when initially present as Cr^{+3} because of the formation of the stable aquo complex, $[\text{Cr}(\text{H}_2\text{O})_6]^{+3}$. Yet chromium can be plated when initially present as Cr^{+6} even though it must pass through the Cr^{+3} state before being deposited. Dr. Hoare's mechanism handles this paradox by explaining that the chromium ion being deposited (on the left in Figure 1) is protected by the rest of the complex as it passes through the Cr^{+3} state, so that the stable aquo complex cannot form.

The diffusion of the electroactive complex apparently controls the rate of the process, so that

shortening the diffusion path increases the speed of chromium deposition. A high rate of relative motion between the electrolyte and the cathode will shorten the path. This can be accomplished by rapid flow or by agitation of the electrolyte.

Dr. Hoare found that the rate of chromium deposition increased with electrolyte flow until the process was no longer diffusion-controlled. He also found that the use of dilute electrolyte significantly increased plating efficiency.

"This project is an excellent example," says Dr. Hoare, "of how basic research and engineering principles can be combined to develop a new, successful process. Now, we'd like to take on the challenge of plating successfully from Cr^{+3} , which would be an even more efficient way to provide corrosion and wear resistance."

General Motors

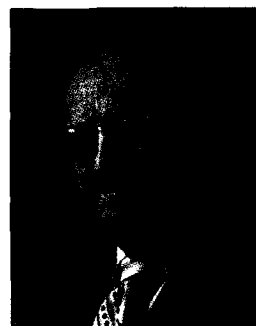


THE MAN BEHIND THE WORK

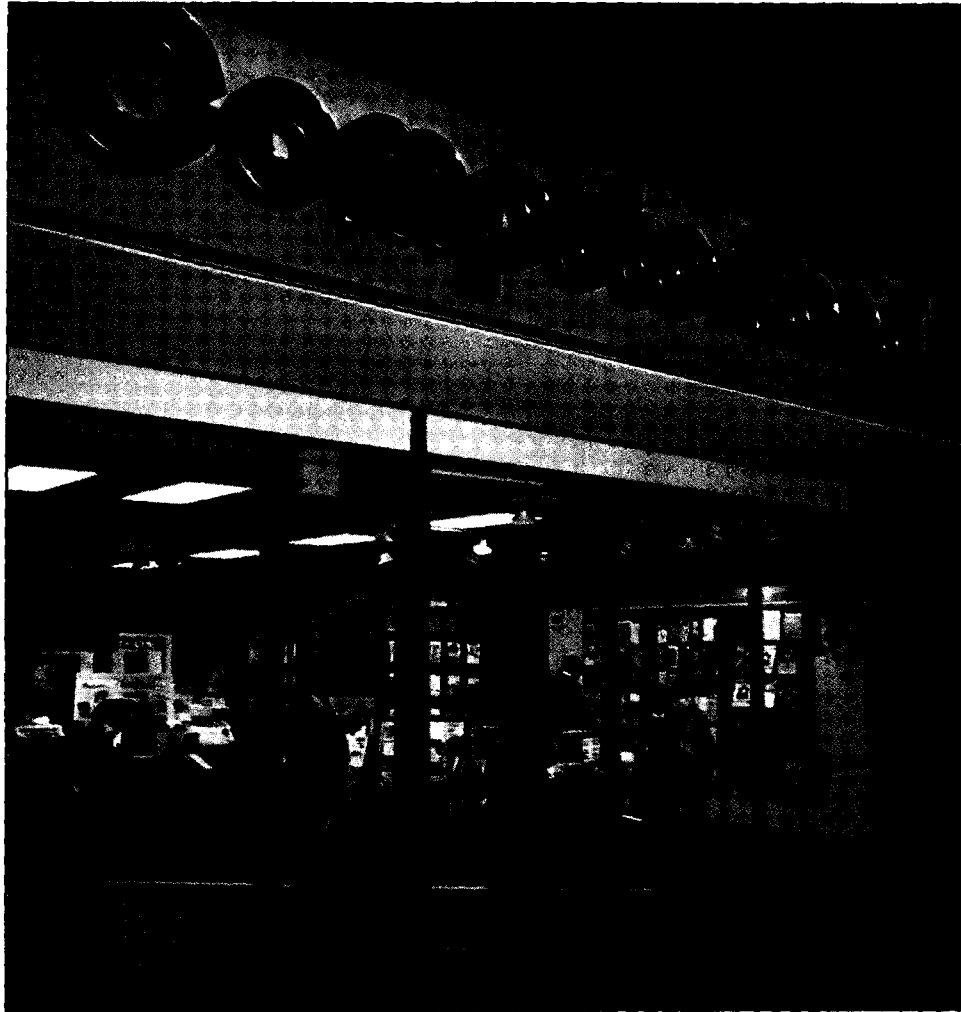
Dr. James Hoare is a Research Fellow at the General Motors Research Laboratories. He is a member of the Electrochemistry Department.

Dr. Hoare served as an electronics technician in the U.S. Navy during the Second World War. In 1949, he received his Ph.D. in physical chemistry from the Catholic University of America. After an assistant professorship at Trinity College in Washington, D.C., he joined the US Naval Research Laboratory as a physical chemist. He became a staff member at General Motors in 1960.

Dr. Hoare's sustaining interest has been in electrochemical kinetics and the mechanisms of electrode processes. He is best known to the scientific community for his basic studies of hydrogen and oxygen electrode mechanisms. His book, *The Electrochemistry of Oxygen*, published in 1968, is considered a work of primary importance to the field. In addition to his work on chromium plating, he is responsible for the fundamental research that helped make electrochemical machining a precision process.



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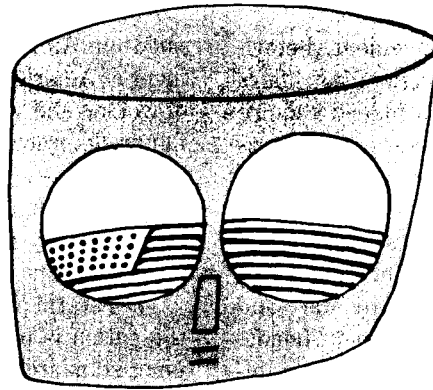
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THE NEXT AMERICAN FRONTIER

BY ROBERT B. REICH



The economy hasn't been brought to its knees by government deficits, excessive regulation, inadequate investment, or greedy labor unions. The problem lies in the very structure of American industry.

THE WORLDWIDE RECESSION THAT BEGAN IN 1981 will end eventually. Some say it already has ended. But the underlying problems of the American economy will not come to an end with the next upturn in the business cycle, unless American industry undertakes some basic changes in its organization of production. Unemployment will remain high. Millions of jobs in the nation's basic industries will never return. And the American standard of living will continue to decline.

Between 1920 and 1970, business, labor, and government hewed to a set of organizing principles—originally called “scientific management”—in which tasks were simplified, ordered according to pre-established rules, and carefully monitored. These principles were put into effect by a new class of professional managers. High-volume, scientifically managed industry, producing standardized goods, generated vast economies of scale and levels of wealth unparalleled in history.

The management era ended for America around 1970. Its decline began, ironically, just as many Europeans were coming to view the mastery of high-volume production as the “American challenge,” which Europe had either to emulate or to succumb to. Gradually the economic cycles began to follow a downward trend, and over the next decade America's industry was progressively idled.

Robert B. Reich teaches business and public policy at the Kennedy School of Government, at Harvard. His book The Next American Frontier will soon be published by Times Books.

The proportion of U.S. manufacturing capacity employed in production, which had reached 86 percent in 1965, averaged around 80 percent during the 1970s, and fell to less than 70 percent by 1982. Only 3.5 percent of the labor force was jobless in 1969, but thereafter unemployment climbed persistently, reaching almost 11 percent last year. By the 1980s, the core industries of the management era—steel, automobiles, petrochemicals, textiles, consumer electronics, electrical machinery, metal-forming machinery—were in trouble.

Productivity growth slowed from an average yearly increase of 3.2 percent between 1948 and 1965 to an average of 2.4 percent between 1965 and 1973. The rate of growth then dropped to 1.1 percent between 1973 and 1978, and in 1979 American productivity began actually to decline. Meanwhile, productivity growth in Japan and several Western European nations stayed relatively high. After 1965, American real incomes slowed their long climb. Between 1965 and 1981, the average U.S. worker's real wages declined by one fifth. The American engine of prosperity had stalled.

Standardized production had brought America unparalleled wealth. True, our national well-being was interrupted by a depression and by periodic recessions. But these were interruptions, nothing more. Standardized production always restored prosperity, consistently exceeding previous levels, consistently achieving more efficiency and greater volume.

As the trusted formula has ceased to work, America has

been ready to embrace any explanation but the most obvious: the same factor that once brought prosperity—the way the nation organizes itself for production—now threatens decline. Everywhere America has looked, it has seen the symptoms of its economic impasse, but it has been unable to recognize the actual causes because the roots of the problem are so deeply embedded in our business enterprises, labor unions, and government institutions.

Government regulation served as a convenient rhetorical scapegoat in the 1980 presidential election, but offers no real explanation. Environmental laws indeed require firms to invest in new equipment, but those requirements have imposed only modest costs. During the 1970s, the U.S. steel industry spent an average of \$365 million annually to reduce pollution and improve worker safety—about 17 percent of its annual capital investment during the decade. Of this cost, 48 percent was subsidized by state and local governments through industrial-development bonds. Spending by European steelmakers was of an equal magnitude. During the same period, Japanese steel manufacturers spent substantially more for these purposes.

Safety regulations also add some costs to operations, but the reduction in accidents has meant savings in time and expense that go far to offset these extra costs. Overall, capital expenditures on pollution control and safety combined have never exceeded 6 percent of industrial investment, and can be blamed for at most around a tenth of the slowdown in productivity.

Nor do government deficits explain any major part of the problem. There is no evidence that deficits have been nearly large enough to discourage private investment and economic growth substantially. Indeed, through much of the 1970s, the governments of West Germany, Japan, and France maintained a much larger public debt in proportion to the national economy than did the U.S. government.

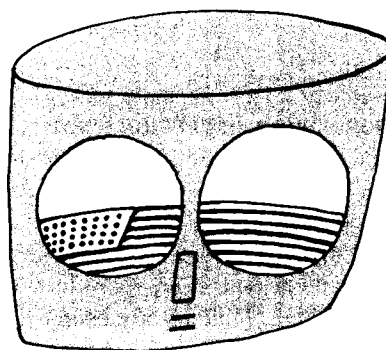
Inadequate capital formation has not been the problem either. Between 1965 and 1980, even in the face of inflation, the country continued to invest about 10 percent of its gross national product in plant and equipment; for the period between 1977 and the present, the rate is more than 11 percent, and early last year it reached 11.7 percent—its highest level since 1928. Indeed, investment in *manufacturing* as a percent of the total output of goods increased substantially—from 10.8 percent between 1960 and 1964 to 14.8 percent between 1973 and 1978. This level of manufacturing investment was not significantly below that of America's foreign competitors.

Other proposed explanations also have failed. U.S. investment in research and development declined from 3 percent of gross national product at the start of the 1970s to 2 percent at the start of the 1980s. But this decline stemmed mostly from the slowdown in publicly financed defense and space programs, which affected American industry only indirectly. In any event, the decline in America's productive growth actually began in the late 1960s,

well before any cutback in research expenditures. Nor can responsibility be placed on escalating energy prices. The oil shock affected all nations, many of which, including Germany and Japan, were much more dependent on imported energy resources than was America. Even more to the point, America's economic decline pre-dated the oil embargo, in 1973.

Nor can the blame be put on the inevitable drop in output from America's mines, on the slowdown in the movement of American labor out of agriculture, on the entrance of women and young people into the labor force, or on unfair trade practices by foreign manufacturers. Even taken together, these explain only a small part of our gradual, steady economic decline relative to other leading industrial nations. They overlook the worldwide reorganization of production and America's failure to adapt to it.

The central problem of America's economic future is that the nation is not moving quickly enough out of high-volume, standardized production. The extraordinary success of the half-century of the management era has left the United States a legacy of economic inflexibility. Thus our institutional heritage now imperils our future.



AMERICA'S RELATIVE DECLINE HAS BEEN ROOTED in changes in the world market. Prior to the mid-1960s, foreign trade did not figure significantly in our economy. Only a small proportion of American-made goods were traded internationally; an equally small amount of foreign production entered the United States. This situation changed dramatically.

In 1980, 19 percent of the goods Americans made were exported (up from 9.3 percent in 1970), and more than 22 percent of the goods Americans used were imported (also up from 9.3 percent in 1970). But even those figures understate the new importance of foreign competition. The most telling statistic is this: By 1980, more than 70 percent of all the goods produced in the United States were actively competing with foreign-made goods. America has become part of the world market.

American producers have not fared well in this new contest. Beginning in the mid-1960s, foreign imports have claimed an increasing share of the American market. By 1981, the United States was importing almost 26 percent

of its cars, 17 percent of its steel, 60 percent of its televisions, radios, tape recorders, and phonographs, 43 percent of its calculators, 27 percent of its metal-forming machine tools, 35 percent of its textile machinery, and 53 percent of its computerized machine tools. Twenty years before, imports had accounted for less than 10 percent of the American market for each of these products.

America's declining share of the world market has been particularly dramatic in capital-intensive, high-volume industries. Since 1963, America's share of the world market has declined in a number of important areas: automobiles, by almost one third; industrial machinery, by 33 percent; agricultural machinery, by 40 percent; telecommunications machinery, by 50 percent; metal-working machinery, by 55 percent.

The globe is fast becoming a single marketplace. Goods are being made wherever they can be made the cheapest, regardless of national boundaries. And the most efficient places for much mass production are coming to be Third World countries.

The International Labor Office estimates that every year between 1980 and 2000, 36 million people will enter the world labor force, and 85 percent of them will be from developing nations. The newly integrated world market will put many of them to work at America's old specialty of high-volume, standardized production.

Over a period of only fifteen years, many of the world's developing countries have begun to specialize in capital-intensive production. Their production costs are lower than those of the United States, both because their workers are content with lower real wages and because some of these countries have better access to cheap materials. Moreover, the demand for many standardized commodities has been growing faster in developing nations than in industrialized nations, whose citizens already possess these products; and it is often more profitable to manufacture them within these growing markets than it is to ship them there.

One important trend is often overlooked: the hourly output of workers in these newly industrialized nations is catching up to the output of American workers, simply because they are beginning to use many of the same machines. Developing countries have been able to buy (from international engineering and capital-equipment firms) the world's most modern steel-rolling mills, paper machines, and computerized machine tools. The growth of large-scale retail outlets in industrialized nations has given developing countries an efficient way to distribute their wares. Korean television manufacturers, for example, have gained a sizable share of the U.S. television market by selling to no more than a dozen large American department-store chains.

By the mid-1960s, Korea, Hong Kong, Taiwan, Singapore, Brazil, and Spain were specializing in simple products—clothing, footwear, toys, and basic electronic assemblies—that required substantial amounts of unskilled

labor but little capital investment or technology. Between 1970 and 1975, Korea's exports of textiles increased by 436 percent, Taiwan's by 347 percent, and Hong Kong's by 191 percent.

Japan's response was to shift out of these simple products into processing industries, such as steel and synthetic fibers, that required substantial capital investment and raw materials, but used mostly unskilled and semiskilled labor and incorporated relatively mature technologies that were not subject to major innovations. Between 1966 and 1972, the Japanese steel industry increased its steelmaking assets by more than 23 percent a year. As its own steel needs began to level off in the early 1970s, Japan increased its exports of raw steel. It invested in more than fifty finishing facilities in developing countries in order to expand its market share.

By the mid-1970s, Korea, Hong Kong, Taiwan, Singapore, Brazil, Spain, and Mexico had followed Japan—shifting their export mix toward the basic capital-intensive processing industries. All told, these developing countries increased their share of world steelmaking capacity from 9 percent in 1974 to 15 percent by 1980.

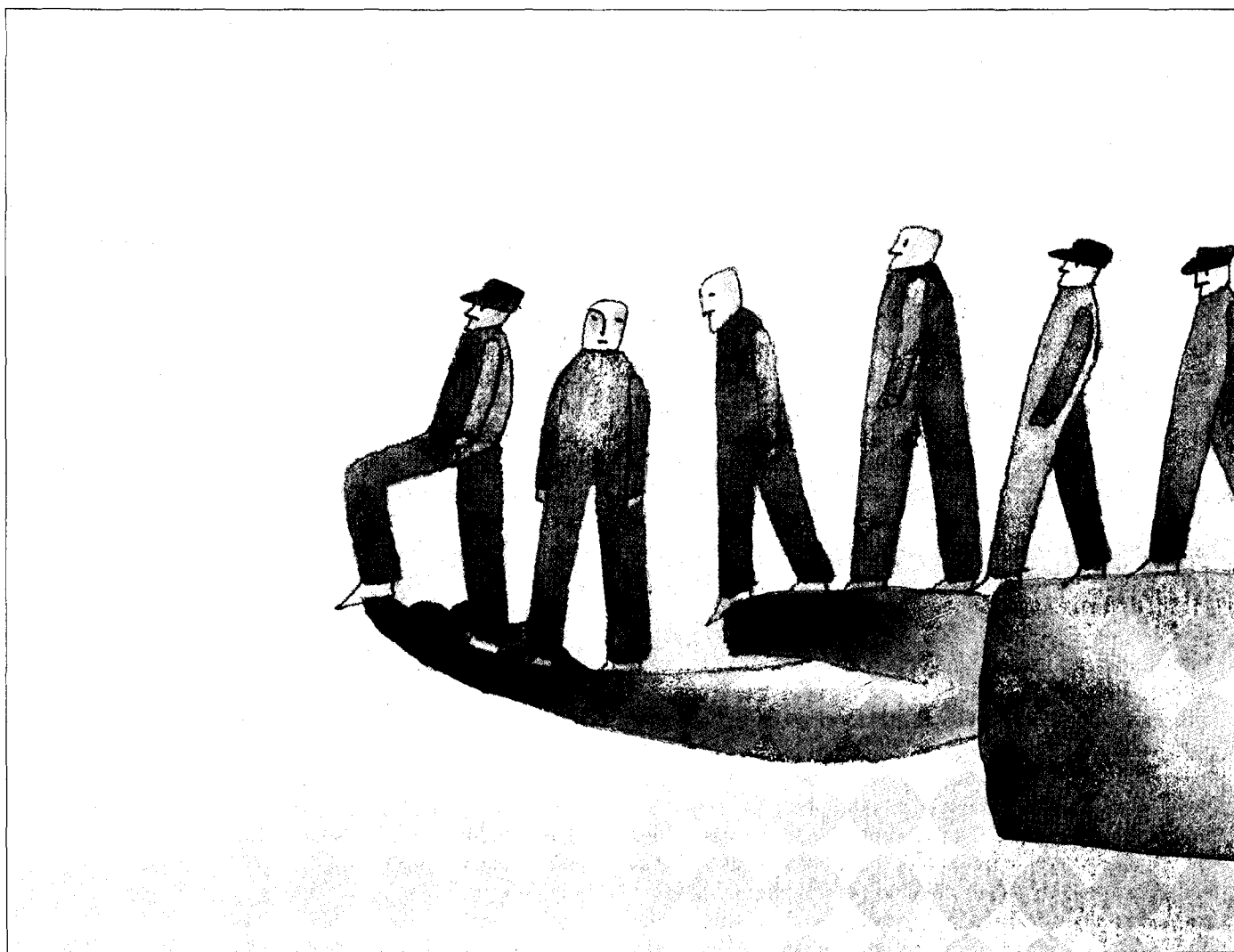
As less-developed countries moved into steel production, Japan reduced its domestic steelmaking capacity and became a major exporter of steel technology—engineering services and equipment. Japan moved its industrial base into more complex products, such as automobiles, color televisions, small appliances, consumer electronics, and ships—industries requiring considerable investment in plant and equipment as well as sophisticated new technologies.

At the same time, Malaysia, Thailand, the Philippines, Sri Lanka, India, and other poorer countries were taking over the production of clothing, footwear, toys, and simple electronic assemblies. Workers in these countries earned, on average, no more than \$25 a month.

By 1980, Korea, Hong Kong, Singapore, Brazil, Spain, and Mexico had increased their production of complex products such as automobiles, color televisions, tape recorders, CB transceivers, microwave ovens, small computers, and ships. Korea already has the largest single shipyard in the world; and with its salary rates averaging only one third those of major Japanese shipyards, Korea may surpass Japanese tonnage in five years.

Almost all of the world's production of small appliances (whether Panasonic, Philips, General Electric, Sony, Zenith, or an obscure brand) is now centered in Hong Kong, Korea, and Singapore. Components and product designs are bought from major companies; financing is arranged through Japanese, U.S., and European banks; and distribution is handled through large retailers, such as Sears, Roebuck, or through the established distribution channels of large Japanese or American consumer-electronics companies.

The trend is becoming clear enough. First, America's basic steel, textile, automobile, consumer-electronics, rub-



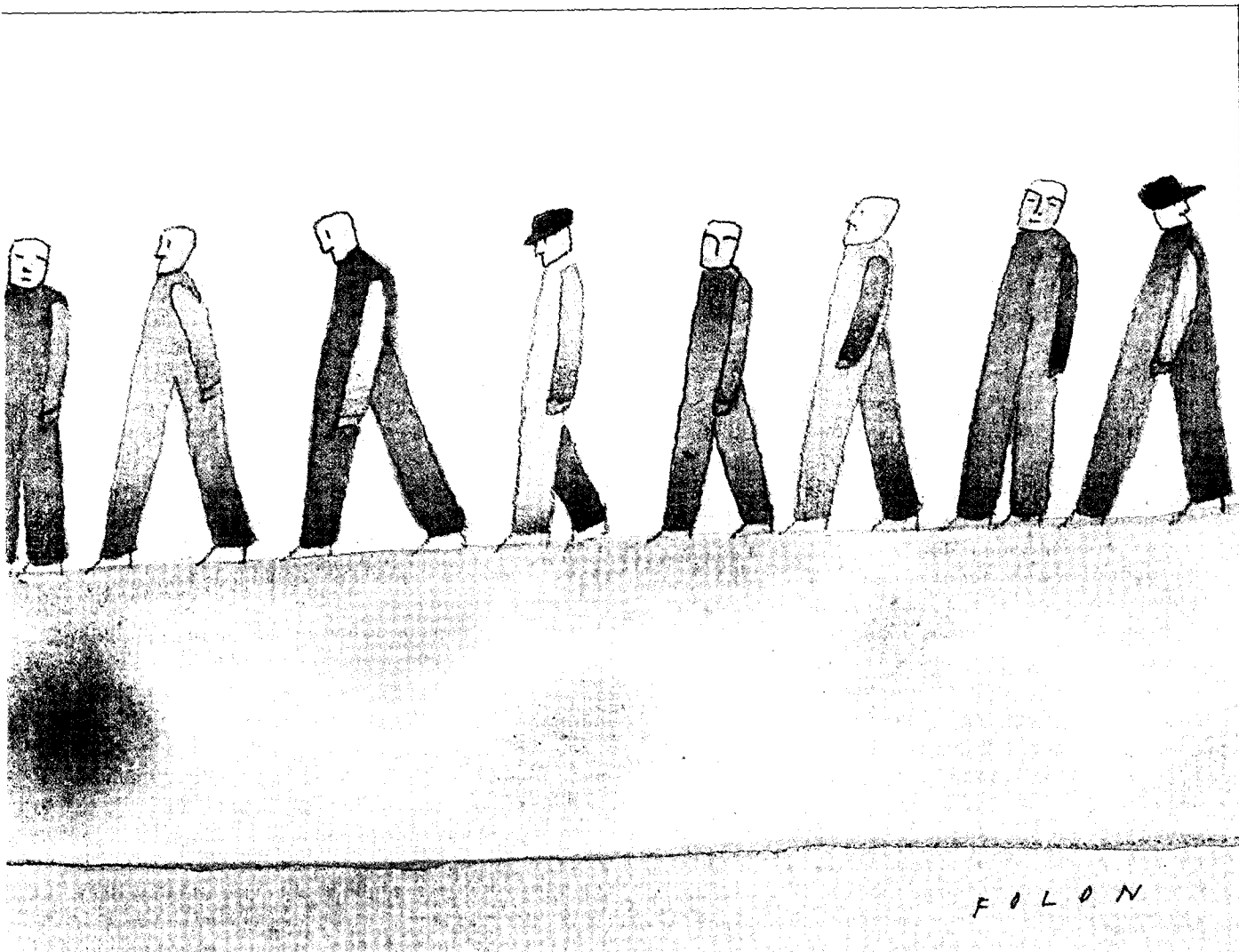
ber, and petrochemical industries (and the other high-volume industries that depend on them) are becoming uncompetitive in the world. Second, now that production can be fragmented into separate, globally scattered operations, whole segments of other American industries are becoming uncompetitive. Whatever the final product, those parts of its production requiring high-volume machinery and unsophisticated workers can be accomplished more cheaply in developing nations.

Automation, far from halting this trend, has accelerated it. Sophisticated machinery is readily moved to low-wage countries. Robots and computerized machines further reduce the need for semiskilled workers in high-volume production (except for workers with easily learned maintenance and programming skills). For example, robots in the automobile industry are replacing workers at more semiskilled jobs, such as welding and spot welding, than unskilled jobs. Meanwhile, automated inspection machines are reducing the cost of screening out poor-quality components—thereby encouraging firms in industrialized nations to farm out the production of standardized parts to developing nations.

WHAT BEGAN IN THE 1960S AS A GRADUAL SHIFT became by the late 1970s a major structural change in the world economy. Assembly operations were being established in developing countries at a rapid clip, and America's manufacturing base was eroding precipitously. The recession of the past two years has stalled growth around the globe and plunged several developing nations into near bankruptcy. But it is important to distinguish these short-term phenomena—brought on by a temporary oil glut and high interest rates—from long-term trends that have been growing for two decades and surely will resume.

Other industrialized nations have faced the same competitive threat. Since the mid-1960s, European industries have faced an ever-greater challenge from low-wage production in developing countries. And since the late 1970s, Japan has been challenged as well. Japan is no longer a low-wage nation—the real earnings of Japanese workers are approaching those of their European and American counterparts.

Japan, West Germany, France, and other industrialized countries have sought to meet this challenge by shifting



their industrial bases toward products and processes that require skilled workers. Skilled labor is the only dimension of production where these countries retain an advantage. Technological innovations can be bought or imitated by anyone. High-volume, standardized-production facilities can be established anywhere. But production processes that depend on skilled labor must stay where the skilled labor is.

The fate of British industry over the past twenty-five years illustrates this new reality. Britain has consistently led the world in major technological breakthroughs, such as continuous casting for steel, monoclonal antibodies, and CAT-scan devices. But because British businesses lacked the organization and their workers lacked the skills necessary to incorporate these inventions into production processes quickly enough, the British have reaped no real competitive advantage from them. These inventions were commercialized in Japan and the United States.

Industrialized countries are therefore moving into precision castings, specialty steel, special chemicals, and sensor devices, as well as the design and manufacture of fiber-optic cable, fine ceramics, lasers, large-scale integrated

circuits, and advanced aircraft engines. Emerging industries such as these hold promise of generating new wealth and employment as their markets expand.

Some of these products or processes require precision engineering, complex testing, and sophisticated maintenance. Others are custom-tailored to the special needs of customers. The remainder involve technologies that are changing rapidly. All three are relatively secure against low-wage competition.

These product categories—precision-manufactured, custom-tailored, and technology-driven—have a great deal in common. They all depend on the sophisticated skills of their employees, skills that are often developed within teams. And they all require that traditionally separate business functions (design, engineering, purchasing, manufacturing, distribution, marketing, sales) be merged into a highly integrated system that can respond quickly to new opportunities. In short, they are premised on *flexible systems* of production.

Flexible-system production has an advantage over high-volume, standardized production whenever solving new problems is more important than routinizing the solution of

old ones. The unit costs of producing simple, standardized products such as cotton textiles, basic steel, or rubber tires generally decline more with long production runs than with improvements in the production process. Manufacturers of these products therefore do well to emphasize large capacity, cheap labor, and cheap raw materials rather than flexible systems.

This does not mean that industrialized countries must abandon their older industries—steel, chemicals, textiles, and automobiles. These industries are the gateways through which new products and processes emerge. Rather than abandoning these older industries, other industrialized countries are seeking to restructure them toward higher-valued and technologically more sophisticated businesses—specialty steel, special chemicals, synthetic fibers, and precision-engineered automobiles and auto components. As this adjustment occurs, they can allow the lowest-skilled standardized segments of their production to migrate to developing countries.

Of all industrialized countries, Japan has made the most rapid shift from standardized production to flexible-system production, and rather than forsaking its older industries has accelerated their evolution. Japanese auto makers are experimenting with a variety of fuel-saving materials. They are developing complex manufacturing systems, and have reduced to eighty-four hours the amount of labor required to produce each car (in contrast to 145 hours per car in America). By the same token, Japan's production of high-quality polyester-filament fabrics, requiring complex technologies and skilled labor, now accounts for 40 percent of its textile exports. Japan has substantially reduced its capacity to produce basic steel, basic petrochemicals, small appliances, ships, and simple fibers, while dramatically expanding its capacity in the higher-valued, more specialized segments of these industries. To accomplish this transformation, it has applied such innovations as process-control devices, fiber-optic cable, complex polymer materials, and very large-scale integrated circuits. Japanese companies are also packaging some standard products—copiers and typewriters, for instance—within technologically complex product systems, such as office communications and computer-aided manufacturing, which require custom design and servicing. In Japan's flexible-system enterprises, the distinction between goods and services is becoming blurred.

Japan has reduced its capacity in the capital-intensive, high-volume segments of its basic industries by scrapping plant and equipment, by simultaneously investing in new high-volume capacity in Korea, Taiwan, Singapore, and Brazil, and by retraining workers for higher-skilled jobs.

West Germany and France are having more difficulty shifting their economies, but each country is making progress. Although the current recession has slowed industrial adjustment in both nations, Germany nevertheless has reduced its basic steel, chemical, and automobile-making capacity somewhat, and has shifted more of its production

into specialty steel, pharmaceuticals, and precision machinery.

Even Taiwan and Korea are seeking to shift into flexible-system industries. Korea is now establishing a semiconductor research-and-development association, jointly funded by government and industry. Taiwan is building a science-based industrial park at Hsinchu.

For the United States, however, the shift has been slow and painful. The country has been far less successful than other industrialized nations in increasing its manufacturing exports to cover its increasing import bill. Recently, Japan and the nations of Western Europe have been selling America more manufactured goods than America has been selling back to them.

Sales of grain and coal and revenues from services have helped ease America's trade imbalance. But these enterprises alone cannot guarantee our economic future. The most accessible coal will have been mined within the next few years; additional coal will be more costly to retrieve, not only in terms of machinery and equipment but also in damage to the environment and injuries to workers. Nor can grain exports be relied upon indefinitely; improvements in agricultural production will spread to the areas of the globe with favorable climate and soil conditions, and our soil will gradually become depleted.

Nor can we rely on services. The nation's service exports depend on the vigor of its future manufacturing base. Approximately 90 percent of America's income from services consists of the investment income of its manufacturing firms and, to a lesser extent, of individuals. But this income has declined significantly since the mid-1960s. In 1965, America received 3.6 times as much investment income as it paid out to foreign firms and individuals in dividends and royalties, but by 1978 the ratio of investment income to payments was 1.8 to 1. As foreign firms continue to gain strength relative to their American counterparts in merchandise businesses, this pattern will continue.

These trends pose a troubling question. If it is true that the economic future of countries lies in technically advanced, skill-intensive industries, why have American firms failed to respond by adopting the new products and processes?

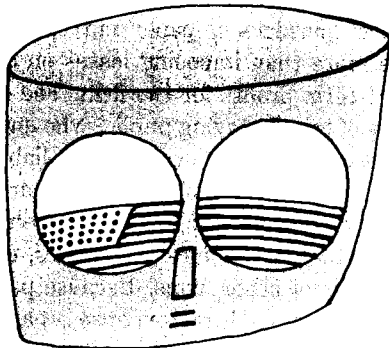
The answer is that the transition requires a basic restructuring of business, labor, and government. A reorganization of this magnitude is bound to be resisted, because it threatens vested economic interests and challenges established values. The transition has been easier for Japan and for some continental Europeans, both because they never fully embraced high-volume, standardized production and because they have historically linked their economic development with social change.

As America has forfeited world industrial leadership to Japan, American business leaders have become obsessed with Japanese management. The business press daily praises Japanese practices such as the informal worker groups known as "quality circles," said to encourage commit-

ment, soften workplace conflict, and improve product quality. American management consultants advise business executives to convert to less abrasive forms of management, such as "Theory Z," hailed as the key to Japan's success.

The infatuation with Japan's management technique obscures the point that flexible-system processes cannot simply be grafted onto business organizations that are designed for the production of standardized goods. Flexible-system production is rooted in discovering and solving new problems; high-volume, standardized production basically involves routinizing the solutions to old problems. Flexible-system production requires an organization designed for change and adaptability; high-volume, standardized production requires an organization geared to stability.

American business leaders are responding to the superficial novelty of Japanese management without acknowledging the underlying differences in the organization of production. They hope to upgrade their management techniques while retaining intact the old structure. Yet the answer lies not in new techniques but in a new productive organization, requiring a different, less rigidly delineated relationship between management and labor.



THE BASIC PREMISES OF HIGH-VOLUME, STANDARDIZED production—the once-potent formula of scientific management—are simply inapplicable to flexible-system production. The distinct principles of flexible-system production are understood—perhaps intuitively—by many small, upstart companies in America producing new micro-electronic products and computer software or creating advertisements and films. They are also understood by a few highly successful larger companies—IBM and Hewlett-Packard, for instance. The same principles dominate many Japanese manufacturing and trading companies, and European producers of such items as precision castings, computerized machine tools, and customized telecommunications equipment.

The tasks involved in flexible-system production are necessarily complex, since any work that can be rendered simple and routine is more efficiently done by low-wage labor overseas. Thus no set of "standard operating procedures" locks in routines or compartmentalizes job responsibilities.

Skill-intensive processes cannot be programmed according to a fixed set of rules covering all possible contingencies. The work requires high-level skills precisely because the problems and opportunities cannot be anticipated. Producers of specialized semiconductor chips or multipurpose robots, for example, must be able to respond quickly to emerging and potential markets. Delicate machines break down in complex ways. Technologies change in directions that cannot be foreseen. The more frequently products and processes are altered or adapted, the harder it is to translate them into reliable routines. Again, if problems and opportunities could be anticipated and covered by preset rules and instructions, production could be moved abroad.

Finally, workers' performance cannot be monitored and evaluated through simple accounting systems. In flexible-system production, the quality of work is often more important than the quantity. As machines and low-wage labor overseas take over those tasks that demand only speed and accuracy, workers' skill, judgment, and initiative become the determinants of the flexible-system enterprise's competitive success. Moreover, in devising and manufacturing such complex items as customized herbicides, titanium alloys, or computer-software systems, tasks are often so interrelated that it becomes impossible to measure them separately; since each worker needs the help and cooperation of many others, success can be measured only in reference to the final collective result.

For these reasons, the radical distinction heretofore drawn between those who plan work and those who execute it is inappropriate to flexible-system production. When production is inherently non-routine, problem-solving requires close working relationships among people at all stages in the process. If customers' special needs are to be recognized and met, designers must be familiar with fabrication, production, marketing, and sales. Salespeople must have an intimate understanding of the enterprise's capability to design and deliver new or customized products. Flexible systems can adapt quickly only if information is widely shared within them. There is no hierarchy to problem-solving: solutions may come from anyone, anywhere. In flexible-system enterprises, nearly everyone in the production process is responsible for recognizing problems and finding solutions.

In high-volume, standardized production, professional managers, staff specialists, and even low-level production workers typically get much of their training before joining the organization, and seldom venture far from a fairly narrow specialty. They move from one organization to another, but they remain within that single specialty.

By contrast, in flexible-system production much of the training of necessity occurs on the job, both because the precise skills to be learned cannot be anticipated and communicated in advance and because individuals' skills are typically integrated into a group whose collective capacity becomes something more than the simple sum of its members' skills. Over time, as the group members work

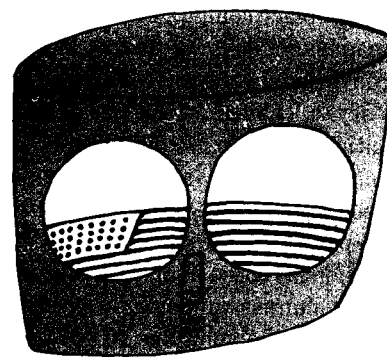
through various problems, they learn about each other's abilities. Like a baseball team, they practice together to increase their collective prowess. Their sense of membership in the enterprise is stronger and more immediate than any abstract identification with their profession or occupational group. They move from one specialty to another, but they remain within a single organization. The Japanese have been more successful than Americans in devising the newest generation of large-scale integrated circuits, because production entails complex and interrelated tasks that can only be perfected by a relatively stable team. Rapid turnover in U.S. companies has hindered this organizational learning.

The high-volume, standardized enterprise is organized into a series of hierarchical tiers. Flexible-system production suggests a relatively "flat" structure: in most firms that stake their success on specialized or technically based products, there are few middle-level managers, and only modest differences in the status and income of senior managers and junior employees. The enterprise is typically organized as a set of relatively stable project teams that informally compete with one another for resources, recognition, and projects.

Finally, because flexible-system production is premised on ever-changing markets and conditions, it is less vulnerable than high-volume production to shifts in demand. Its machines and workers are not locked into producing long runs of any single standardized good. For this reason, flexible-system enterprises have less need to diversify into several lines of business as insurance against declining demand in any one. Flexible-system producers thrive on instability. Too much stability, and they would gradually lose their market to high-volume, standardized producers in low-wage countries.

In all these respects, the organization of high-volume production is so fundamentally different from that of flexible-system production that the transformation is exceedingly difficult. Because the roles, experiences, training, and expectations of professional managers and workers in high-volume production differ so sharply from those that flexible-system production calls for, neither group is prepared to adapt smoothly to such a transformation. In fact, they are likely to resist it.

That is what has happened. Because America's blue-collar workers often lack the skills and training necessary for flexible-system production, they have clung to the job classifications, work rules, and cost-of-living increases that brought them some security under standardized production. By the same token, because America's professional managers are ill equipped to undertake the necessary shift from high-volume production to flexible systems, they have resorted to various ploys designed to maintain or increase their firms' earnings without new productive investment. "Paper entrepreneurialism" of this kind merely rearranges industrial assets, while wasting the time and abilities of some of America's most talented people.



PAPER ENTREPRENEURIALISM IS THE BASTARD child of scientific management. It employs the mechanisms and symbols developed to direct and monitor high-volume production, but it involves an even more radical separation between planning and production. Paper entrepreneurialism is a version of scientific management grown so extreme that it has lost all connection with the actual workplace. Its strategies involve generating profits through the clever manipulation of rules and numbers that only in theory represent real assets and products.

At its most pernicious, paper entrepreneurialism involves little more than imposing losses on others for the sake of short-term profits for the firm. The others are often members of the taxpaying public, who end up subsidizing firms that creatively reduce their tax liability. The others are sometimes certain of the firms' shareholders who end up indirectly subsidizing other shareholders. Occasionally, the others are unlucky investors, consumers, or the shareholders of other firms. Because paper gains are always at someone else's expense, paper entrepreneurialism can be a ruthless game. It can also be fascinating, and lucrative for those who play it well.

When the management era began to collapse, in the late 1960s, professional managers, seeking to limit the damage, turned to the tools they had at hand. The ideology of management control was so deeply ingrained that the instinctive reaction of professional managers was typically to define, even more precisely than before, the rules and working relationships within their firms, seeking thereby to solidify their control. But because the environment was changing so rapidly—with the entrance of new foreign competitors, new products, new manufacturing processes, and the opening of new global markets—the rules and controls had to be extraordinarily elaborate. They became even more intricate as the pace of change accelerated.

To coordinate the increasingly complex tasks of production, managers introduced complex techniques of "matrix management," through which employees reported to several different managers for different dimensions of their work. (An employee engaged in, say, the marketing of refrigerators in South America would report to three manag-

ers—in charge of marketing, refrigerators, and South American sales, respectively.)

When the matrices became too complicated, resulting in endless conflicts and confusion, organizational-development consultants were called in to design and coordinate “project teams.” When this team structure had so muddled personal accountability that employees began to engage in buck-passing and bureaucratic gamesmanship, managers added still more controls: budget reviews, computer-based management-information systems, narrative reports on operations, monthly “flash” reports, formal goal-setting systems, and detailed performance-evaluation and incentive-compensation systems.

These ever-more-elaborate systems of managerial control brought with them additional layers of staff to devise the new rules and procedures, to design and monitor systems of performance appraisal, to referee the inevitable confusion over responsibility, and to mediate conflicts. Between 1965 and 1975, the ratio of staff positions to production workers in American manufacturing companies increased from 35 per 100 to 41 per 100. In certain industries, the jump has been even more dramatic. In electrical machinery, the ratio increased from 46 staff jobs for each 100 production jobs to 56 per 100; in non-electrical machinery, from 43 to 59; in chemicals, from 66 to 78. Companies with 2,500 or more employees have had a higher proportion of staff positions relative to production workers (44 per hundred in 1972) than companies with fewer than 500 employees (32 per hundred). The largest companies have the highest ratio of staff to production workers. By 1979, half of the employees of Intel—the microprocessor manufacturer—were engaged in administration. When an engineer wanted a mechanical pencil, processing the order required twelve pieces of paper and ninety-five administrative steps. It took 364 steps to hire a new employee.

This sudden proliferation of staff positions within American firms is particularly striking by comparison with firms in other nations. In the typical Japanese factory, for example, foremen report directly to plant managers. The foreman in the typical American factory must report through three additional layers of management. Until very recently, Ford Motor Company had five more levels of managers between the factory worker and the company chairman than did Toyota.

Bureaucratic layering of this sort is costly, and not only because of the extra salaries and benefits that must be paid. Layers of staff also make the firm more rigid, less able to make quick decisions or adjust rapidly to new opportunities and problems. In the traditional scientifically managed, high-volume enterprise, novel situations are regarded as exceptions, requiring new rules and procedures and the judgments of senior managers. But novel situations are a continuing feature of the new competitive environment in which American companies now find themselves.

The typical sequence now runs something like this: A

salesman hears from a customer that the firm's latest bench drill cannot accommodate bits for drilling a recently developed hard plastic. The customer suggests a modified coupling adapter and an additional speed setting. The salesman thinks the customer's suggestion makes sense, but he has no authority to pursue it directly. Following procedures, the salesman passes the idea on to the sales manager, who finds it promising and drafts a memo to the marketing vice president. The marketing vice president also likes the idea, so he raises it in an executive meeting of all the vice presidents. The executive committee agrees to modify the drill. The senior product manager then asks the head of the research department to form a task force to evaluate the product opportunity and design a new coupling and variable-speed mechanism.

The task force consists of representatives from sales, marketing, accounting, and engineering. The engineers are interested in the elegance of the design. The manufacturing department insists on modifications requiring only minor retooling. The salespeople want a drill that will do what customers need it to do. The finance people worry about the costs of producing it. The marketing people want a design that can be advertised and distributed efficiently, and sold at a competitive price. The meetings are difficult, because each task-force member wants to claim credit for future success but avoid blame for any possible failure. After months of meetings, the research manager presents the group's findings to the executive committee. The committee approves the new design. Each department then works out a detailed plan for its role in bringing out the new product, and the modified drill goes into production.

If there are no production problems, the customer receives word that he can order a drill for working hard plastics two years after he first discussed it with the salesman. In the meantime, a Japanese or West German firm with a more flexible, teamlike approach has already designed, produced, and delivered a hard-plastics drill.

As the bureaucratic gap between executives and production workers continues to widen, the enterprise becomes more dependent on “hard,” quantifiable data, and less sensitive to qualitative information. Professional managers concentrate on month-to-month profit figures, data on growth in sales, and return on investment. “Softer,” less quantifiable information—about product quality, worker morale, and customer satisfaction—may be at least as important to the firm's long-term success. But such information cannot be conveyed efficiently upward through the layers of staff. Even if such qualitative information occasionally works its way to senior executives without becoming too distorted in the process, it is often still ignored. Information like this does not invite quick decisions and crisp directives.

Even quantifiable information becomes distorted as it moves up the corporate hierarchy, because it must be summarized and interpreted. Distortions also occur intentionally. Lower-level managers, dependent on senior managers

for rewards and promotions, naturally want to highlight good news and suppress bad news. In reporting their costs, for example, they may seek to outmaneuver the accounting department (which determines how overhead costs are distributed among units) by shifting some overhead to another unit. Since lower-level managers are competing with other managers for scarce investment resources, they are likely to present overly optimistic estimates for the projects they seek to fund. Their forecasts may underestimate costs, overestimate market demand, and leave out certain expenses altogether. The planning systems that process these estimates become arenas for organizational gamesmanship.

PROFESSIONAL MANAGERS AT THE TOP OF AMERICAN firms have come to preside over a symbolic economy. The systems of management control that they initiated in the late 1960s in efforts to maintain profitability have become more intricate and elaborate as the global market has grown less predictable, requiring additional layers of managers and staff specialists. As the bureaucratic distance between senior managers and production workers has increased, the rules and numbers in which senior managers deal have become more and more disconnected from the everyday processes of production—distorted by excessive reliance on “hard” data, by communication failures, and by gamesmanship.

Paper entrepreneurialism relies on financial and legal virtuosity. Through shrewd maneuvering, accounting and tax rules can be finessed, and the numbers on balance sheets and tax returns manipulated, giving the appearance of greater or lesser earnings. Assets can be rearranged on paper to improve cash flow or to defer payments. And threatened lawsuits or takeovers can be used to extract concessions from other players. Huge profits are generated by these ploys. They are the most imaginative and daring ventures in the American economy. But they do not enlarge the economic pie; they merely reassign the slices.

The conglomerate enterprise is one manifestation of paper entrepreneurialism. Before the late 1960s, American business enterprises generally expanded only into lines of business related to their original products. They moved into markets where their managerial, technical, and marketing skills could be applied anew, giving them a real competitive advantage.

The conglomerate enterprises that mushroomed during the 1970s—multibusiness giants such as Gulf + Western, ITV, Textron, Litton, United Technologies, Northwest Industries, and ITT—are entirely different. They have grown by acquiring existing enterprises, often in wholly unrelated fields. Gulf + Western, for example, owns Paramount Pictures, Consolidated Cigar (one of America's largest cigar-makers), Kayser-Roth (a major apparel-maker), A.P.S. (an auto-parts supplier), one of America's largest zinc mines, Madison Square Garden, Simon & Schuster

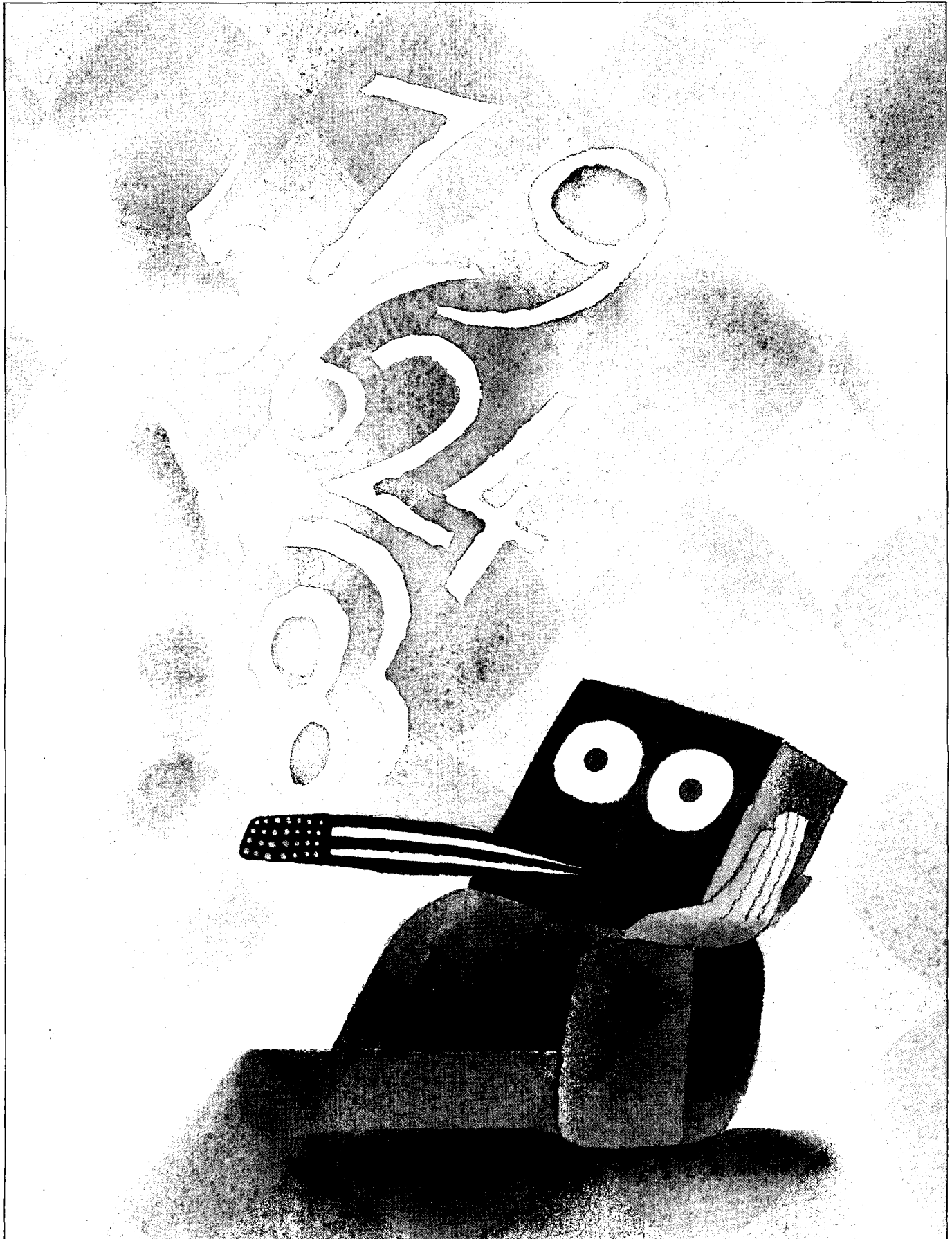
(publishers), Simmons (mattresses), the Miss Universe and Miss U.S.A. pageants, and a large sugarcane plantation. ITT (the world's eighth-largest corporation) owns Wonder Bread, Sheraton Hotels, Hartford Insurance, Avis Rent-a-Car, Bobbs-Merrill Publishing, and Burpee Lawn and Garden Products.

Conglomerate enterprises rarely, if ever, bring any relevant managerial, technical, or marketing skills to the new enterprises they acquire. Their competence lies in law and finance. Their relationship to their far-flung subsidiaries is that of an investor. Indeed, many conglomerates function almost exactly like mutual funds, except that the staff at conglomerate headquarters presumably has slightly more detailed information about their subsidiaries than mutual-fund advisers have about the companies within their portfolios.

Some conglomerates have come a step closer to mutual funds by becoming minority owners of a variety of other companies. Gulf + Western actually maintains a \$536 million portfolio of stocks in sixteen companies. Financial advisers within conglomerates like these decide which stocks to purchase or sell according to precisely the same criteria that financial advisers to mutual funds employ. Like the mutual fund, the conglomerate organization does not create new wealth or render production more efficient. It merely allocates capital, duplicating—though awkwardly—the functions of financial markets.

The paper advantages of conglomeration extend beyond speculation and risk-spreading, however. Dexterous tax and accounting manipulations can extract paper profits from economically senseless acquisitions. Whenever a firm's stock-market price falls below its book value (the assumed market value of the firm's total assets, if they were sold off bit by bit), another firm can post significant gains on its balance sheet simply by acquiring the undervalued firm and consolidating the two sets of books. Thus, the acquiring firm's earnings increase with minimal effort. As the American economy has declined, the stock of many companies has fallen to less than book value in this way. The stock market is not being irrational; companies like these are probably worth more disassembled than they are as continuing operations. But conglomeration does not re-deploy these assets; it merely displays them more attractively on a new, consolidated balance sheet.

If the acquired firm has lost money in recent years, so much the better. The conglomerate that acquires it can use the losses to reduce its tax liability. Even if the assets of the acquired firm are purchased for more than their stated value in the acquired firm's books, the game is still on—the acquiring company has a higher basis for depreciating its new assets for tax purposes. (The 1982 tax law has made this route somewhat more treacherous.) U.S. Steel's purchase of Marathon Oil Company, for example, saved the steelmaker about \$500 million in taxes in the first year and will save at least \$1 billion more over the productive life of Marathon's Yates oil field, since tax laws let the oil field be



valued for tax purposes at a higher cost than the property represented in Marathon's books. Because U.S. Steel can take new depletion deductions against this high-valued property, the Yates reserves are worth far more to it than they were to Marathon, which had already extracted what it could of the oil field's tax-deduction potential. The field's tax benefits were renewable through transfer, even if the oil was not.

Conglomeration has been proceeding at a breakneck pace. By 1972, 33 percent of the employees of America's manufacturing companies were involved in lines of business totally unrelated to the primary businesses of their companies. In 1977, American companies spent \$22 billion acquiring one another. In 1979, they spent \$43.5 billion. That year, sixteen firms, each worth more than \$500 million, were gobbled up, including Belridge Oil (\$3.65 billion, bought by Shell Oil); C.I.T. Financial (\$1.2 billion, by RCA); and Reliance Electric (\$1.16 billion, by Exxon). All records were shattered in 1981, when \$82 billion was spent on acquisitions. Du Pont paid a staggering \$7.5 billion for Conoco; Fluor, \$2.7 billion for St. Joe Minerals; and Gulf Oil, \$325 million for Kemmerer Coal. The pace continued last year with U.S. Steel's purchase of Marathon Oil for \$5.9 billion.

Despite widely advertised concern over a capital short-

age and calls for corporate tax breaks to spur new investment, firms bent on acquisition have seldom been deterred by price. Corporations have been paying premiums of 50 and even 100 percent over the market value for the stock of the companies they seek to acquire. Even during the "go-go years" of the late 1960s, when "funny money" fueled a short-lived merger explosion, premiums rarely exceeded 25 percent.

All this has been accompanied by some of the heaviest bank borrowings in history. Du Pont borrowed \$3.9 billion to buy Conoco, at an interest rate close to 20 percent. Texaco negotiated a loan of \$5.5 billion from an international consortium of banks led by Chase Manhattan. Fluor Corporation borrowed \$1 billion to buy St. Joe Minerals—a debt equal to Fluor's entire revenues for the first quarter of 1981.

As late as the early 1960s, "unfriendly" takeovers were virtually unheard of. Since then, they have become a standard strategy of paper entrepreneurialism. Fear of a takeover bid haunts America's corporate boardrooms. In a 1981 survey of chief financial officers in America's 480 largest industrial firms, 49 percent thought that their companies were vulnerable to a takeover; even of the remaining group, 38 percent said that they had developed formal plans aimed at thwarting takeover bids. The fear is well founded. Of the 249 firms that have faced unfriendly takeover attempts within the past three years, only fifty-two have successfully withstood the assault and remained independent.

The fear of takeover has generated an array of paper-entrepreneurial strategies. Many targets of takeover bids, fleeing acquisition by a company unfriendly to their present managers, are running into the arms of another, more congenial firm. When WUI, an international telecommunications firm, learned that Continental Telephone Corporation was on its trail, it sought to be acquired instead by Xerox. Some target companies seek immunity by pre-emptively buying companies in the would-be acquirer's own industries, so that antitrust laws block the acquisition attempt. Daylin, Inc., defending itself against W.R. Grace's recent tender offer, sought to purchase Narco Scientific, Inc.—a maker of equipment in a product line so similar to Grace's that Grace would be barred from taking over Daylin. One of the more bizarre—and expensive—defense strategies is for a target company simply to reduce its cash reserves and thus become less attractive to potential predators. This may explain J. Ray McDermott & Co.'s \$758 million acquisition of Babcock & Wilcox, and Kennecott Copper Corporation's \$567 million purchase of Carborundum.

Increasingly, target companies are paying would-be acquirers high premiums to buy back blocks of stock that the acquirers have amassed. As a lawyer experienced in such tactics recently explained to *The Wall Street Journal*, "Look, I now have 7 percent or 8 percent of your stock. I'm not going after your company. But if you don't buy back



VIEWING THE BODY

I hate that phrase, says my exquisitely private mother, embarrassed for those who can't return

our gaze. Once we might have watched for stirrings, as of water before a diver breaks the surface. What is the body

to us now, all its fluidity gone absolutely, false to the life it carried until the articulate

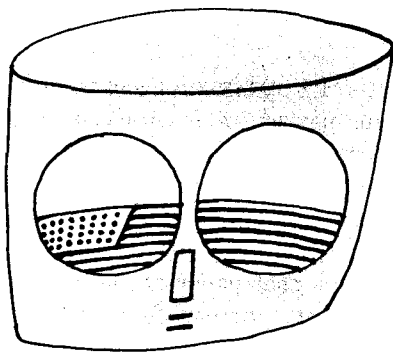
bones appear? An antonym, a place to begin, the deliberate fire that drives memory

into the open, toward the hunters.

—Sharon Bryan

the block from me at a premium, I know five or six guys who are interested and could take you over." This is the corporate equivalent of a demand for ransom. And paper entrepreneurs are generating large earnings from such threats.

Even if the target company refuses to pay the ransom, its stock typically shoots up when Wall Street learns that a takeover may be afoot. Thus the paper entrepreneur can generate earnings simply by selling the block of stock in the open market. Bendix recently made \$75 million after taxes by buying and then selling back 20 percent of the outstanding stock of Asarco. Gulf + Western announced in September of 1980 that it had made open-market purchases of large blocks of stock in two companies: a 7.4 percent interest in Oxford Industries, Inc., and a 10.4 percent interest in Robertshaw Controls Company. Two months later, both Oxford and Robertshaw bought back their shares, for a total of \$2.1 million more than Gulf + Western had paid for them.



THE LARGEST GAINS FROM CONGLOMERATION LIE IN their potential for opening access to ready cash at low or no cost, while simultaneously avoiding or deferring income taxes. Financial conglomerates offer particularly rewarding possibilities along these lines.

Consider, for example, Baldwin-United—a company that until 1968 was known for the Baldwin piano, which it had been making since 1891. Piano sales were growing slowly, and the pressure from foreign competition was increasing. So Baldwin purchased a bank, twelve insurance companies, a savings-and-loan company, some mortgage-banking companies, America's largest mortgage-insurance company, and America's two largest trading-stamp companies. Many of these companies have been cheap sources of cash. The insurance companies have provided low-cost funds in the form of premiums; the savings-and-loan company has brought in deposits at low, passbook rates; the mortgage-banking and servicing companies have transferred billions of dollars in mortgage and real-estate tax payments from borrowers to lenders, while holding the funds for up to several weeks in the process; and the trading-stamp companies sell stamps to merchants, who give them to customers, who are unlikely to redeem them for

months or years, if ever. Baldwin has further enlarged its earnings by avoiding or deferring taxes on these cash flows. Baldwin's mortgage-banking acquisition had unrealized losses in its loan portfolio, which Baldwin then used against its overall earnings; Baldwin also deducts the commissions it pays to its brokers in the year paid, which occasionally generates large tax losses. With these ample deductions, Baldwin has been able to redeem the bonds that its mortgage-insurance company bought, with tax impunity. As a result of all these financial and tax ploys, Baldwin's return on equity has increased from 13 percent to 31 percent since 1968, and its earnings per share have grown at a 20 percent annual rate.

Conglomerates offer no particular efficiency in allocating capital to its best use. Investors who wanted to buy into a particular bundle of industries could simply have bought stocks separately. American investors gain nothing from having the bundle prepackaged in the form of a diversified conglomerate. Indeed, conglomerates undermine the efficiency of America's capital market by eliminating investors' option to buy into Bobbs-Merrill alone, for example, without taking stock in all the rest of ITT's hodgepodge of businesses.

Nor, as we have seen, do conglomerates serve any useful industrial purpose. Unlike earlier multidivisional firms, which featured some complementarity among operations, modern conglomerates are typically little concerned with the actual economic functions of the various subsidiaries, beyond the interest a landlord might take in a sharecropper's labors.

Nor do they benefit employees. When one of a conglomerate's businesses begins to falter, only capital assets are salvaged and redeployed. Workers typically are left to fend for themselves.

Thus modern conglomerates are economically sterile. Their only effects are to facilitate paper entrepreneurialism and to spare managers the need to stake their careers on anything so risky as a single firm trying to make products. The growth of conglomerates illustrates managers' discretionary power to serve their own goals, and reveals how far economic change since the end of the management era has separated managers' incentives from socially productive results.

Paper entrepreneurialism does not rely solely on acquisitions, of course. Every month or so, another innovative paper ploy is unveiled. For example, many companies are now engaging in an expensive and financially empty exchange of new stock for old bonds. It works like this: A company that sold long-term bonds when interest rates were lower—and, thus, so was the yield, or "coupon," the bond had to offer—still carries the debt on its books at the original face value, even though the outstanding bonds are in fact being traded on the market at a discount because they yield less per dollar of face value than new financial assets. (That is, the books may show debt of \$10 million, even though the market value of the bonds has fallen to \$7

million.) This debt bothers the firm's managers, who want the balance sheet to seem as unencumbered by indebtedness as possible.

So investment brokers have gone into the business of buying up old bonds at their (low) market value and offering to return them to the issuing firm in exchange for new shares of common stock. By buying back its old bonds, the company can claim to have "retired" a deceptively large chunk of debt, based on the financially irrelevant face value of the bonds, and so managers are willing to pay the broker handsomely for engineering the swap.

The company makes a precisely offsetting trade—a certain market value of stock for an equal market value of bonds. The cost: millions in brokers' fees and premiums. The only result: some gullible investors may be led to believe that the company has suddenly become less burdened by debt, and therefore more valuable. And the ruse is tax-free, treated as a non-taxable corporate reorganization so long as the broker handles the mechanics. Since August of 1981, more than a hundred such exchanges have swept at least \$2 billion in debt from corporate balance sheets. Even U.S. Steel managed to use this ploy to report a profit for the depressed second quarter of 1982, despite its sizable losses in the steel business. Like other gimmicks, this one will go out of fashion in a year or two, when investors and the Internal Revenue Service catch on, and another innovation will replace it.

Paper entrepreneurs also display their virtuosity in "creative" accounting. In 1978, for example, when slumping car sales began to push Chrysler Corporation deeper into the red, forcing the auto maker to halt production at many plants and cut its dividends by 60 percent, the company still managed to project a fourth-quarter profit. Thanks to a little-noticed actuarial adjustment, Chrysler had merely changed the assumed rate of return on its employee-pension portfolio to 7 percent from 6 percent, reducing pension costs and adding about \$50 million to its profits. This alteration was likely to escape the eyes of analysts and auditors, who are seldom trained in pension matters. Chrysler did nothing illegal. Indeed, it disclosed in a footnote to its annual report that it had made the actuarial change, although it did not state any figures.

Other methods of "earnings management" abound: showing certain transactions as collateral borrowings rather than as sales; overstating or understating inventories; failing to account fully for the effect of inflation on the value of inventories or profits; overstating the value of good will gained from a merger or acquisition; and understating the price paid for an acquisition. For example, GE paid about \$2 billion worth of stock to acquire Utah International in 1976, but "pooling-of-interest" accounting rules let GE show a price of only \$548 million on its balance sheet. Utah International's \$196 million profit in 1977 looked much better on \$548 million than it would have on \$2 billion.

None of these ploys is illegal. Nor do they violate gener-

ally accepted accounting principles, which give firms wide latitude in reporting their earnings. Given the complexity of modern business practices and the uniqueness of each firm, more rigid accounting rules might actually lead to greater distortions. And that is the point. The set of symbols developed to represent real assets has lost the link with any actual productive activity. Finance has progressively evolved into a sector all its own, only loosely connected to industry. And this disconnectedness turns business executives into paper entrepreneurs—forced to outsmart other participants, or be themselves outsmarted.

All of this paper entrepreneurialism takes place against a background of mounting lawsuits. Professional managers in companies targeted for takeover are suing their predators. Shareholders are suing managers. Acquiring companies are suing the officers of the companies they have acquired. Purchasers of futures contracts are suing sellers who cannot meet the payments. The number of business lawsuits stemming from breach of contract, antitrust, or alleged "wasting" of corporate assets has increased fourfold since 1965.

ONE MUST BE CLEAR ABOUT THE PROBLEM OF PAPER entrepreneurialism in America. Paper entrepreneurialism does not directly use up economic resources. Every economy needs some paper entrepreneurs to help allocate capital efficiently among product entrepreneurs.

The problem is that paper entrepreneurialism has replaced product entrepreneurialism as the most dynamic and innovative occupation in the American economy. Paper entrepreneurs produce nothing of tangible use. For an economy to maintain its health, entrepreneurial rewards should flow primarily to products, not paper. As Lord Keynes recognized nearly fifty years ago, "When the capital development of a country becomes a by-product of the activities of a casino, the job is likely to be ill-done."

Ours is becoming an economy in which resources circulate endlessly among giant corporations, investment bankers, and their lawyers, but little new is produced. Financial resources are kept liquid in order to meet the next margin call, to enter the next position, or to exploit the next takeover opportunity. They are not applied in earnest to any single undertaking, for fear that they will soon be needed for something else. There is scant investment in new products or processes, because such endeavors tie up resources for too long.

In 1979, RCA Corporation complained publicly that it lacked the \$200 million that would be needed to develop a video-cassette recorder, although recorders are the fastest-growing appliance of the decade. RCA thereby ceded the video-cassette market to the Japanese. But RCA had no qualms about spending \$1.2 billion to buy a lackluster finance company that same year. In 1979, U.S. Steel decided to scrap its plan for building a new steel plant. Instead,

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it began building a cash reserve to acquire some other, more promising company, such as Marathon Oil.

While business leaders are otherwise engaged, America's industrial base remains wedded to high-volume, standardized production. Flexible-system production does not fit well into large conglomerate enterprises. The enterprises are too diffuse and fragmented to generate team spirit, too unwieldy and bureaucratic to accommodate novel approaches to new problems. Real-product entrepreneurs bridle at the red tape. Employees are discouraged from choosing unorthodox solutions. It is often difficult, from the mire of conglomerate headquarters, to identify unique customer needs. Big companies also tend to wait for markets to develop; they are not equipped successfully to pursue the markets that do not yet exist. Exxon's plunge into the "office of the future" has been an unmitigated disaster. The company is losing money at a rate that would bankrupt almost anyone else—in 1980 alone, its office-equipment division lost \$150 million on sales of \$270 million. Industrial giants such as Monsanto, Ford, and Sylvania, which tried several years ago to develop their own commercial semiconductor operations, failed miserably and withdrew from this rapidly changing market. Other large companies—RCA, TRW, Westinghouse—have not done much better.

But perhaps the greatest cost is in human talent. Today's corporate executives spend an increasing portion of their days fending off takeovers, finding companies to acquire, conferring with their financial and accounting specialists, and responding to depositions in lawsuits, instead of attending to their products. Indeed, approximately 40 percent of the chief executive officers of America's largest firms have backgrounds in law or finance and rose to their present positions from company legal or financial staffs. This is in sharp contrast to the past. In 1950, only 13 percent of America's key chief executive officers had legal or financial backgrounds. Most came up through the ranks from marketing, engineering, or sales.

Increasingly over the past fifteen years, the most sought-after jobs among business-school graduates have been in finance and consulting, where the specialty is rearranging assets and shuffling corporate boxes—and from where bright young MBAs have their best shot at becoming corporate executives. Only 3 percent of Harvard Business School's 1981 graduates took jobs in production and 18.6 percent in sales and marketing, while 21.6 percent went into finance. Young people seeking quick affluence without much risk have turned to the practice of law, where America's highest-paying entry-level jobs are found. In a recent survey, 24 percent of Harvard freshmen

said they were planning a career in law; only 7 percent were going into science. In 1982, New York City's largest law firms were paying their young recruits, fresh out of law school, \$48,000 a year. In 1980, the median income for partners in New York's largest law firms was \$242,685, up 50 percent from 1975. Law firms can afford to pay these exorbitant salaries because legal fees keep rolling in.

Between 1940 and 1960, only about one American in 600 was a lawyer. Between 1971 and 1981, the number of practicing attorneys increased by 64 percent. America now has more than 590,000 lawyers—one for every 400 citizens. Over the same decade, however, there was only a 15 percent rise in the number of engineers, and a 25 percent rise in the number of laborers. Only about one of every 10,000 citizens in Japan is trained in law, while one out of twenty-five Japanese citizens is trained in engineering or science. More than 65 percent of all seats on the boards of Japanese manufacturing companies are occupied by people who are trained as engineers; roughly the same percentage of seats on American boards are taken by people trained in law, finance, or accountancy. Thus, in Japan, many problems that arise in business are viewed as problems of engineering or science, for which technical solutions can be found. In present-day America, the same problems are apt to be viewed as problems of law or finance, to be dodged through clever manipulation of rules or numbers.

Increasingly, professional education in America stresses the manipulation of symbols to the exclusion of other sorts of skills—how to collaborate with others, to work in teams, to speak foreign languages, to solve concrete problems—that are more relevant to the newly competitive world economy. And more and more, the career ambitions of America's best students have turned to professions that allow them to continue attending to symbols, from quiet offices equipped with a telephone, a Telex, and a good secretary. The world of real people, engaged in the untidy and difficult struggle with real production problems, becomes ever more alien to America's best and brightest.

Paper entrepreneurialism is both cause and consequence of America's faltering economy. Paper profits are the only ones easily available to professional managers who sit isolated atop organizations designed for a form of production that is no longer appropriate to America's place in the world economy. At the same time, the relentless drive for paper profits has diverted attention and resources away from the difficult job of transforming the productive base. It has retarded the transition that must occur, and made change more difficult in the future. Paper entrepreneurialism thus has a self-perpetuating quality that, if left unchecked, will drive the nation into further decline. □

This is the first of two articles about the American economy.



FIRST ENCOUNTERS

JAMES JOYCE AND T. S. ELIOT

They met at the Hôtel de l'Élysée, in Paris, on August 15, 1920. Joyce, who had gone about that summer in dirty tennis shoes, to much comment, put on black patents for the occasion, and took his fifteen-year-old son, Giorgio, along. Eliot—tall, handsome, sartorially irreproachable—came over from London with Wyndham Lewis. After introductions, they sat around a small table on which lay a crumpled, intricately knotted brown parcel sent to Joyce through Eliot by their mutual friend Ezra Pound. Pound's motive was double-edged. A kind of literary missionary, he was sure that Eliot and Joyce had more in common than the fact that both were expatriates, had worked (Eliot still did) as bank clerks, were chronically short of funds.

Hence the package. The author of *Prufrock* waved a hand in its direction; he was unburdened, his mission accomplished. The author of *Portrait* was less pleased. Straw boater in his hand, patents prominent, Joyce was clearly reluctant to claim anything so untidy. Besides, it was hopelessly knotted, and no one had a penknife. Nail scissors

were produced. Finally the layers of swaddling were unwound to reveal . . . a pair of old brown shoes.

It was Eliot—tactful, Boston-mannered Eliot—who suggested dinner. Joyce would join them, would he not? He would. Joyce perceived but one way to regain his Irish dignity. Giorgio was packed off with the unhappy parcel, and Joyce conducted his new friends to his favorite restaurant, where he selected the table, ordered an excellent dinner with wines, and picked up the tab.

Joyce repeated this hospitality several times during Eliot's stay. Their friendship remained cool, but two years later, when *The Waste Land* and *Ulysses* burst simultaneously upon the literary establishment, a rather grudging kinship emerged. Eliot looked to Joyce for support when he separated from his wife. Joyce, for his part, tried his hand at parodying *The Waste Land* with lines that began, "Rouen is the rainiest place getting / Inside all impermeables," and that concluded, significantly, "Hurry up, Joyce, it's time!"

—Nancy Caldwell Sorel



IS YOUR LUXURY CAR CHRONOLOGICALLY NEW, BUT TECHNOLOGICALLY OLD?

One of the ironies of buying a new car is that there's no guarantee the car will be new.

Unused, yes. Unowned, yes.

But ultimately, a car's newness has more to do with the inventiveness of its technology than with the year for which it was made.

A point vividly illustrated by the BMW 528e.

THE PRODUCT OF INNOVATION, NOT RENOVATION.

The 528e is the first of a new generation of BMW's, one designed to carry up to five adults and the state of automotive technology well into the '80s.

It accomplishes this through engineering unimpeded by nostalgia. Its engine, for example, is not a renovation of some earlier design in the hope of breathing life into it for another model year.

The BMW 6-cylinder 'Eta' power plant shares little more than the concept of internal combustion with such cars. It is a high-torque, low-revving engine that churns out exhilarating response with almost dietetic fuel appetites—combining BMW-like performance with diesel-like efficiency.*

Toward this end, the Eta engine relies not upon chance but upon microprocessors. They read all manner of engine data—air/fuel mixture, throttle openings, etc.—then order ignition at the precise thousandth of a second for optimum performance.

Still, the story of the 528e is one not just of excellent response, but balletic agility. And in the rear, where many cars ride on sus-

pension designs substantially unchanged for decades, the 528e rides on a breakthrough.

The new rear suspension is one of the most significant advances in rear suspension design in a generation. One that combines, rather than mutually compromises, the qualities of road adhesion and smoothness of ride.

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PRIVATE LIES

A SHORT STORY BY
BOBBIE ANN MASON

"IF YOU DON'T WANT TO hear about it, why don't you say so?"

Mickey Hargrove asked his wife. He was lying in bed with a glass of scotch balanced on his navel.

"I thought I made myself plain," Tina said. "If you want to go find your long-lost daughter, please just leave me out of it. I don't want the kids to find out about your past."

"What if she needs a kidney transplant? Or has a hereditary disease?"

"What disease?" Tina asked. She snapped off a length of dental floss.

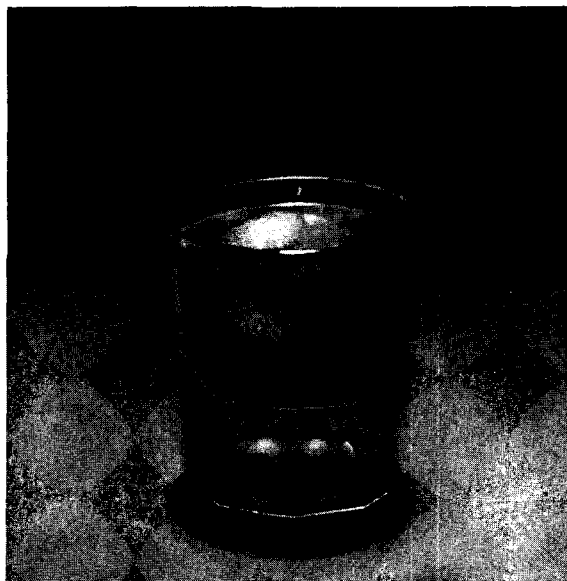
Mickey closed his eyes and breathed so that his drink tilted slightly. He inched it to his lips. "I want to find her," he said.

"I don't know how you expect to find her. Those adoption people guard them kids like the gold in Fort Knox."

"The gold in Fort Knox doesn't mean the same thing anymore," Mickey said, sipping his drink. "It's an outdated comparison."

He wasn't supposed to drink, because he was pre-ulcerous, but he compromised by drinking scotch with half-and-half. His brother swore a doctor had told him it was harmless that way—scotch tranquilized the stomach muscles; half-and-half blotted out the acid. Tina told him he would have a heart attack from the milk fat. She was a nurse. Mickey and Tina had been together for more than a dozen years, and they had a boy and a girl, Ricky and Kelly. The furniture was paid for, and the final installment on the car was due next month. Mickey sold real estate, and he hadn't sold a house in six weeks, but with interest rates going down, he was optimistic. If Mickey hadn't had a daughter born out of wedlock eighteen years ago next Tuesday, he'd have nothing on his mind now worse than the recession.

Tina turned down the corner of a page of her book, something called *Every Secret Thing*, and put it on the



night table. She said, "What if she don't want to see you?"

"I think I've got a right."

"The law will tell you you lost your rights a long time ago."

Mickey saw the child once, through the window at the hospital. Donna, the mother, got to hold the baby, but he did not. No one was supposed to know he was the father. The little creature was shrimp-colored, with fuzzy black hair. Mickey could not believe what he had done. They let Donna hold her for about two minutes. Donna checked her all over, counted her fingers and toes, looked inside her diaper. "I wanted to

make sure she was all there," Donna said later. "I didn't want to give away a defective baby."

Mickey sometimes felt that marriage to Tina was like riding a bus. She was the driver and he was a passenger. She made all the decisions—food, furniture, Kelly's braces, his socks. If he weren't married to Tina, he might be alone in a rented room, living on canned soup and Tang. Tina rescued him. With her, life had a regularity that was almost dogmatic. But now Tina was working a night shift and her schedule was disrupted. She hated to miss *M*A*S*H*, her favorite program. When she watched it, she always scrutinized the surgical procedures and pointed out when the action was inauthentic. "B.J. shouldn't ask for the retractor at that point," she would say.

Without Tina at night, Mickey had to keep the schedule rolling. One evening, before *M*A*S*H* came on, he helped Ricky with his arithmetic.

"I have to be in a special class," Ricky said suddenly, between problems.

"What class?"

"I have to have a tutor."

"What for? You're already in the Enrichment Class."

"I can't say my s's right."

"What's wrong with your s's? I don't hear anything wrong with your s's."

"The teacher said so."

Bobbie Ann Mason is the author of *Shiloh* and *Other Stories*.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES STEINBERG

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"Say something with an s. Say 'snake.' Say 'sports special.'"

"Snake. Sports special."

"That teacher has her head up her butt," said Mickey, tilting his glass of beer and then trying to peer at Ricky through the rim. It made him cross-eyed to do that.

Beer with half-and-half wasn't drinkable. It was too much like the barium milk shake he had had to drink when they x-rayed his stomach. The chalky liquid had made him gag. After swallowing it, he had watched on a screen as the dancing dots went through his system. Now he tried an experiment. First he took a swig of beer, then a sip of half-and-half. He leaned back in his La-Z-Boy and watched his children watching TV. When the commercial for Federal Express popped on, Mickey turned the volume up with the remote control. Ricky and Kelly loved the fast-talking businessman, making deals on the telephone. No one could talk that fast. Yet it didn't seem to be a trick, like a speeded-up tape, because the man didn't sound like a chipmunk.

"You should learn to talk that fast, Daddy," said Kelly.

"Why?"

"So you could sell lots of houses. It would save time."

Mickey rehearsed ways of telling Ricky and Kelly that they had a half-sister. Tina would kill him.

Mickey was uncomfortable whenever he appraised houses. The owners hovered over him while he measured the rooms and ran through his checklist of FHA-approved specifications. They resented the intrusion, but later, when he brought strangers in, the owners seemed resigned to their loss. The prospective buyers explored the houses, opening closets and cabinets. Tina snooped around like that, as a nurse, taking temperatures, washing people's private parts. Yet she wouldn't tolerate anyone knowing how much insurance they had, or how much they owed on their car. The ultimate in privacy, though, was guaranteed by adoption agencies. Like the CIA, they created new identities. Mickey didn't even know his daughter's name. If they were to meet, how would she view him? If he could appraise his life, as he would a house, he might find its dimensions too narrow, its ceilings too high, its basement cluttered and dank with memories and secrets. A dangerous basement. Not a good selling point. She would see a grouchy, pre-ulcerous, balding bore. But that was not really true. He had his comic moments. He liked to clown around, singing "The Star-Spangled Banner" in a mock-operatic style; he would pretend to forget the words and then shift abruptly into "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny." He was a riot at parties.

Mickey and his ex-wife, Donna, had both stayed around the small Kentucky town where they grew up, but he had not talked to her in three years, since the time they ran into each other at a McDonald's. She was getting a hamburger and french fries to go. They made small talk. Not long after that, her second husband, Bill Jackson, died of a heart attack in the K-Mart, and Mickey felt guilty about

not sending her flowers. Mickey detested Bill Jackson—a loudmouthed fool with a violent streak—and he thought Donna was better off without him. Mickey had entertained the idea that finding their daughter would be more for Donna's sake than for his own, because she had never had other children. She had had only her husband, Bill, and, before him, three years of a bad marriage to Mickey. The marriage had dried up and died, without the baby. In fact, they did not marry until after the baby was gone. It all seemed like a cruel mistake, as though they lived in some fascist state where illegitimate babies were rounded up and taken away. When Donna got pregnant, her parents sent her to Florida to stay with her aunt temporarily. Her parents, who had money, pressured her into giving the baby up for adoption, arguing that if she kept the child, she would have to quit school in disgrace. Mickey worked after school at a feed mill to pay for a bus trip to Florida to see her when the baby was born. When he got there, Donna convinced him that giving up the baby was the only choice they had if they ever wanted to return to Kentucky. Later, after she graduated, they did marry—an afterthought, a desperate way of making amends or maybe just to spite her parents. For their honeymoon, they drove to Florida. It was the wrong time of year, unbearably hot. They stayed in an air-conditioned room in a cheap motel. Donna got her period. It seemed such a vicious irony. The marriage didn't work. Mickey often got drunk and left Donna alone at night. He blamed her for giving up the baby. After a while, he blamed her parents. In a later period, he blamed society. And more recently, he blamed himself.

DONNA WAS EXPECTING HIM. ON THE TELEPHONE, she seemed hesitant, but she agreed to see him. Her apartment was in a low brick building with sliding-glass entrances facing a patio and a pool, like a Holiday Inn. As he rang her bell, Mickey wondered if he could sell her a house.

"Come in if you can get in," she said, shoving away a large grocery box near the doorway. "Clothes for the Salvation Army," she said. She looked up, smiling at him. Her smile was different. "Bridgework," she explained, noticing his look.

As he sank into her white-wicker love seat, she stood over him expectantly. Her eyelids were blue. Her light-brown hair was cut in curly layers that stuck out in fluffy bunches. She worked at Lucille's Beauty Bar.

"Do you know why I'm here?" he asked, feeling suddenly weak.

"Let me guess."

"I bet you can."

"Mickey, I thought we settled everything years ago."

"Tomorrow's her birthday."

Donna went to the kitchen. She gave Mickey some lemon icebox pie and Coke. Both Coke and lemons were on his

list of forbidden substances, so he picked at the pie and sipped the Coke. Donna watched him and smoked a cigarette. She never used to smoke. The dishes clattered on her glass coffee table. Mickey had to study her ashtray a long time before he realized that it was a model of Mount St. Helens. Maybe his daughter had been on a camping trip on that mountain when it blew up. He would never know.

Watching Donna emerge from the bathroom, looking stylish and aloof in pants and high heels, Mickey felt a burning pain in his stomach. Donna seemed different, prettier and more assured. Her voice had grown husky, as though she had spent years on the stage. She used to be a whiner. When they were married, she threw tantrums. When a friend gave them a starter set of stoneware as a wedding present, she grew so impatient to finish the set that she sometimes cried about it. She wasn't used to being poor, and she loathed living in a trailer.

"Do you want some more Coke?" Donna asked.

"No." He laid down the fork and blurted out, "I can't think about anything but her. Knowing she's eighteen now—it's made me stop and think. And I want to find her. Donna, they've got to tell us where she is."

"There's no way on God's green earth we can find her," said Donna. "You know that." She lit a cigarette and offered Mickey one, but he waved the pack away.

"I've been quit four years on July 1," he said.

"You have everything measured."

Donna's smoke traveled in front of his face. "Anyone else would have praised me for quitting," he said. "Look, Donna. All I'm saying is, the girl's eighteen now, and she just might be wondering who her mama and daddy are. Why don't we try to find her? I can't afford a lawyer, but together we could—"

"I don't want to find her," said Donna, sucking deeply on her cigarette. "She wouldn't mean anything to me. I don't know her. That's all way in the past."

The pain seized Mickey's stomach. "I don't think you mean that, Donna."

"It would be just asking for trouble," she said, looking straight into his eyes. She stood up and took the plate with the unfinished pie into the kitchen. She even looked taller now, Mickey realized, amazed. "She wouldn't want to see us," Donna said from the kitchen. "Not after what we did."

"Here, sign this," Tina said, shoving a paper at Mickey. "What is it?" asked Mickey suspiciously. On *M*A*S*H*,

Radar always tricked the colonel into signing for things.

"The permission to let Ricky take special classes for his s's."

"I don't hear nothing wrong with his s's."

"You don't? Did you hear him say 'Southside'?" Their street was Southside Drive. Tina went to the foot of the stairs and called Ricky.

Ricky obediently said "Southside."

"Say 'sports special,'" said Mickey.

"Sports special."

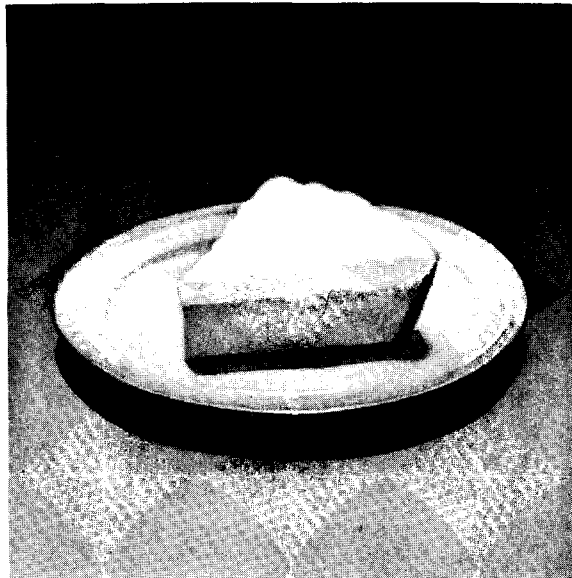
"Can't you hear it?" Tina asked.

"No. You never heard it either till the experts thought this up."

"Experts," said Ricky, lisping on both s sounds.

"You're exaggerating," Mickey said.

He signed the paper. Once, he had signed a kid away completely.



IF MICKEY HAD SOME MONEY, he'd hire a detective. If he sold a house, he would go to Florida to search for his daughter. He would kidnap Donna and take her with him.

He couldn't get over her bridgework. It made her smile sexy and mysterious. Nobody was thinking seriously of buying. Mickey had a feeling that the prime rate was going to plunge even more, but when he took clients around in the big company Buick to view houses, he felt like a museum guide. People seemed to be looking at interiors aesthetically, as though the Formica counters and bay windows with imitation leaded glass were priceless antiquities. One day Mickey showed a \$60,000 house to a young couple who drove a ten-year-old Ford with a noisy muffler. They were spending an unusual amount of time in the house. The man was crawling around in the attic, inspecting the insulation, and the woman was measuring rooms. Mickey forgot where he was. He stared out the picture window. It was raining lightly. A bird was in the street, hopping just ahead of a downhill rivulet, then letting it overtake him and splashing his wings in it. "Are you on the road to loving me again?" the woman with the tape measure asked. Mickey shook himself out of his trance. The woman was smiling. "I love that song, don't you?" She was referring to a song playing on the radio. She wasn't even talking to Mickey. She was talking to her husband, who had cobwebs on his nose.

When Mickey arrived at home that afternoon, after the couple had said they would think about the house, he punched the remote control for the garage door. Too late, he saw that the robin that had been building a nest on the

ledge above the door was at it again. The vibration from the door sent sprigs of dry grass wafting to the ground. He turned around and drove to Donna's.

"You can't get rid of me that easy," he said. When she laughed, he said clumsily, "I like your apartment."

She smiled with her gums showing, like Lily Tomlin. "Try this tea," she said. "It's herb tea. It'll help you relax."

Donna had red-striped wallpaper that he could see on his eyelids when he closed his eyes. She said she had chartered a plane with some "crazy business types" and had flown over Mount St. Helens. That explained the ashtray. She had been out in Seattle at a hairdressers' convention. Beauticians were no longer called beauticians. Now they were called hairdressers, or, better still, cosmetologists, which sounded like a group Carl Sagan would be president of.

"Tell me what else you've been doing with your life," said Mickey, burning his tongue on his tea. He admired a woman who would charter a plane.

"Just crazy things," she said. "Since Bill died, I've been thrown back on my own resources, you might say. I run around with some girls and we go to Lexington and mess around. Or we go to Memphis and mess around."

Mickey listened, fascinated.

Donna said, "That tea's good for your stomach. I'm getting into herbs. Chamomile, tansy, chervil, lots of them. And mugwort!" She broke out laughing. "You put mugwort under your pillow to make you dream more intensely. But I had to take it out. With all those wild dreams, I wasn't getting any rest! It's a very *female* herb, they say." She laughed again. "Whatever that means."

"I dreamed somebody dumped forty newborn kittens at my house—all orange, with two black mamas. What do you think that means?"

"I'm not going to answer that." Donna turned her back on him and rummaged in a kitchen drawer. "I think you dreamed that deliberately," she said.

"Did you love Bill?"

"What kind of question is that? Do you love Tina?"

"Well, yes and no." Mickey sipped the tea. It was watery, with a taste of licorice.

"Let's change the subject," Donna said, almost whispering as she brushed past him.

"Do you have any half-and-half?"

"No, just milk."

"How about scotch?"

"Are you still drinking? Isn't the tea any good?"

"It's too hot." He set the mug down. "I'll come back to it."

Donna gave him some gin, with a milk chaser. The tea grew cold. Donna had a drink with him, the first they had ever had together. Growing giggly, she told him several wacky episodes from her trips to Lexington and Memphis. She and a friend planned to move to Lexington and open a little tea shop that sold gourmet items and herbs—if her friend could make up her mind about leaving her husband.

"It's a bad time to start a new business," Mickey warned her. "Are you going to buy or rent? Do you know how to do your own taxes?"

"I wasn't born yesterday," Donna said.

She gave him another drink and they watched *Hangar 18* on HBO. She sat beside him on the couch, so close he could smell her perfume. Mickey hardly noticed the movie. He was thinking about Donna's teeth, her formidable high-heeled boots, the way she stuck her cigarette in the volcano so fearlessly.

When the movie ended, Donna said, "I feel cheated. The idea that human life originated on another planet is old stuff."

"I feel cheated too," Mickey said, before realizing she was talking about the movie. But she was already in his arms.

Mickey and Donna got in the habit of talking on the telephone late at night, when Tina was working and the children were asleep. Tina complained about the line being busy when she tried to call from the hospital, but Mickey blamed it on the party line. Mickey didn't remember having conversations with Donna when they were married. Now he liked the way long silences on the telephone seemed so natural. Donna wouldn't say, "Are you still there?" She just waited for him to talk. She wouldn't talk about their daughter, though. When he brought up the subject, she said "Hush," in her new, throaty voice. Mickey reviewed his life for her. Tina and the kids. Houses. He said Tina was the sort of person who had separate garbage bags for everything, even tiny ones for scraps from each meal. He told her about Ricky's speech therapy, and Donna said authorities were trying to make everyone sound like John Chancellor. You couldn't make Tina see that, he said, feeling elated.

When he could get free in the afternoons, he went to Donna's apartment. There was nothing about making love with Donna that was familiar. She seemed to have learned all new techniques. Her body was different, lighter, more flexible. Her striped wallpaper burned his eyelids. They heard piano lessons coming from the floor above them, pupils jerking their way through John Thompson. Later, they watched HBO and drank herb tea.

On the news, the prime rate dropped half a percentage point. Housing starts were holding steady. Mickey expected to sell a house any day. He was sure he had fought off the ulcer.

One night at McDonald's with Ricky and Kelly, Mickey saw Donna with a blonde woman in a back booth, and he felt a twinge in his duodenum. She waved, and the children stared at her. When Donna walked by their booth, he nodded and said, "How ya doing, Donna," as though she were any old secretary or store clerk he used to know. He bought a milk shake to go, so he could take it home and put scotch in it.

WHEN MICKEY FINALLY SOLD A HOUSE—A BRICK ranch with a two-car garage, owner-financed—he knew immediately that he wanted to take Donna to Florida. When he told Tina he wanted to go search for his daughter, she said, “I don’t care, but I can’t have the children knowing what you’re up to. That’s all I ask. The things they learn in school are bad enough.”

Tina was trying to get the cellophane off a box containing a frozen deep-dish peach pie. Mickey stared at the uncharacteristically helpless way she was opening the package, pawing at the cellophane like a declawed cat. Kelly rushed in then, pummeling his stomach and saying, “You *have* to get me new sneakers for gym. I can’t live like a grubbo!”

Mickey planned to leave Tina half the commission money. He told Donna, “We’ll still have enough to have a blast. We’ll stay in a fancy hotel this time.”

He knew she loved to travel. She had been to Yosemite with Bill once, and on a package tour to New York with a girlfriend, as well as on the recent trip to Seattle, which she was still paying VISA for.

Donna said, “I’d go with you if you went to Hawaii instead.”

“Too far. Too expensive.”

“Bermuda, then. Or Acapulco.”

“Those are all tropical resorts,” he said. “I can tell that’s where you really want to go. And Florida is the closest.”

Donna studied the map of Florida that he gave her. She made a list of places she wouldn’t mind seeing: Disney World, Sea World, anything with “world” in it. “Alligator Alley!” she sang out on the telephone when he said “Hello” one evening.

“I knew you’d see it my way,” Mickey said.

“Why don’t you get Tina a subscription to HBO?” Donna suggested. “That will keep her busy.”

Mickey wondered if he was leaving Tina for good. He was not really making that clear. Kelly and Ricky didn’t enter into his plans yet. It was too complicated. Tina was so orderly. She thought of all the details. She asked questions. Would he promise to stay in hotels that had smoke alarms? Did he know how ridiculous it was to set out for Florida with no inkling of how to find the girl? Tina followed him around as he tended to last-minute chores. He cleaned the leaves out of the gutters for her, then almost wept at the poignancy of that final gesture. He was up on the ladder and she was talking, talking. She told him that her niece, who had a paper route, was accosted on her bike

by a weirdo who wanted her to stick a newspaper in his pants. He had on pants with a stretch waistband, and he pulled the band out for her to poke the rolled newspaper in. Tina’s niece escaped, pedaling like crazy. Then Tina described an operation for breast cancer, explaining the way the doctors inserted a probe into a bleeding duct. Was that hereditary? Mickey wanted to know.

On the lawn, a robin fluttered its wings, rose in the air like a helicopter, and snatched a slim green caterpillar glinting in the sun.

“You can’t just up and leave all you’ve worked so hard for,” Tina said, finally breaking into tears.

“Tina’s no fool,” Donna said. “I bet she knows what’s going on.” They were driving her Mazda to the Nashville airport. Mickey had told Tina he had a ride with a client, and met Donna at his office.

“Don’t worry,” he said. “This is *our* trip. It’s none of her business. We’re going to have us some fun.” He started singing “The Star-Spangled Banner” in his fake operatic style. Donna howled with laughter. He realized she had never heard his act before. When he pretended to forget the words and shifted into “Carry Me Back to Old Virginny,” she went to pieces.

FLORIDA WAS BALMY, THE RIGHT SEASON THIS TIME. The plane ride was thrilling, and Mickey was giddy. He had graduated to brandy Alexanders. The herb tea, he was convinced, had cured his stomach problem. The hotel was a beach-front high-rise with pink balconies—first-class, to compensate for the depressing motel years ago. Mickey had intended to pay for Donna’s trip, but at the hotel desk she slapped down her credit card.

“I insist on paying my own way,” she said.

“No. I didn’t mean for you to do that.”

“I insist. Don’t forget I owe you for that plane ticket.”

The desk clerk ran the credit cards through the machine.

“This is the eighties,” Donna said. “Nobody gives a hoot if we’re not married.”

From the balcony of their third-floor room, they watched the swarm of people on the beach. The sunshine felt like a warm glow of approval.

“Look at all the fat people,” Donna said. “Some people just shouldn’t be allowed to wear bathing suits.”

“I’m glad I lifted weights this winter,” said Mickey.

He brought a bucket of ice and a can of Coke to the balcony and sat down in a canvas chair. As he poured the



Coke into plastic glasses, he said, "Cokes are sixty cents in that machine. I couldn't believe it."

When he handed Donna the glass, she burst into tears.

"All I can imagine is that we will just somehow run into her down here and recognize her," she sobbed. "I've heard of that happening with separated twins."

Mickey found a Kleenex and nervously dabbed at her cheeks. "She'd look just like you," he said.

"She had your mouth." Donna stopped crying and shed her beach jacket. Her skin was pale and freckled. Mickey thought of two springer spaniels he had known in his life, both named Freckles.

Donna blew her nose and said, "I should have gotten an abortion back then, but I was too chicken. I knew of a girl in Bowling Green who died suddenly from a strange hemorrhage. I was a sophomore. She was such a nice girl, and real popular. Everybody was so naive back then. They all believed she really died from a hemorrhage, out of the blue. I was terrified that any month I might bleed to death, without warning. But a couple of years later, when I got pregnant and my parents wanted me to have an abortion, I put two and two together, and I realized what had happened to her. That's why I wouldn't have an abortion. But later I thought I should have. Then the whole thing would have been over with."

"That's a terrible thing to say. You'd feel worse."

"I think death is a whole lot easier to get over than the mess people make of their lives. Bill's been dead three years. I'm over *him*." Donna lit a cigarette and blew out a deliberate cloud of smoke. "It's all so messy," she said. "I didn't want to dig up the past. She's got her own life."

"But we could find her."

"I don't see how."

"What if she wants to find us?" asked Mickey. "Where would she look?"

Donna didn't answer. Mickey watched a flock of sea birds fly between him and a palm tree, like a line crossing it out.

On the beach, Donna scooped up some sand and put it in Mickey's hand. "Feel," she said. "Feel how scratchy it is."

"Why's that?"

"It's teeny bits of coral. It's not smooth, the way other sand is. It's hell on your feet."

"I didn't know that." He had on tennis shoes and Donna had on flip-flops.

"I remember that from when we were in Florida before."

Mickey found a little white shell and handed it to Donna, but she wouldn't take it.

"I don't want to collect shells," she said. "When you look inside them, sometimes you find creepy little things living in there."

Mickey let the shell fall. He did not remember the sand from before. Looking out at the bright ocean coming to meet it, in whispers, he felt, with a sense of relief, that nothing private was left there. The thousands of people were all exposed—like underwear in the wrong room, like a lisp. Mickey saw himself and Donna years from now, holding hands, still walking on this beach. They stepped back, then forward, like dancers. They were moving like this along the beach, crunching the fragments of skeletons. □



MARK'S USED PARTS

In come the wrecks to Mark's
and out the gear knobs, gas tanks,
visors, radiators, speakers, mufflers, ash
trays, hoses, handles. Bins of parts.

The crummiest clunker is worth
Mark's while. There's an avenue
of front ends—Plymouths, Buicks,
a '49 Nash,

an alley of chassis,
a park of gutted bodies piled on
one another like lovers. Everything has
a future.

All of which is very gratifying,
a sign
of what we'll amount to
in the after time.

The loosestrife will take this, the frog
that, creeks and clouds will value
our humus, the cardinal put us to use.
Dismantled, we'll go far.

—Rennie McQuilkin

*Saudi Arabia finds in the perceived unity and power
of OPEC a convenient illusion*

THE CARTEL THAT NEVER WAS

BY EDWARD JAY EPSTEIN

OPEC, WHICH STANDS FOR THE ORGANIZATION OF PETROLEUM Exporting Countries, is a four-letter word synonymous with prodigious wealth, arbitrary power, and fear. The wealth is from the combined oil sales of its thirteen member nations, which exceeded \$240 billion in 1981—a sum greater than half of the entire M-1 money supply in the United States; the power from the fact that its members control nearly two thirds of the free world's oil reserves; and the fear from the threat that OPEC might cut off this lifeline of energy, paralyzing the world's economy. Sixteen industrial nations, led by the United States, banded together in 1974 to create an organization known as the International Energy Agency, which, in the event of a dreaded OPEC cutoff, would ration the remaining supply of oil among the industrialized nations. OPEC was taken so seriously that in 1979 President Jimmy Carter specifically blamed OPEC for both the recession and inflation, and there were even hints from Henry Kissinger of American military actions against OPEC. Indeed, no other organization, with the possible exception of the first Communist Internationale, has excited such fears on a global scale.

The continued preoccupation with the potential threat of OPEC, however, distracted attention from the actual flesh-and-blood organization that inspired it. Despite a booming voice that has reverberated through the world's media for the past decade, it turns out that OPEC is an astoundingly small organization. Its headquarters, in Vienna, is its only office: there are no branches or representatives elsewhere. Except for the alert squad of Austrian "Cobra" commandos with submachine guns guarding the entranceway, the four-story building at Donaustrasse 93 in downtown Vienna resembles any other modern office building in Europe. It is built of gray marble and glass, with a small parking lot in front, and almost identical buildings on either side, housing IBM and an Austrian bank. In 1982, twenty-two years after it was founded, OPEC employed only thirty-nine persons—all men—on its executive staff. Not counting a few dozen Austrian secretaries and clerks and a handful of employees of OPEC's Fund for International Development (which awards grants and other largesse to countries in the Third World), this

staff of thirty-nine men constituted the entire worldwide employment of OPEC. It included everyone from the secretary general to the press officers.

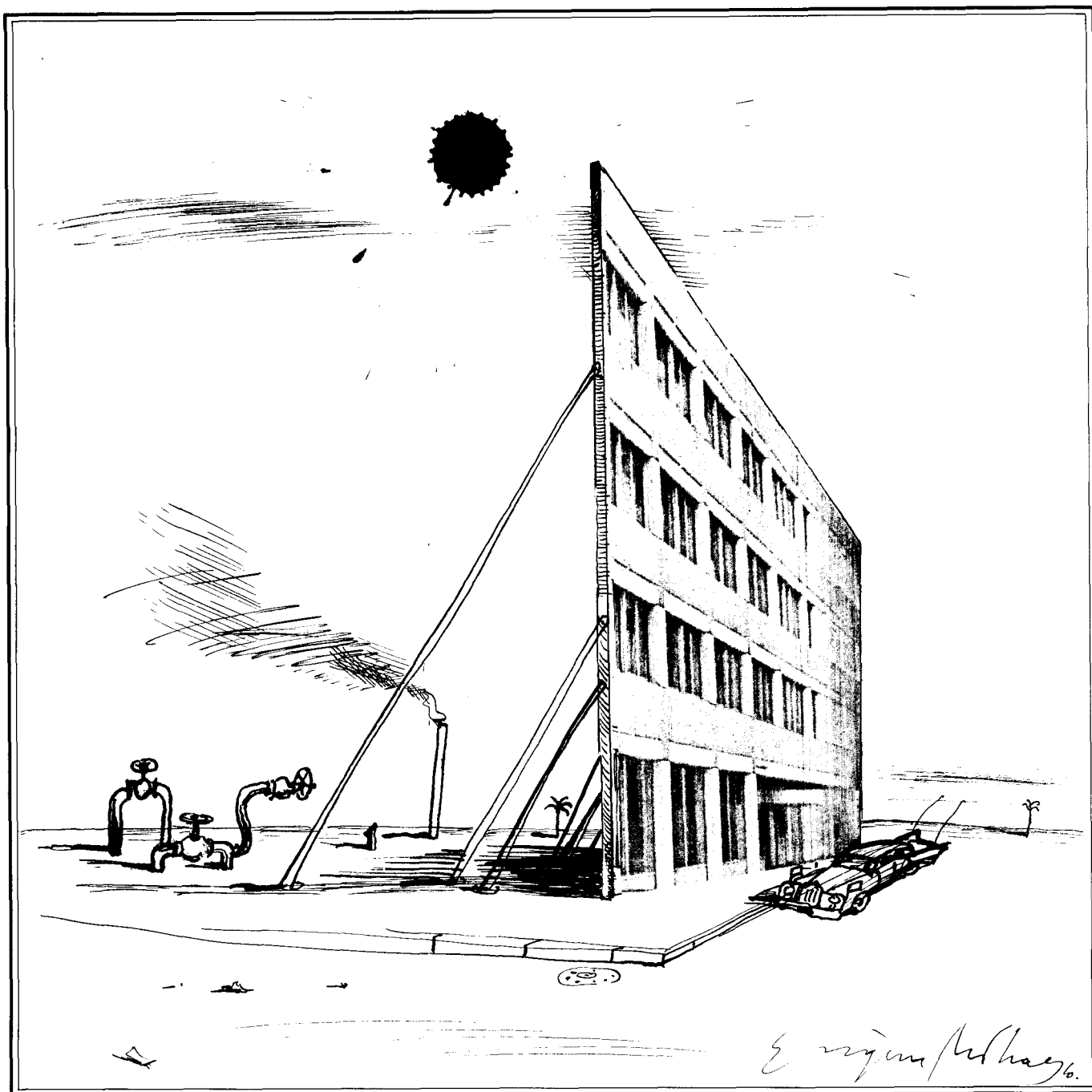
Last September, I was taken through the headquarters. The most prominent part of OPEC is the huge press auditorium on the ground floor, which is more than twice the size of its counterpart in the White House. It is surrounded by state-of-the-art communications facilities for the press, on which no expense has been spared: a fully equipped color-television studio for taping interviews with OPEC spokesmen, telephones and Telexes for reporters' use in dispatching stories, a multilith printing press for churning out press releases, and a library of energy publications. There is even an in-house wire service, called OPECNA, which feeds announcements and other news releases to subscribing newspapers and radio stations. Aside from these services to reporters, OPEC edits a number of glossy publications—including a monthly OPEC bulletin, the annual report, and illustrated briefing books.

Behind the auditorium, through a locked door, is the computer room, which contains the institutional memory of OPEC. The computer itself is a medium-size IBM 4341, installed in 1980 and programmed by a group of American consultants from the University of Southern California in Los Angeles. The air-conditioned room is crammed with metallic cabinets storing the hard disks of computer memory. In the center is a control console manned by a Viennese operator. When he initially attempted to demonstrate to me the computer's graphic abilities, the screen, after an embarrassingly long hesitation, came up blank. "This is of course not the top-of-the-line IBM," he said apologetically, re-entering the instructions on the keyboard. This time, the computer drew out a multicolored graph of prices for different grades of crude oil. The data was eight days old.

The operator explained that the computer has no direct telecommunication links to the oil markets and loading facilities. Instead, the data on prices comes by mail from *Platt's Oilgram Price Report*, an oil-industry newsletter published in Houston and New York. Each day, the prices published in *Platt's* have to be entered into the OPEC computer. Since there are only two programmers at OPEC, the information in the computer is often outdated.

When it came to displaying oil production from individual OPEC countries, the computer was out of date by

Edward Jay Epstein, author most recently of The Rise and Fall of Diamonds, is at work on a book about international deception.



months. "The problem is political," the operator explained: the OPEC countries refuse to provide the Vienna headquarters with data on how much oil they are producing and shipping. While some members, such as Indonesia, Venezuela, and Saudi Arabia, do furnish some data—after a delay of from two to six months—other members, such as Libya, Iran, and Nigeria, refuse to supply any figures at all on production and oil shipments. The result is that OPEC relies for much of its information about oil production on the International Energy Agency, in Paris—the organization created to combat OPEC—and the IEA, in turn, relies mainly on the data of the United States Department of Energy, which, to complete the circle, draws

its data from the reporting of the major oil companies. The picture of the oil market whirled out in four colors by the OPEC computer is thus not the product of the daily reality of oil loadings in the Persian Gulf or other ports of OPEC countries but the product of outdated statistics from oil companies which have been filtered through government bureaucracies.

When we left the computer room, Dr. Edward Omotoso, a former journalist from Nigeria who is now OPEC's head of communications, wistfully acknowledged that the data base was "not perfect." He explained, "OPEC is not the CIA. We do not have satellites in the skies to count every oil tanker. We are not really that sort of an organization."

He added, "We are not even a wealthy organization."

The annual budget for OPEC, like the size of the staff, seems far more appropriate for a small business than for what the press has often called the "most powerful group on earth." In 1981, the allocated budget was about \$13.4 million (not all of it spent), most of which went for the cost of publishing OPEC's bulletin, books, and annual report. Saudi Arabia's share, for example (equal to that of the other members), was \$906,250 in 1981—equivalent to the revenue it earned in about four minutes from its oil fields. "We have to watch even the cost of our long-distance telephone calls," an Iranian finance officer in OPEC said, referring to the infrequent communications with the oil-producing centers.

"No one considers the OPEC assignment a plum," an OPEC executive explained. Although some employees see in OPEC a chance to escape authoritarian regimes and seek opportunities in the West, a job at OPEC is usually a detour from the path of advancement at a national oil company. And as it turns out, many OPEC technocrats do not return to jobs in their home countries; they frequently go on to be oil consultants in Geneva or Paris. A number of OPEC executives were openly dissatisfied with the chaotic and unpredictable working conditions. "There are a number of vacancies on the staff," Dr. Omotoso said, as he reviewed the roster.

The position of secretary general, which rotates among the thirteen member nations every two years, is currently held by Dr. Marc Nan Nguema, a Gabonese civil servant. Dr. Nguema spends a considerable part of his time representing OPEC at energy seminars, conferences, and other ceremonial occasions. His Office of the Secretary consists of an assistant and a speech writer. (In December, the OPEC ministers voted against extending the term of Dr. Nguema after he was severely criticized by Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, and the United Arab Emirates for exceeding his expense account and travel allowance.) The de facto head of OPEC is the deputy secretary general, Dr. Fadhil J. Al-Chalabi, a fifty-three-year-old Iraqi lawyer and former minister who before joining OPEC, in 1978, ran OAEPC, a completely different group composed entirely of Arab oil producers. Directly under Dr. Al-Chalabi is the Division of Research, headed by another Iraqi, which employs more than half the staff. Its job is to gather and analyze data about the international oil trade. The other major job of OPEC, also under Chalabi's control, is image-making. The products of its international PR machine, according to OPEC's last annual report, include the commissioning of a book on the history of OPEC, entitled *OPEC: An Instrument of Change*; films with titles such as *For the Benefit of All* and *Sweet and Sour* (two types of crude oil); subsidized OPEC Workshops for Journalists of the Third World, designed to "counteract misinterpretations and distortions in the media of OPEC's aims"; a commemorative OPEC postage stamp; and the daily release of "news" through the OPEC wire service. These activities aim at reversing the

"virulent calumnies" and "brainwashing" of the media in the West.

Aside from research and public relations, the OPEC staff takes care of the more mundane housekeeping chores of the organization, including hotel and airplane reservations; security arrangements; payroll, bookkeeping, and the hiring and firing of local clerks and secretaries. None of these tasks involves any control of the oil market.

"OPEC is merely a service organization for thirteen sovereign oil-producing nations," explained Bahman Karbas-sioun, an Iranian who has been associated with OPEC for nearly ten years. "We provide background data, such as the amount of OPEC oil that can be sold at a given price, to the ministers when they meet," he added. "All decisions are up to them."

The thirteen oil ministers of the member nations meet at conferences that, according to the OPEC charter, "are the supreme authority of the Organization." These conferences are convened semi-annually, and additionally whenever a majority of members requests an extraordinary session. (In OPEC's twenty-two-year history, it has held an average of about three conferences a year.) At these conferences, it is required that all decisions be made unanimously. Then decisions must be ratified by the thirteen governments before taking effect. No member, not even if it is in a minority of one, can be forced to abide by a decision to which it did not explicitly agree. There is, therefore, no need for a mechanism in OPEC for implementing, verifying, or even monitoring agreements. Compliance is completely voluntary. Most OPEC decisions concern the base price for crude oil. Members can easily evade such price decisions through the simple expedient of altering terms—such as quality or transportation differentials—thereby giving discounts or premiums.

Technically, it would be relatively easy for OPEC to enforce price decisions, by keeping track of the crude-oil sales: most oil is loaded onto tankers from only a dozen or so terminals. But members won't allow OPEC to measure the actual flow of oil from their terminals, for good reason: despite the appearance of unity, they are all competitors for shares of the world market. (Some members, such as Iran and Iraq, are not just rivals for power but actually at war.) Current oil sales are considered by many OPEC states to be the equivalent of state secrets. Saudi Arabia declared in 1980: "We refuse on principle to even discuss the subject of production, which concerns us alone. Our decisions on production derive from market conditions and Saudi Arabia's international commitments."

When the oil ministers meet at OPEC conferences, they therefore have no choice but to depend on their own national data. Moreover, some ministers are more equal than others. Sheikh Ahmed Zaki Yamani, the Harvard-trained oil-and-resource minister of Saudi Arabia, often plays the lead role at these conferences. "Yamani's in charge of long-term strategy," one Iranian technocrat explained, and added, "It is no coincidence that the benchmark price for

Saudi crude oil is the official OPEC price." From his perspective, Saudi Arabia attempts to use OPEC to force the twelve other producing countries to support its standard oil price.

OPEC, with its minuscule staff and tiny budget, clearly is not the sort of cartel that has captured the public's imagination. A cartel, by definition, has one indispensable characteristic: it must be able to restrict the supply of the commodity reaching the marketplace. Yet, although individual OPEC members can cut back on the amount of oil that they supply, OPEC itself is powerless to interfere in such decisions. As Sheikh Yamani said at the last OPEC meeting in Vienna, in December, "Production decisions are made in Riyadh, not Vienna." OPEC not only lacks power to impose its will on recalcitrant members, it lacks the basic information needed to operate a cartel. At best, it is only a shadow of the former international cartel of oil companies that previously controlled almost the entire oil trade. This group, known as "the Seven Sisters," was a real cartel, with thousands of employees and unlimited funds. It is useful to compare the operations of a real cartel with those of OPEC.

THE INTERNATIONAL OIL CARTEL TRACES BACK TO a grouse shoot at Achnacarry Castle, in Inverness, Scotland, in September of 1928, which was attended by the heads of the three most powerful oil combines in the world—Sir Henri Deterding, the chairman of Royal Dutch Shell; Walter Teagle, of Standard Oil of New Jersey (now Exxon); and Sir John Cadman, chairman of Anglo-Persian Oil (now BP). Under the pretext of engaging in sport, these three men conspired to eliminate competition in developing new oil resources for the world. The mechanism was the "as is" principle, under which all agreed to divide future markets among themselves according to the shares of the market they held in 1928. This meant that there would be no advantage in "destructive competition," as the companies put it, among themselves for new oil fields: whatever advantage one company received would be shared proportionally by the others. In a separate "pooling" accord, the three companies also agreed to share their oil tankers, refineries, pipelines, and marketing facilities with each other. As the membership of the cartel expanded to include the other major companies, it became known as the Seven Sisters. The cartel controlled oil production, refining, transportation, and sales in almost all areas of the world except the United States, which had strict antitrust laws.

The cartel's principal instrument of control was local consortiums set up to manage and develop oil fields in the Middle East, Venezuela, and wherever else oil was discovered. Each consortium was owned by members of the Seven Sisters in a ratio determined by the "as is" principle; each operated as an essentially nonprofit service entity, producing only enough oil to meet the requirements of its

owners. To assure that supply never exceeded the demand for oil, the partners submitted "programs" specifying the oil they needed for five years, and the consortium set its exploration and development programs according to these requisites. If less oil was required by the oil companies, the consortiums would close down wells; or, if required by the country's law to drill for oil (as in Iraq), would drill in areas they knew would not yield any. The system proved so successful that by 1970 more than 90 percent of the world's exportable oil was being produced by consortiums in Iran, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, the United Arab Emirates, and almost every other oil-rich area.

From its refineries, tankers, and loading platforms, the Seven Sisters cartel had complete knowledge of all facets of the oil market. It also had the power to shut down entire nations that interfered with its concessions: when Mohammed Mossadegh, the prime minister of Iran, nationalized the country's oil industry, in 1951, the cartel denied Iran use of its refineries and tankers for two years, nearly bankrupting the country. Through its network of consortiums, the cartel had absolute control over how much oil was produced and shipped.

The strains that led to the breakup of the Seven Sisters cartel proceeded from a single issue: the division of profits between the international oil companies and the countries from whose territory the oil gushed. Until 1971, the cartel's consortiums gave the countries a set percentage—50 percent in most cases—of an arbitrary price, called the "posted price," that the oil companies paid for each barrel. If an independent oil company attempted to buy oil, it would have to pay a much higher, "third-party" price. It was, of course, in the interest of the oil cartel to keep its posted price as low as possible, and make its profits selling refined oil. In 1970, for example, the posted price was \$1.80, as it had been, with minor fluctuations, for twenty years; consumers in Western Europe paid the equivalent of \$11 to \$13 a barrel for refined oil.

The delicate balance that the cartel had maintained in the world export market for a half-century was irreversibly upset in the late 1960s by the unexpected decline in oil production in the Western Hemisphere. The United States, which had been almost self-sufficient in oil, became a significant importer of Middle Eastern oil. As the scramble for the available supply intensified, it became evident that prices would be forced inexorably upward. With prices for gasoline, heating oil, jet fuel, and other refined products rising in Europe, the countries that produced oil—notably Saudi Arabia, Iraq, Iran, and Libya—were not content with their share of the fixed posted prices; instead, they demanded at least part of the coming windfall.

The first cracks in the cartel's control came in 1970 in Libya—the one major exporter that had granted concessions to independent companies outside the purview of the consortiums. Under the revolutionary leadership of Colonel Qaddafi, Libya threatened to nationalize the independent companies unless they increased Libya's share. Even-

tually, the largest independent producer, Occidental Petroleum, acquiesced to Qaddafi's demands. Then Saudi Arabia, Iraq, Iran, and other producers in the Persian Gulf demanded that the consortiums grant them the same terms Libya had obtained. When the cartel acceded to these demands, Libya put pressure again on the oil companies, and the cartel found itself caught in a ratchet between Libya and the Persian Gulf producers, both demanding more favorable terms. To solve this problem, the oil companies devised a strategy to force the oil-producing countries to negotiate as a single bloc. Because some of the principal producers were bitter rivals who refused to bargain together, the cartel sought a multinational organization under whose auspices they could assemble for negotiations with the oil companies. In January of 1971, the cartel chose a small Vienna-based group, with a staff of nine, whose very existence it had ignored for the past eleven years—OPEC. A letter signed by the oil companies in the cartel began: "We wish to place before OPEC and its member countries the following proposal. . . ."

OPEC had originally been established in Baghdad on September 10, 1960, as an intergovernmental group to study posted oil prices. Its five founding members were Saudi Arabia, Venezuela, Iran, Kuwait, and Iraq. During its first six years, which went virtually unnoticed in the press, OPEC based itself in Geneva and opened an "information office," which commissioned occasional studies on crude prices. It also admitted three new members—Qatar, Indonesia, and Libya. After its headquarters moved to Vienna (where the organization was offered diplomatic status for its staff), in 1966, OPEC's main activity became issuing proclamations declaring "solidarity" with the escalating demands of the more rebellious oil producers—notably Libya and Algeria, which joined in 1969. The proposal to serve as a negotiating umbrella for the oil-producing countries was accepted by OPEC, as Henry Kissinger notes in his memoirs, "with a vengeance."

In OPEC, the oil companies found not only a convenient device to bring together feuding states but also a highly visible foe they could blame for the impending rise in oil prices. To negotiate as a single force with this new monolith, the oil companies obtained an antitrust exemption for themselves from the Justice Department. It was not without some irony that OPEC was finally pressed into service by the cartel in Tehran in 1971—a service it had waited eleven years to perform.

Initially, the oil companies' OPEC strategy seemed successful. It produced the Tehran Agreement, in which the producing states, in return for a modest rise in the posted price to \$2.18 a barrel and some favorable revisions in the concession terms, accepted a five-year accord that would freeze oil prices. This OPEC agreement lasted only a few months. Each country, ignoring the agreement, insisted that it had sovereignty over its oil concession. The "five-year" Tehran Agreement disintegrated into a free-for-all, and, one by one, the consortiums were nationalized.

WHATEVER HOPES THE INTERNATIONAL OIL COMPANIES had of reasserting control over the oil-producing nations ended on Yom Kippur of 1973, with the Egyptian invasion of the Sinai. The renewed war in the Middle East caused an oil-buying frenzy in Europe and Japan, as nations fought to build up their reserves of crude oil. Saudi Arabia and other oil producers adopted a policy of charging whatever the freight would bear. Within weeks, the posted price for crude had more than doubled, to \$5.60 a barrel. No OPEC control was involved: it was a *force majeure* that permitted individual nations to raise their prices.

Another price explosion followed the announcement by Saudi Arabia and other Arab states, in October of 1973, that they were cutting back on their oil production and embargoing shipments of oil to the United States and other supporters of Israel. This cutback did not result from any OPEC decision, either. Indeed, many OPEC states—including Iran, Indonesia, Venezuela, Ecuador, and Gabon—actually increased production (and even a few Arab states in OPEC, notably Iraq and Algeria, did not reduce their production). It was almost exclusively an initiative of Saudi Arabia, which was backed vocally, if not materially, by its Arab allies. Moreover, the Saudi decision to shut down 10 percent of the country's oil production was not based entirely on considerations of the plight of the Arabs. The Senate Subcommittee on Multinational Corporations ascertained from testimony of American engineers who were responsible for operating the Saudi fields in 1973 that a 40 percent cutback in the giant Ghawar field—the largest in the world—was required for the installation of water-injection equipment. If it had not made these cutbacks, the entire reservoir of oil would have been jeopardized. Jerome Levinson, the general counsel of the committee, writing under the name Peter Achnacarry, stated: ". . . the embargo saved Saudi Arabia and Aramco [the operating consortium] from the embarrassment of having to explain supply shortages resulting from technical problems." By cloaking the cutback in a political purpose, the Saudis were able to induce other Arab producers, both inside and outside of OPEC, to join them.

In the wild price spiral that followed the Saudi shutdown, the official OPEC price was completely disregarded by other members. Iran and Qatar held auctions to determine how high they could raise prices. At its subsequent meetings, OPEC could do no more than ratify the prices that had already been established by a panicked market.

Conversely, when oil prices began to decline in 1975, because of the world recession, OPEC found itself powerless to stop its members from undercutting each other and competing for sales. Despite OPEC's price declarations, the real price of oil declined by more than 25 percent between 1975 and 1978. The decline was reversed, not by any actions of OPEC but by another series of events in the Persian Gulf: the revolt against the Shah in Iran; a brief rebellion in Saudi Arabia; Iraq's invasion of Iran. In a mat-

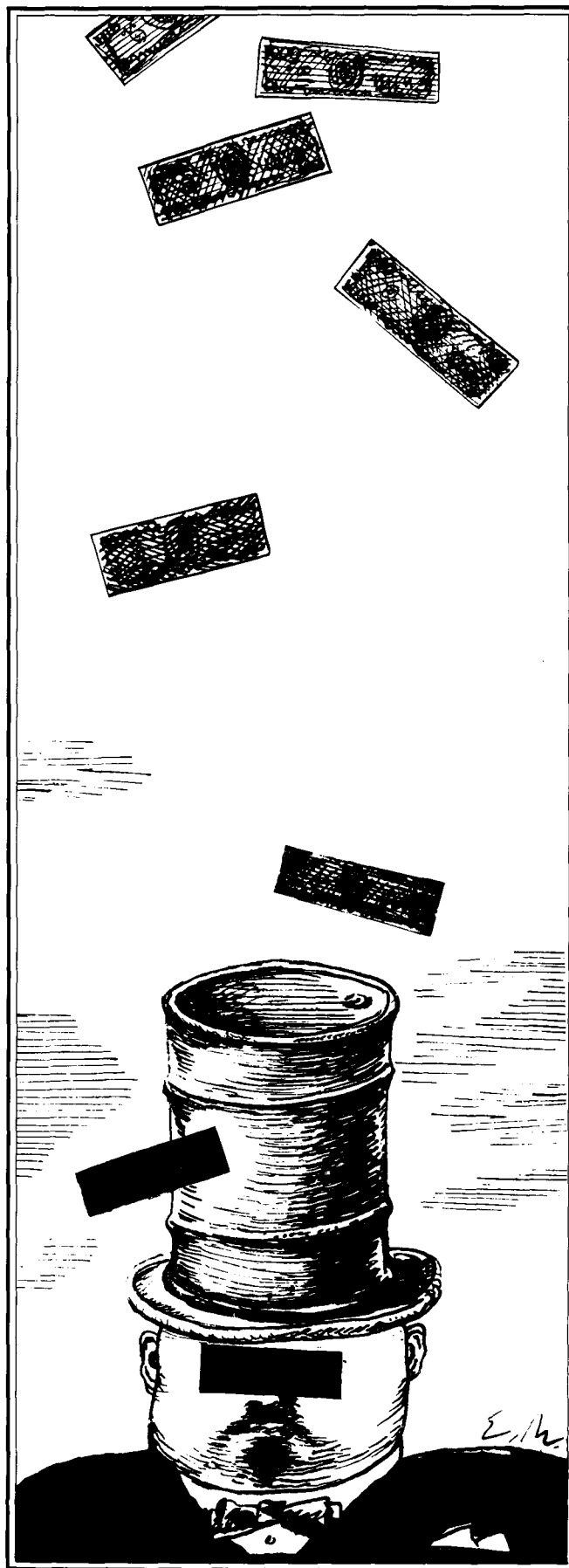
ter of months, some 5 or 6 million barrels a day of Persian Gulf oil vanished from the export market. In 1979, importers feverishly bid up the remaining supply for their strategic reserves until prices reached \$35 a barrel.

Throughout this roller coaster of falling and soaring prices, OPEC demonstrated little ability to affect or even moderate the actions of its members. Price agreements were totally ignored, and the idea of regulating oil production was pre-emptively rejected. In a comprehensive study of OPEC prices, Walter J. Mead, an economist at the University of California, found that "price and output policies [of members] appear to be determined independently of OPEC policy." He concluded that OPEC could not be considered a cartel in the light of this data, because "the essential ingredient to an effective cartel, coordinated control over output, is totally lacking." OPEC merely took credit for the results of current events.

Whereas OPEC may have proved to be no more than a paper cartel, one nation—Saudi Arabia—succeeded in altering the market by dramatically varying the output from its fields. After all, it was Saudi Arabia, not OPEC, that shut off oil during the Yom Kippur War. It was also Saudi Arabia that, without even consulting OPEC, arbitrarily reduced production in the midst of the Iranian revolt. And it was Saudi Arabia that later flooded the market for the stated purpose of forcing other OPEC members to conform to its pricing policies. Yet, even though Saudi Arabia was the real manager of the world oil supply, statesmen around the world preferred to blame an almost nonexistent organization—OPEC.

In July of 1979, President Jimmy Carter received a memorandum from his chief domestic adviser, Stuart Eizenstat, suggesting that public attention be focused on OPEC. Specifically, it counseled that "with strong steps we can mobilize the nation around a real crisis and with a clear enemy—OPEC." Whether Carter and his advisers were cynical in their search for a scapegoat or ill-informed about the determining role Saudi Arabia played in manipulating the supply of oil, they adopted the general strategy of blaming OPEC for the world's ills. Carter said, "I don't see how the rest of the world can sit back in a quiescent state and accept unrestrained and unwarranted increases in OPEC oil prices." Then, after castigating OPEC in a nationwide address, he read from his notebook a chilling assessment: "Our neck is stretched over the fence and OPEC has the knife." Carter gave this enemy a quality of omnipotence several months later, when he said that OPEC "has now become such an institutionalized structure that it would be very doubtful that anyone could break it down." OPEC was turned into an undefeatable foe.

OPEC made an especially convenient "clear enemy" precisely because it hardly existed. If a real country were chosen for this role, there would be real consequences. Consider, for example, what would have happened if Carter had substituted "Saudi Arabia" for "OPEC" in his denunciations. He would have to have depicted Saudi Arabia hold-



ing a knife to America's outstretched neck—an image hardly consistent with continued military and technical aid to that country. OPEC, on the other hand, with which the United States had neither trade nor foreign relations, provided an ideal diversion from reality. It also yielded a four-letter word for the press to use in headlines. Oil companies could put the blame for gas lines and soaring prices on OPEC, with which they had no commercial relations, without offending the countries on which they depended for supplies.

OPEC served an even more important purpose for the oil-exporting nations. It gave powerless nations, which had the means neither to operate their oil fields nor to defend themselves, a dazzling mask. Specifically, for Saudi Arabia, which produces almost half of OPEC's oil, it provided international camouflage for its oil policy. Just as the United States used the OAS as a mask for the embargo on goods shipped to Cuba in the 1960s, and the Soviet Union used the Warsaw Pact as a mask for intervention in Czechoslovakia in 1968, Saudi Arabia used OPEC to obscure its manipulation of the oil market. Such diversionary tactics were especially important to Saudi Arabia, since in 1973 its oil fields were almost entirely in the hands of American technicians and engineers, and its army, fewer than 3,000 men located at bases 1,000 miles away from the oil fields, was hardly in a position to defend the fields.

Finally, OPEC, with its 300-seat press auditorium and television studio, provided a theater in which member countries could play the roles they preferred—hawk, dove, or moderate—for public consumption without constraining their actions in the marketplace. Libya and Iran, for example, chose to play the role of price hawk in the 1982 season; in fact, both countries relentlessly cut prices and gave secret discounts. Saudi Arabia, on the other hand, chose to play the role of a moderate and friend of the West. In 1977, for example, it approved an average production increase of 2 million barrels a day over a six-month period. The promised oil, however, never materialized; Saudi Arabia perfunctorily explained that a seven-week storm in the Persian Gulf had prevented oil loadings. The U.S. Weather Bureau was unable, with all its electronic wizardry, to find any meteorological evidence of this putative act of God.

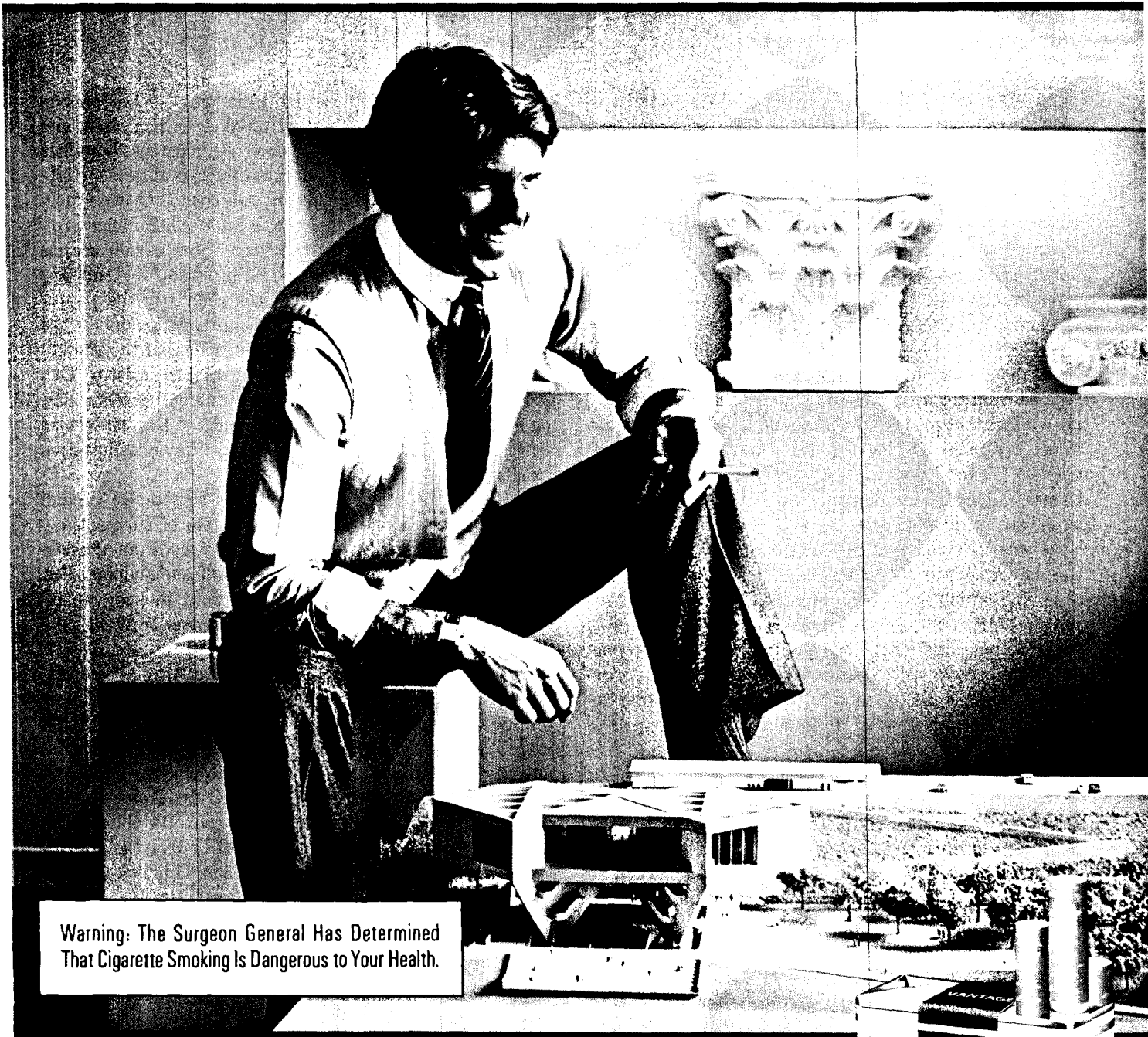
UNTIL 1982, OPEC SET PRICES FOR OIL VERY MUCH the way the king in *Le Petit Prince*, to impress his subjects, commanded the sun to set each day—after consulting a timetable. As long as the wars and chaos in the Middle East drove prices up, OPEC could continue with due pomp to make its announcements of price rises. This game could not be played, however, in the face of falling prices. By March of 1982, world demand for oil had so diminished that refineries were closing throughout Europe and stocks were being dumped onto the market at an alarming rate.

The competition within OPEC for shares of the oil market has been greatly exacerbated in recent years by the loss of nearly one third of the world market to interlopers such as Mexico, Great Britain, Norway, Malaysia, Russia, and Egypt. In 1973, when OPEC began its thundering rise to eminence, its members produced almost all the exportable oil in the world. In 1983, according to a recent Exxon projection, non-OPEC nations (not including the United States) will produce about 13 million barrels a day, equivalent to nearly two thirds of OPEC's total. Mexico, which will produce 2.9 million barrels a day, will export more oil than any OPEC country except Saudi Arabia; and Great Britain and Norway will produce 2.7 million barrels a day from North Sea fields. As the available portion of the market shrinks, OPEC nations, many of whom are desperate for revenues, can compete only by lowering prices. As prices last year continued to slip day by day, it became clear to all concerned that OPEC could no longer even pretend to command prices to rise with any effect.

On March 6, Saudi Arabia called a strategy meeting in advance of the scheduled Vienna meeting in the tiny city of Doha, on the Persian Gulf. It was attended by only nine OPEC members, who confronted the vexing problem of how OPEC could lower its official price to a competitive level without undermining its image of exerting control over the market. Saudi Arabia proposed shrouding the necessary price reduction in a semantic fog in which the "official OPEC price" would remain at \$34 a barrel but the premiums charged for "differentials" in quality and transportation would be "adjusted." This would effectively reduce the price. The plan was ultimately rejected, because, as *Petroleum Intelligence Weekly*, a trade paper, observed, "The 'differential umbrella' is not large enough . . . to mask the market's perception of the price reductions required." The only answer, it was decided in Doha, was for Saudi Arabia to cut its production substantially.

Two weeks later, at the regular OPEC ministerial conference in Vienna, Sheikh Yamani told a press conference that the OPEC countries had decided to cut their oil production from 20 million to 17.5 million barrels a day. He further explained that they would allocate production quotas among themselves. The idea of rationing production was first broached in 1965, when the Seven Sisters still controlled the oil fields. The plan, called "the transitional production program," was rejected by both Saudi Arabia and Libya, and abandoned by an OPEC resolution in June of 1966—the only resolution OPEC ever passed on the subject of production cutbacks. In 1978, Venezuela secretly suggested to Saudi Arabia a program for production cutbacks, but the plan was never agreed upon by all OPEC members. Even after the March meeting, Yamani explained, "Saudi Arabia, as usual, disassociates itself from any production program. So, on an official level, we are not part of the decision."

Nevertheless, the Vienna announcement was hailed as



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confirmation that OPEC was a true cartel—a cartel capable of cutting back production to maintain prices in times of weak demand. In fact, however, no such OPEC decision was ever made at Vienna. To begin with, Iran had never agreed to the plan; it remained merely a pronouncement by Saudi Arabia. Moreover, the “allocations” assigned to the twelve other members were nothing more than the projections each had made of its planned production. At best, the announcement served to camouflage the reality that the cut came almost entirely from Saudi Arabia—not from a united OPEC. In the next four months, Saudi Arabia shut down about one third of its oil fields, and production dropped from some 7.5 million to barely 5 million barrels a day—a feat that cost Saudi Arabia up to \$85 million a day in lost revenues. During this same period, most of the twelve other producers in OPEC, including Iran, Nigeria, Algeria, Libya, Venezuela, and Indonesia, actually disregarded the so-called allocations, and increased production. What was involved was not “cheating”—the allocations were never agreed upon—but the exposure of a thin disguise. For behind the announcement of OPEC joint action was a solitary actor, Saudi Arabia, which was attempting to hold up world prices. Unlike a real cartel, OPEC cannot promulgate actual production cuts among its members because of a simple reality: most OPEC members desperately need the money from oil to remain solvent.

DESPITE THE MYTH THAT OPEC STATES DO NOT need the oil revenues they receive, a secret 1982 CIA analysis showed that they would have a minimum balance-of-trade deficit of \$17 billion last year and \$25 billion this year. When the economic situation of the individual members is considered, it emerges that only a few have any real room to reduce production without causing financial calamity for themselves.

The members of OPEC fall into two distinct groups. The first is the nine most populous countries, who desperately need every dollar of oil income they can get. For example, Venezuela requires all the revenue from its present production of 2.3 million barrels a day just to pay the multi-billion-dollar interest on its foreign debt. Ecuador, which is in even worse financial straits, at full capacity cannot pay its debt charges this year and has been forced into virtual bankruptcy. Nigeria, which imports more than \$1 billion worth of goods each month, cannot further reduce oil production without depriving its population of food and other necessities. Gabon, the other Black African member of OPEC, is in a similar financial bind. Algeria, which has a \$17.5 billion foreign debt, and Indonesia, which has a \$26 billion foreign debt, are almost entirely dependent on oil revenues to avoid defaults. Libya, once a cash-rich nation, recently announced that it will have to continue to produce at least twice its “quota” in order to avoid bankruptcy. Finally, Iran and Iraq, locked in an expensive war, need their oil revenues to pay for arms and ammunition.

In the second group are the three small sheikhdoms on the Persian Gulf—Qatar, the United Arab Emirates, and Kuwait—and Saudi Arabia, which are much less populous and financially stronger. Qatar, however, is at present producing only 400,000 barrels a day, and has very little room to cut back without abandoning a multibillion-dollar project to build a port. The United Arab Emirates now spends almost its entire revenue on social programs and military forces, both designed to quell complaints in the poorer emirates, and it could cut back on oil production only at the risk of inciting unrest. Kuwait, the richest of the sheikhdoms, can afford to reduce oil production to assist OPEC, but it is now producing less than a million barrels a day, and requires the gas from this production to maintain an air-conditioned society and operate its desalinization machinery.

When the mask of OPEC unity is stripped away, Saudi Arabia is left as the only state capable of substantially manipulating oil prices, with perhaps a modicum of assistance from Kuwait and the other Gulf sheikhdoms. But how long can even Saudi Arabia afford to keep up oil prices? To be sure, Saudi Arabia's revenues from oil have been immense. But so have its expenditures. By 1980, it was conservatively estimated that Saudi Arabia's projected five-year plan for development would cost \$380 billion—or \$50,000 per person. For the coming fiscal year, Saudi expenditures are estimated to be about \$93 billion, not including the billions of dollars it lends to Iraq for its war. A secret CIA report estimates that 1982 Saudi oil revenues totaled only \$68.6 billion—a decrease of \$44 billion from 1981. This sum, together with about \$12 billion the country earns from interest on its reserves, and \$3 billion from internal revenues, would leave Saudi Arabia with a shortfall in its budget of \$9.4 billion. And the deficit would grow by about \$12.5 billion for each million barrels a day by which it reduced its production. In 1981, Saudi Arabia had a balance-of-payments surplus of \$43 billion; this year, if oil prices remain weak, it may have a deficit as high as \$20 billion—the first substantial deficit in more than a decade. At this rate, not even Saudi Arabia can afford to cut back drastically for a prolonged period without depleting its reserves. For example, Saudi reserves, estimated to be \$150 billion, would last only about three years if the country cut oil production back by 3 million barrels a day.

Last fall, Saudi Arabia was having increasing difficulty meeting its bills on time, according to the cable traffic between the U.S. Embassy in Riyadh and the State Department in Washington. While Saudi Arabia could possibly reduce its expenditures for social and military programs the better to afford a huge cut in its oil production, such a course would involve political consequences. For example, last fall, when the interior minister ordered a reduction in the government subsidy given Saudis for electricity, King Fahd, according to an American Embassy report, abruptly countermanded the order, apparently because of his concern that it might lead to political unrest. In October, U.S.

Embassy cables reported that Saudi pressure was being applied to commercial banks to prevent them from transferring private deposits to international accounts, which might precipitate a flight of capital.

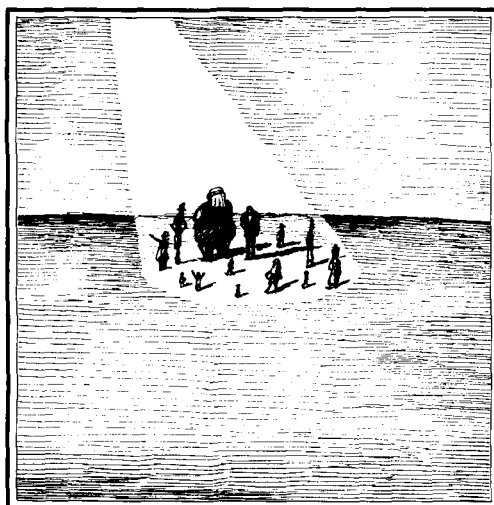
When Sheikh Yamani demanded last December that OPEC nations defend the "OPEC" price of \$34 a barrel, he was in reality insisting that these nations defend the Saudi price, under the implicit threat of a price war. For Saudi Arabia had neither the resources nor the will to continue its single-handed manipulation of oil prices. The insoluble problem is that the other producers—with the possible exception of Kuwait—cannot afford to shut down their oil production. OPEC, the cartel that never really was, can offer little relief.

At the Vienna conference, Sheikh Yamani warned that the collapse of OPEC would cause a world financial crisis that would drive many debtor nations, such as Mexico, into bankruptcy. This new line, which echoed through both the financial press and government deliberations, argued against any effective actions of the industrialized world—such as releasing government-controlled oil reserves or imposing new taxes on oil consumption—that would undermine the OPEC price. In early January, however, a secret CIA report circulated in the highest councils of the government arrived at very different conclusions. The report, called "Global Implications of Declining Oil Prices," says that whereas the balance of payments of oil-exporting nations, such as Mexico, Nigeria, and the Soviet Union, would be severely damaged by a sharp decline in oil prices, oil-consuming nations, such as Brazil, South Korea, and India, would correspondingly benefit from the price decrease. This might cause temporary problems for the world banking system, but the losses and gains would eventually cancel out. The CIA study estimates that Saudi Arabia has lost nearly \$1 billion a week since last March because of cutbacks made in support of the price of \$34 a barrel. If, however, Saudi Arabia lets the price fall, the CIA's econometric model suggests that the world economy would greatly benefit. A drop in oil prices to \$20 a barrel,

according to the report, would increase the GNPs of twenty-six industrial nations, including the United States, Japan, and most countries in Europe, by an average of 2 percent—an increment sufficient to pull most Western nations out of the current recession. A special section of the report, called "The Soviet Connection," estimates that the same drop in price would mean a loss of \$8 billion in hard currency for Russia, because of a drop in both oil sales and sales of arms to Libya, Iraq, and Iran.

For nearly a decade, the OPEC mask has permitted Saudi Arabia to set prices for the world without having to take direct responsibility for its actions. As prices continue to fall, however, the façade no longer hides the bitter rivalries and squabbles among members. Simply because OPEC's members have a common interest in the oil market does not guarantee that they can resolve their rivalry. The paradoxical question "What are we fighting about, since we want the same thing?" applies to their dilemma. The answer is that they are fighting precisely because each wants a larger share of the world oil market. If, however, any one member succeeds in enlarging its share, it will be at the expense of another member. The OPEC members are, and will always be, competitors—not allies. While they may try to hide their fighting from outsiders by means of unenforceable paper agreements, it will persist until it is resolved by a price war.

Oil prices have risen twentyfold over the past decade. Part of this dramatic increase has been the result of the free market's attempt to reconcile dwindling production in America and elsewhere with expanding demand. Another part was the result of the fears generated by wars and upheavals in the Persian Gulf, which in turn led to frantic efforts to hoard oil in anticipation of an uncertain future. And part was the result of the manipulations of a few countries—notably Saudi Arabia and Libya—that cut back production at moments of world crisis. OPEC was undeniably important during this period, but not as a production-fixing cartel. It was a convenient diversion that distracted public attention from the real causes of the oil crisis. □



*Her aim was to reveal the life present in
the basic materials of music*

NADIA BOULANGER'S LESSONS

BY ALLEN SHAWN

DURING THE 1920S, THIRTIES, AND FORTIES—THE period when classical American music, long dominated by European traditions, came into its own—nearly every important American composer, and a large number of performers, as well, went to Paris to study with Nadia Boulanger, a teacher of theory, composition, conducting, and performance. Aaron Copland, Virgil Thomson, Roy Harris, and Elliott Carter are among those who have written of her catalytic effect on their musical development. Theodore Chanler, David Diamond, Irving Fine, Walter Piston, Marc Blitzstein, and Roger Sessions also studied with her. Boulanger's decisive influence on the course of American music is incontestable. Unlike Arnold Schoenberg and Paul Hindemith, the other great composition teachers of the time who left behind devoted disciples, Boulanger was not a composer herself, and therefore—despite her marked stylistic predilections—she had no specific musical manner to pass on. Because she was female and French, and most of her students were male and American, she was usually able to avoid competitive relationships and to look at the possibilities inherent in American music with dispassion, creating an environment in which they could be realized.

Boulanger died in 1979, at the age of ninety-two. For the last twenty-five years of her life, though she cut down on the appearances as conductor, pianist, organist, and lecturer that had made her known to a large audience, her teaching career continued unabated. In 1970, when I was twenty-two, I went to Paris to study composition with her, and stayed for two years. At that time, she was still receiving about thirty students a year.

Lessons and classes were given at Boulanger's home, as they had been since the 1920s. It was an intimate setting, especially when compared with the furnishings of the average American university classroom—bare, green walls, grand piano, blackboard, Formica table, and metal chairs. The library of old music in the back rooms of the apartment was supplemented in the front hallway by a vast collection of pieces by former students, wrapped in brown paper and labeled in Boulanger's hand. One awaited lessons in a sitting room decorated with flowers, seashells, rocks, figurines, and small sculptures (among these a bust of Boulanger's younger sister, Lili), photographs of her friend the writer Paul Valéry, and, on the door to the living

room, where we were taught, a print of Picasso's *Boy Leading a Horse*. Perhaps this image of a boy guiding his horse by invisible reins was meant to suggest something of the way the owner of the house would lead us—by a combination of severity and magic—toward our musical goals.

In the room itself, which also served as Boulanger's parlor, there were two grand pianos, a large pipe organ, and more pictures and mementos. The samovar from which Boulanger's mother had served tea at classes and musical gatherings in the twenties and thirties stood on a table by a phonograph. Delicate landscape watercolors and religious icons were hung next to photographs of Hindemith, Bartók, Dinu Lipatti, Stravinsky (playing cards), Georges Enesco, Lili, and a panorama of the Parthenon.

When I walked into this room for the first time, Boulanger stood up to greet me. Dressed in one of her gray wool suits (the only other color I ever saw her wear was black), a white blouse, and black shoes, she looked like the archetypal "old woman." Her cheeks were sunken, her gray hair was quite thin, and she had few teeth left. Nevertheless, she gave an impression of physical strength, and her face, with its eyes clouded by cataracts but animated all the same, and her vivacious, welcoming expression, was beautiful. Whatever apprehension I had felt vanished. Here was someone so manifestly decent and direct as to make any intimidating thoughts of her past accomplishments irrelevant. I played some of my pieces, and she listened with affection but also with detachment, as if she were looking toward a time when these pieces would seem like primitive first steps (or so I hoped). Her comments were encouraging and sobering at the same time. She explained that while she would advise me on my own work, we would spend most of our lessons studying harmony—a subject that all of her students, regardless of their goals or experience, began with. About this she would be very strict, she said, while in my own work I should forget the exercises and be free.

By 1970, Boulanger's weak eyes had failed to the point where she could see only vague forms and shapes. Bright lights had always pained her, and she kept her rooms dim. Boulanger's "reduced" schedule consisted of group classes in harmony and analysis and up to ten hour-long individual lessons a day. No longer able to read at sight a student's scores or to play critically through the harmony and counterpoint assignments, she now sat at the student's right, prodding both verbally and physically, groaning in mock

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agony at thoughtlessly written harmonies or clumsy voice-leading, mimicking the student's musical behavior, and sometimes—with apologies—eating her lunch. (Her attempt to adapt to dentures had been a failure. Though she tried to accustom herself to soup and other soft foods, more often she stubbornly ate meat and vegetables without chewing them, and her digestion suffered as a result.) From time to time she would play with celestial clarity in the upper reaches of the keyboard. Music students always know their teacher's hands, and Boulanger's were exceptionally beautiful: precise and white, as one imagines a nun's hands to be, but also as silky and elegant as Dietrich's legs. These hands produced, at the drop of a hat,

musical examples spanning five centuries: Lasso, Monteverdi, Victoria, Fauré, Chabrier, Stravinsky—always bringing out the voice-leading.

Although she could be stern, Boulanger did not inspire nervousness or self-consciousness—at least not in me. She operated at a level of candor beyond embarrassment. I was sure that if I complained of a knot in my stomach she would tell an apt and profound story about anxiety that would make me completely forget my difficulty. She had stories for all occasions. In one of my pieces, a slow section contained a bit of faster motion that seemed to come out of nowhere and lead nowhere. To illustrate how this struck her, she did a marvelous rendition of a circus sketch she

had once seen: a clown demurely eating dinner, napkin tucked in his collar, aristocratic, fastidious; then madly juggling everything on the table with a wild expression on his face; then, just as abruptly, quietly eating. Boulanger also liked to joke about her age. When I made a mistake she would grip my arm suddenly, saying, "A hand from the grave!"

THE ESSENCE OF BOULANGER'S MUSICAL THINKING was motion: motion from the beginning to the end of a piece (the "*grand ligne*"); motion from one harmonic point to the next within that larger context; motion and direction in each contrapuntal strand. This related to the "long line" of one's life as well. "I wish you could meet [the composer and pianist] Jean Françaix," she said. "He has remained himself. His life has been one long line. He is happy in spite of his troubles."

She tried to develop in her students a sense of dynamic, muscular rhythm—rhythm that could be flexible because it was based on absolute firmness and steadiness. Correct rhythm without inner vitality and direction is as meaningless as correct but isolated tones. Watching us conduct, she would groan in dismay ("You are killing me!"—a favorite phrase) at the lifeless way in which we would direct a three/four or four/four beat. For her there had to be an elastic tension between the beats; a pulse, slow or fast, should be a drama in itself. "When Stravinsky counted," she would say, "you waited for the next beat with excitement."

Boulanger had an uncanny ear for sonority, and would pick out unsuccessful dispositions of chords or troublesome doublings in the most difficult of our compositions. She respected the evidence of a fine ear in the most far-out music, and she always had examples at hand from older music of freshly heard sonorities, moments such as the opening of Chopin's F-major Ballade, the last chord in Stravinsky's *Symphony of Psalms*, or the chord voicings in the Sarabande of Debussy's *Pour le piano*. In spite of this, she taught harmony entirely by way of melodic lines, which combine to make vertical sonorities. The idea of "chords" as things in themselves was foreign to her approach. Four-part harmony exercises were written on four staves. Each voice was sung, as one played the other three. The voices were personalized: "this poor little tenor sol-fa-mi." She approached all music as if it were vocal music, and played it that way. Debussy's rich parallel-ninth chords were not a series of chords but the vertical results of parallel melodic lines, each one of which was distinct and beautiful—"each a cello."

Our harmony exercises were to be written in as many versions as we could think of, with successive examples taped one on top of another. Sometimes these were corrections or improvements, but in most cases they were simply alternatives. We were meant to keep what we had done—not to erase—and thus to see all the possibilities inherent

in a simple chord progression. We could then apply the same methods of seeing, hearing, and imagining alternatives to other aspects of our study and to composing. With Boulanger, these exercises were doorways that led to discourse on every aspect of life, public and private, and seamlessly back to the music at hand. Her aim here, as well as in the study of large-scale works, was to reveal the life present in the basic materials of music, to show the beauty and shape of small as well as large structures. She seemed to be saying that one can build living organisms only from living cells.

Wednesday-afternoon group classes were devoted, as they had been for fifty years, to the study of selected works. In my first year, we went through four Masses: Bach's B-minor, Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*, Josquin des Prés's *Pange lingua*, and the Stravinsky Mass. In my second year, we examined the Mozart C-minor Fantasy and the C-minor Piano Concerto, the Stravinsky Concerto for Piano and Wind Instruments, several Bach cantatas, the Liszt Piano Sonata, the Schubert *Wanderer Fantasy*, the Schumann Fantasy, the Mussorgsky song cycle *Sans Soleil*, the Debussy cycle *Le Promenoir des deux amants*, Schubert songs, and various works related to these. Boulanger had a way of unlocking the secret beauties of these pieces so that they seemed flooded with light. References to poetry, plays, philosophy, history, religious writings, and other music and her own poetic comments made these works part of a vast associative world. Primarily, though, she illuminated them with her passionate sensitivity to the smallest details and nuances in the music ("it is the details that make a masterpiece"), to the rhythmic phrasing and the simplest melodic turns. Alone of all the music teachers I have ever had, she made her students sing and play every line of what they studied. She tended to be more severe in these group meetings than in private lessons. Our emotional limitations in the face of great experiences were tested. We sometimes had to perform for our peers. I remember attempting to play in class the accompaniment to Borodin's "Berceuse" with the simple gravity it requires, and to play and sing (what patience she must have had!) Schubert's forlorn song of early manhood, "The Wanderer." Working with me on the Schubert, she coaxed a round and expressive tone out of my hands that surprised me. I felt the presence of the music outside myself and was moved by it. Playing and listening merged.

On these Wednesday afternoons, we saw how the skeletal harmonic structures we were perfecting in exercises became large-scale musical works; we understood with our ears, and not just theoretically, how simple progressions could be stretched to the length of a full symphony. The skeleton of a Ravel, Chopin, or Bach work could be essentially the same, "just as we are all so different from each other, and yet all have the same skeleton," she would say. (Later, I read in Valéry: "Man is only man at the surface. Remove his skin, dissect, and immediately you come to machinery.") We were also trained to question continually

the depth of our understanding. The Benedictus from Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* led to a reading of Aldous Huxley's essay "Music At Night." We spent two hours with the opening of the Mozart C-minor Concerto, playing, singing, analyzing, and discussing. I knew the piece by heart already, having played it with my high school orchestra; now I was overwhelmed by its beauty.

Boulanger hated self-indulgent playing. Her preferred artists—Lipatti, Yehudi Menuhin, Artur Rubinstein, Sviatoslav Richter—were musicians with a natural, spontaneous, unaffected style, and a sense of the wholeness of a musical work. "I doubt that Horowitz studied counterpoint," she would say, referring to his tendency to underline certain moments in the music at the expense of the natural flow of each line.

We had the opportunity to see her put together a concert program in February of 1971, just before she entered the hospital for an eye operation (a "rest" during which she had a friend read her all of *War and Peace*). She recruited us to sing a few choral numbers. Among the works we learned was the beautiful Bach chorale "Wer hat dich so geschlagen, mein Heil" ("Who was it, Lord, did smite thee"), using the hymn's original text, "O Welt ich muss dich lassen" ("O world I must leave thee"). She taught us to sing easily, without strain, and managed to shape an exquisitely simple, hushed rendering of the piece. Angels who were not us seemed to have taken over our voices.

In rehearsing the rest of the program, which contained music by Bach, Fauré, Charpentier, and Rameau, she created an atmosphere not unlike that of one of her classes. She told stories, worked on phrasing, urged the musicians to forget that they were "professionals" and to play the music as if for the first time. This experience revealed to me that Boulanger was a teacher in whatever situation she found herself. Though she had conducted many large-scale works at one time or another, her programs characteristically consisted of short, often unfamiliar pieces spanning all musical periods. The selection and order of the works served to emphasize for the listeners the emotional and stylistic characteristics that she wished them to notice: in a sense, these concerts were her compositions. In the articles of music criticism that she wrote in the teens and twenties, she drew lessons from a performance, and her aim was not to pass judgment but rather to educate readers. For this concert, she taught the musicians as she would later teach the audience. What resulted was playing that had freshness and great vitality, and the expressiveness of devoted concentration. People played as if their lives, not their careers, depended on it, but without any overt emotionalism. (Copland once wrote: "I hate an emotion-drenched voice.")

Sentimentality, romantic self-absorption, and hysteria were not part of Boulanger's emotional repertoire. She was devoted above all to God, and to the idea of music not as the monument of an individual but as mankind's monument to God.

TWO ACCOUNTS OF BOULANGER'S LIFE ARE AVAILABLE: *The Tender Tyrant: Nadia Boulanger, A Life Devoted to Music*, by Alan Kendall, and *Nadia Boulanger: A Life in Music*, by Léonie Rosenstiel. The Kendall, while less detailed in its rendering of Boulanger's life than the Rosenstiel, is more informative about her teaching methods. But a teacher's gift, like that of a priest or psychoanalyst, is difficult to document. It consists neither in curriculum nor in precepts. A teacher has no oeuvre other than the accomplishments (and, in turn, the teachings) of students. These biographers, neither of whom studied with Boulanger, can't help but slight the interchange between Boulanger and her students that was the crux of her life. Still, the life story that these books provide is an inspiring one for any musician, as well as for anyone interested in the fate of women artists in our time.

Nadia's grandparents on her father's side were both musicians. Her grandmother, Marie Julie Hallignier (1786–1850), was a popular opera singer at the Opéra-Comique, and her grandfather, Frédéric Boulanger, was a cellist and a composer who has left at least one published song. Nadia's father, Ernest Boulanger (1815–1900), was a composer, primarily of operas, and a teacher of voice at the Conservatoire. He won the Prix de Rome in 1835 for his cantata *Achille*. Nadia's mother, Raïssa, was a Russian aristocrat who saw Boulanger conduct and became his voice student. Born in St. Petersburg, either in 1856 (the date on her passport) or in 1858 (the date she herself gave), she was at least forty-one years younger than Ernest when she married him. Nadia was born in 1887, and her sister, Lili, in 1893; by then, Ernest was an old man. (Robert Craft has commented, "The effect of these vast age differences on Nadia should not be minimized. . . . To mention only one difficulty, a father of a great-grandfather's age was surely too old to communicate emotionally with a child.") Four years after Ernest died, the family moved to 36, rue Ballu, their home to the end of their lives.

Madame Raïssa Boulanger taught herself harmony and became her daughter's first music teacher. Nadia knew the fundamentals and read music by the age of five. She developed into a remarkable pianist and organist, and she also composed music. (In 1908, she won second prize in the Prix de Rome competition for her cantata, *La Sirène*. It was rare for a woman even to enter the contest.) As Nadia learned music, she passed on her knowledge to her sister. Lili sat in on many of the music classes that Nadia took at the Conservatoire, and in 1913, following Nadia's example, she entered the Prix de Rome competition. She was the first woman to win first prize—the same prize her father had won seventy-eight years earlier. Lili was always frail; nevertheless, by her death in 1918, at the age of twenty-five, she had composed a body of work good enough to be regularly performed today. It shows the influence of Musorgsky, Fauré, and Debussy, but has a strong personality of its own, at once sensual and spiritual.

Before he died, Nadia's father told her to look after Lili,

and she fulfilled that obligation. Her devotion to her sister seems to have instilled in her a habit of service that endured. Early on, Nadia gave up composing (in a harmonically exquisite style comparable to Lili's), because, she said, her pieces had no real originality or "use." Instead, she spent her life nurturing the talents of musicians in their twenties. Starting in 1921 with Aaron Copland, Virgil Thomson, and Melville Smith, the three American students who made her famous, she eventually became what Thomson called a "one-woman graduate school" for musicians of all nationalities, though primarily for Americans, in the future of whose music she passionately believed.

Nadia's mother, who lived until 1935, and sister were the great influences in her life. She held a memorial service for them each year and expected the students to attend. The memory of her father always seemed less important to her. She would ask each of us frequently, "How is your mother?" but never "How is your father?" Ernest bequeathed to Nadia the legacy of his profession of composer (he had worked in a style that, as a girl, she found somewhat trivial), but it was her mother's religiosity, discipline, and determination that formed her character, and that, in turn, impressed her students. Childless herself, she was prepared to be a spiritual mother to every young person she taught. That this tendency was sometimes accompanied by extreme possessiveness and manipulateness, especially toward her women students, has been observed by many. It was my experience, however, that in her later years she was far less curious about her students' lives than she is said to have been earlier.

Particularly in the decades between the two world wars, Boulanger experienced almost every aspect of musical life from the inside. She was the first woman to conduct the Royal Philharmonic (1936), the Boston Symphony (1938), the New York Philharmonic (1939), and the Philadelphia Orchestra (1939), among others. She appeared as an organ soloist and as a concert pianist and played in chamber-music recitals, programs of two-piano music with Dinu Lipatti and Jean Françaix, song recitals with Gérard Souzay, and memorial programs of her sister's music. She conducted many choral concerts and introduced the public to a world of pre-Baroque music that had scarcely been glimpsed until then. The recordings she made in 1937 of Monteverdi madrigals and instrumental pieces—some of the first recordings of Monteverdi—are still available. She was a crusader for the re-examination of familiar music, and championed unfamiliar and neglected work: the lesser-known Bach cantatas and suites and Schubert songs and the works of Rameau, Mendelssohn, Bizet, Fauré, Chabrier, Mussorgsky, Scarlatti, Heinrich Schütz, and others.

In the thirties, her ties to America were strengthened by several important tours, during which she lectured, played, and conducted coast to coast. In her 1939 American tour, she gave 102 lectures in 118 days. She was the star of countless gala symphonic concerts, but with many major orchestras, most notably the Boston Symphony and

the New York Philharmonic, she had to overcome the open rudeness of resentful male musicians. Her sex was always an issue with the press, as well. "I've been a woman for a little over fifty years and have gotten over my initial astonishment," she told one reporter.

After the occupation of Paris by the Germans in 1940, she decided to settle in the United States until the war was over—an "abandonment" of her home country for which she always felt guilty. During her stay here, she taught primarily in Boston, New York, and Washington, and spent her summers teaching in a Dominican convent in Sinsinawa, Wisconsin, with occasional visits to Santa Barbara and Lake Tahoe.

Boulanger's friendship with Stravinsky was her deepest musical bond, and she was his unswerving ally. She arranged for the commission of his *Dumbarton Oaks Concerto* and conducted its premiere, on May 8, 1938, in Washington, D.C. Through her, many students came to know Stravinsky personally and to see him as the living exponent of Boulanger's musical ideals.

Although Boulanger disapproved of Schoenberg's aesthetic point of view and the concept of serialism—she felt that it was a dead end that eliminated the possibility of tension and relaxation in music—she attended the premiere of his chamber work *Pierrot Lunaire*, and studied the twelve-tone works of Berg and Webern. (When the score of Berg's opera *Wozzeck* was first published, she had her students practice both the voice and the orchestral parts.) With Stravinsky's embrace of serialism in the 1950s and the arrival of a new generation of composition students, Boulanger's attitudes became more flexible. She was conversant, when she was in her eighties, with the music of Messiaen, Berio, Xenakis, Boulez, Stockhausen, and Penderecki, and acknowledged its importance, but in her classes, she seemed to concentrate on giving her students the grounding they would need to develop their own styles, and no longer involved herself so much in the styles themselves.

THE FACT THAT BOULANGER WAS NOT A PRACTICING composer but had spent her life on intimate terms with composers—her father and sister, Fauré (her teacher), Debussy, Ravel, Stravinsky, Hindemith, Prokofiev, Poulenc, Honegger, and the many students who became her colleagues—gave her a unique perspective and enthusiasm. She possessed an attitude toward past and future, freedom and restraint, that was both liberating and rooted in tradition. She believed in order and discipline, was a devout Catholic and a monarchist, but saw these beliefs as ways of making life exciting and free. And she considered carnival time, when the rules are suspended—in life and in music—to be very important. As a child she had been allowed one hour a week when she could run wild, "let the bathtub overflow, throw the keys out the window." During the rest of the week, her mother would

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ask her, "Have you done *all* you could do?" Boulanger liked to ask her students this question too.

In her old age, her teaching methods doubtless became more anecdotal and did not preclude frequent repetitions of the same story. "If you've heard this, you should hear it again," she would say. These stories were parables; her musical examples were tonal and harmonic talismans. Exercises, melodies, chord progressions, and formal devices could not be heard and examined too often. Committed to memory, they would form a foundation upon which we could then be free—throw the keys out the window, so to speak. Sometimes this foundation was musical, sometimes it was aesthetic or spiritual. Anything musical, aesthetic, or spiritual that she touched upon was intended as part of our lesson for the day. "The eternal silence of these infinite spaces frightens me," she would say, quoting Pascal. The sentence would hang in the air, her eyes opening wide, her face blank. The student would be left to digest her references, anecdotes, and views as best he could. One had to be careful to distinguish between those of her judgments that were based on analysis and those that were based chiefly on stylistic prejudice. Her aversion to music that she considered "hysterical" or "chaotic" amounted to a moral stand, and the objects of her distaste included Mahler, Milhaud, Strauss, Menotti, Messiaen, and Schoenberg, among others. What if Strauss represented one's musical ideal? "Strauss's *Elektra* is so consistently intense that one is unmoved by its most tragic moments," she said. And of a Schoenberg concert she once remarked, "I came home and played a C-major chord on the organ. How much more beautiful it was than the music I had just heard." If one disagreed, opposition to such a powerful force either strengthened one's opinion or threw one into confusion. A short piano piece of mine resembled Schoenberg's music. I considered it something of a stylistic breakthrough, but Boulanger said, "It isn't you. You are more direct than that." In her terms, the music lacked the "naturalness" of my usual style and seemed to explore a more unstable, inner world—the "neurotic" world, which she believed music ought to conquer and from which one does not learn how to live. But then she used the piece in one of her evening concerts, in which music by students was interspersed with works by Chopin, Debussy, and Baroque composers (a format I can't help wishing would find favor at American universities, in place of "all new music" student programs).

If one was strong in one's convictions and taste, Boulanger could make one freer and stronger. She had the ability to see at once where the uniqueness of a composition lay, or to see why it was not achieving what it could. It was Boulanger, for example, who made the young Copland aware of his special feeling for rhythm, and who gave him the confidence, the sense of the "long line," to compose his ambitious *Symphony for Organ and Orchestra*, which she commissioned for her American concert tour. She believed in character and personality, and considered apathy one of the great sins, but she was a devout and in some ways

impersonal woman who preferred some kinds of character to others. "I would not have liked to be Leoncavallo," she remarked once. She did not like self-aggrandizement or self-pity. She believed in principles and an afterlife. "You stand up for what you believe in; you are taken out and shot. And so what?" She once said, "The Duke of Windsor was ridiculous. You are king, you take a mistress, fine. But you cannot abdicate." Another time she told me this story: "After the premiere of Stravinsky's piano and wind concerto, I met my friend in the hall. He said, 'What a disappointment,' and I said, 'What great music,' and of course did not speak with him for many years after that." For her, one's ultimate duty was to the music, not to one's "personality." In one of her essays in *Le Monde Musical*, she wrote:

The force of analysis, the facility for writing, originality itself, as necessary as they are, become detrimental when they are put in the foreground, since the point of departure and the final result ought to be one and the same, without anything breaking the logic that demands that the *means* express the *music*, and not that the *music* express the *means*.

Perhaps for her students—and the list includes composers as different as Roy Harris, Philip Glass, Burt Bacharach, Thea Musgrave, and Jean Françaix—this sense of duty and faith that she imparted was crucial. One's duty was to do one's best and be one's best, and not to worry about history, fashion, or received notions of profundity. Where skill and authenticity of expression were present, she believed that a piece of work had an intrinsic value that need not be compared with that of the masterpieces of the past. Boulanger believed in a God who would approve of one's best efforts, whether they were earthshaking or simply attractive, and she did not think that one could make the final judgment oneself. When I complained that a just-completed piece of mine seemed trivial, she paraphrased Ecclesiastes: "Eat your bread and be satisfied." She believed in music that would be "in eternity," but she believed also in a "daily music": "After all, we cannot live in the *Symphony of Psalms* every day." Kendall quotes her as saying, "The art of music is so deep and profound that to approach it very seriously *only* is not enough. One must approach music with a serious rigor and, at the same time, with a great, affectionate joy." She was highly accepting of a style that seemed, for the time being, derivative: "You are young, and, of course, you imitate." But she also cautioned: "Remember that there is only one man, alone. One little man." (Here she would hold up a finger.) "There is no other." And she was not in the least fazed by a popular style, including rock, if it showed grace, imagination, and skill. She had very happy memories of Gershwin, who had come to her for lessons and whom she had turned away, for fear of tampering with his instinctive genius. Perhaps the unpretentious clarity and melodic freshness of Gershwin (or of Michel Legrand, who did study with her), while not leading to religious revelation, could point, all

the same, to a life where praise, hope, and joy are still possible. She once commented that Schoenberg's music did not "give energy"—a revealing phrase.

Boulanger's concept of education was platonic. She believed that our character and even our technical knowledge lay inside us waiting to be drawn out. "Everything I am going to teach you you already know, but it would be good to get it in more logical form," she said. She treated us as if our mistakes were the result of bad training, which had compelled us to distrust our own instinctive understanding. "Try to be stupid," she would implore. Reading the notes I took after my first lessons, I am struck by Boulanger's faith in us, and in the continuity of basic artistic principles. She spoke to us as if we were members of a community of artists past, present, and future:

—"Freedom and limitations go together. Counterpoint is free within its strictness."

—"This phrase doesn't translate into English; it loses its concision, comes out like an over-long macaroni."

—"I don't know if every day you make your prayer, but you should get down on your knees and say, 'Lord, you have given me my love of music and my ability to hear, be blest.'"

—"Is it enough to be very gifted? I don't think so. Talent without genius is talent, but genius without talent is nothing. You know the sonnet form. Villon wrote not only sonnets but a sonnet to a woman with the woman's name spelled by the right column and his own, François, by the left; and no one asked him to do this."

—"One must write a lot when one is young, like a tree bearing apples. Teaching little Jean Françaix, I would leave the room for a moment and when I returned I would find a little trumpet or violin tune on the piano. I still have these."

—"A composer must train his memory. You may know what I play while I am playing it, but when you try to write it down you forget it as you write it. The other night I was trying to think of what to say to Copland on his seventieth anniversary—and here is a man I deeply love for many profound reasons. In my bed I thought of a sublime sentence that would show him my depth of feeling and all that I remember. In the morning, when I tried to write it down—"Terrible, nonsense . . . ridiculous . . . this isn't it, this isn't the sentence.'"

—"Sex is important, but it's not the only thing we live for."

—"Some things you don't have time for, like having an aesthetic discussion. I'm sure Stravinsky never sat down and had an aesthetic discussion. When he has finished a

piece he plays Chinese checkers or cards with a passion; the aesthetic is in the music."

—"This is not an error. You must know what is an error and what is not. What you have avoided here is not forbidden. So what is a priest for? He watches for the false mystic, and for the man who thinks that taking a little piece of candy is a sin. The priest says, 'But you may eat candy. I myself eat a little candy. This is not a sin. Your sin is to see sin in everything, so that you no longer know what is virtue.'"

—"Poulenc wasn't always good but he was always himself."

—"Everything must start with desire, impulse." (Valéry: "Do not enter without desire.")

Paul Valéry came up frequently in her comments. She described her dinners with Stravinsky and Valéry together as giving her the feeling of being "at the core of things," a feeling she herself also gave. When I try to explain to myself how I could have been so comfortable with her despite such a gap in our ages and experience, two of her quotations from Valéry come to mind. From his play *Mon Faust*: "You must have fear before no man"—implying that only God and the Devil should intimidate us, never other human beings. Boulanger would elaborate: "One has done great things, written symphonies—so what? We live now, not in our accomplishments, and we really know *nothing*." The second quote is from Valéry's essay on Leonardo: "Nothing was without interest to his great intelligence." The linking of intelligence to interest was an important concept to her. She considered the intelligence to find meaning in ordinary things to be an act of will. Therefore intelligence was a moral force. I recall arriving early for my lesson and hearing through the living-room door the morning paper being read to her: ". . . 400 kilos of heroin were discovered by police in the back of the van." Boulanger's voice, involved: "Four hundred kilos!" She seemed prepared to take an interest in almost anything. I remember her telling about a recent trip to a provincial music school founded by a former pupil. She had gone to listen to a handpicked group of teenaged clarinetists, but when she realized that there were fifteen more disappointed clarinetists, she listened to each one of them, too. She was devoted to the idea that the world is fascinating if one has the courage and inner fire to take an interest, but boring if one makes no effort. This is a hopeful view, because it puts the burden on us and our willingness to aspire. The world itself is boundless. Of all the teachers I had, she was the only one who seemed to approach music from below, as if she and we were barely worthy of it. □

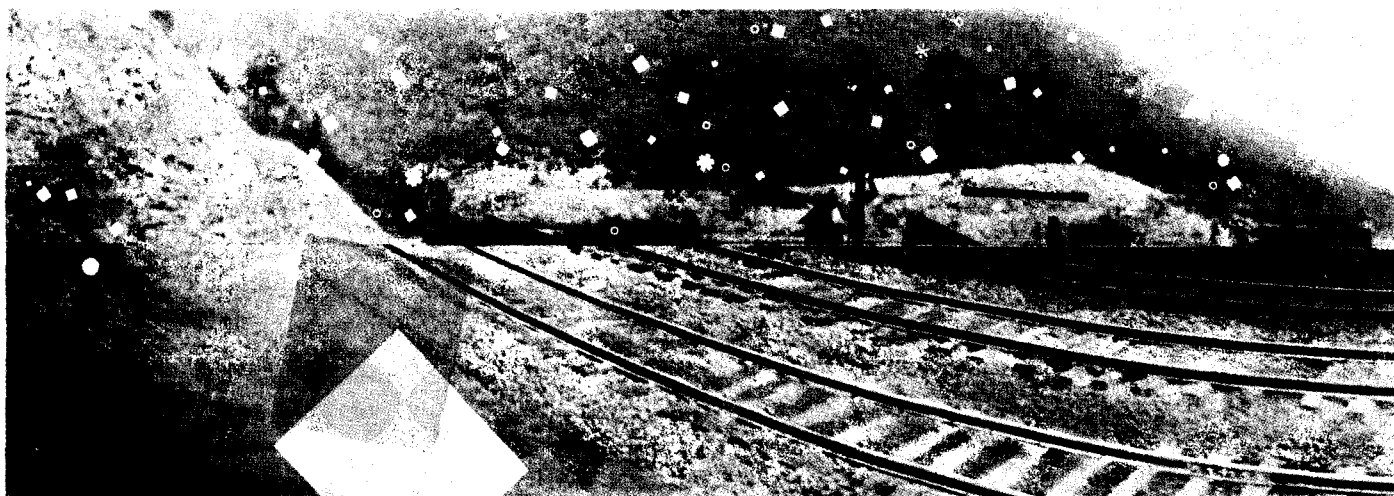
SNOWFALL

The whiteness of silence, in silence of squadrons
Of cottony hooves, no creaking of stirrup, no steel-flash—
Over the western hill the white cavalry comes
To blot the last dying crimson that outlines the slope.
Was there a bugle? Or only wind in the spruces?
What music exists in the world that we cannot hear?

Years pass, and always so much to remember, forget: the first
Green new sprig in green turf advertising
Earth's old immortality; the first
Whistle of blackbirds, or redwings, arriving,
Numberless, bubbling with music and sperm;
The first time your young face, shame-flushed, looked away,
As she leaned hard against the fence-palings between you
And pressed her new breasts to rise up.

Try hard to remember her name. What was it?
Try hard to remember the eye-gleam, the charming stupidity.

Think how long was one afternoon's slow summer swell—
Like swelling of grape, apple, plum—as you lay alone on the hill,
And only the pure opalescence of sky
Filled eye and heart, and all you needed to know
Was the voiceless emptiness you now lay in. But
Afternoons end. Remember the hand
You later held in the shadow of beeches
At the hour when no bird-call again comes.



Remember, remember "good-bye" on the railroad platform—and
Good-bye slid away like a snake in weed-tangle,
For the world is wide and has many phases and faces,
And the end of each summer is autumn's fruit.
What year will you know the fruit that is yourself?

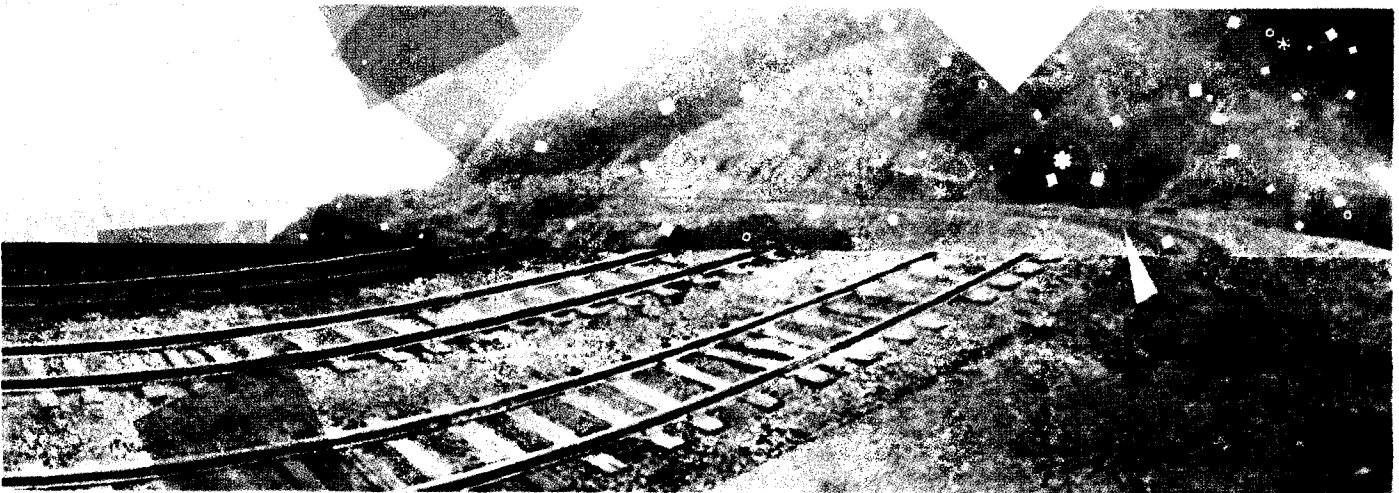
The autumn bough bends with weight glossy and red.
The fat grape bleeds on the tongue, juice and pulp
Seek your throat's dark joy. You walk again where chestnuts fall,
And dream that years back you, a child, were happy there.

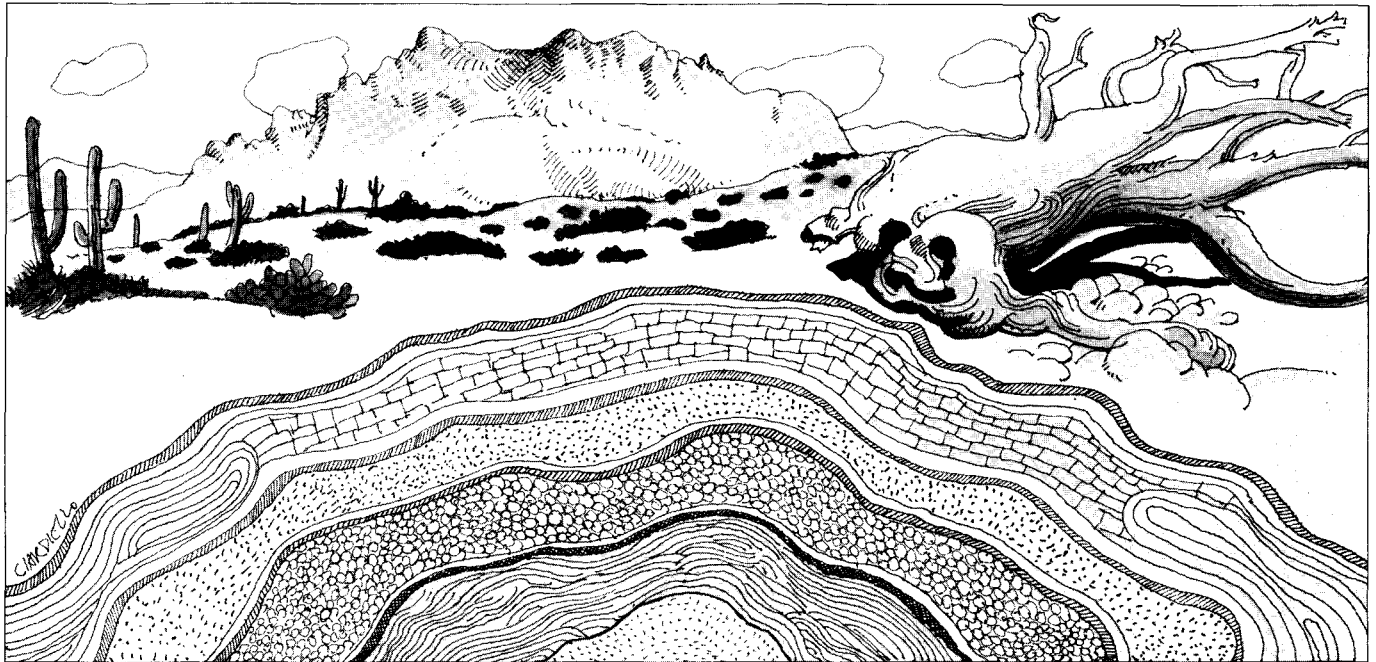
Far north, in Vermont,
Maples burn in last gold. And when leaves fall the gray
Mountain ledges are noble. Deer
Graze where they can now. The bear
Will soon sleep with no dream. The trivial
Snow-swirl settles to business, and wind
Rises. Mantled in white,
Southward, two states, it strikes all the miles to the Sound,
Where, as you walk the salt-crust sand,
Snowflakes hiss on the tangle of whitecaps.

You do not remember what year was the first,
For many a year has passed. But
Again the silence of cottony hooves, the wheeling squadrons,
Tramp out the last embers of day, and you

Stand in darkness of whiteness
Which seems the perfection of Being.

—Robert Penn Warren





THE DESERT

A SHORT STORY
BY WILLIAM HAUPTMAN

MY FATHER WAS A PETROLEUM GEOLOGIST. TODAY, they've got a lot of help—they look for oil with dynamite charges and geophones, exploding the charges and recording the shock wave as it moves through the layers of rock. Then this information goes into a computer.

But my father didn't have all this technology. He studied the surface formations. From what he could see, he tried to imagine what he could not. Slowly, he built up a picture of the landscape as it had existed through time, layer after layer for millions of years.

When he thought he'd found oil, he told them where to drill. Sometimes he was right, and sometimes wrong. But people thought he was good—some people thought he was the best geologist they'd ever worked with.

We lived in Texas, but his early jobs took us all over the country. As he drove, he pointed out geologic features. Other families looked at landmarks from the history of the United States; we looked at landmarks from the history of the world. When I was six years old, we drove to Wyoming

in a yellow Chrysler. I rode in the back seat, too little to understand much of what my parents said. But I knew we were happy—my father because he had a good job, my mother because now we could buy a house, and me because on the radio Vaughn Monroe was singing my favorite song, "Ghost Riders in the Sky."

It got dark. Then, fifty miles ahead, we saw a light. When we got closer, it was a big yellow torch.

"A rig's on fire," my father said.

He pulled off the road to get a closer look and lifted me onto the hood of the Chrysler. The air trembled, and I could feel heat on my face.

He explained how oil was found in underground pools. Something had ignited the oil, and now it might burn for months. But won't it all burn up? I wanted to know.

"Yes, Sonny," my father said. "Someday it will all be gone."

At first I thought of my father as a soldier. When I was very young, he showed me a photograph of himself, wearing a helmet and fatigues, holding a machine gun, and standing in front of his Jeep, somewhere in Belgium.

He was there when Patton's Third Army relieved the

William Hauptman's story "Good Rockin' Tonight" appeared in Best American Short Stories, 1982.

airborne at the Battle of the Bulge; he crossed the Remagen bridge three days after it was captured and helped trap the German army in the Ruhr Pocket. He was a captain and avoided General Patton, who was hard on officers. Once, when Patton arrived at a farmhouse command post, my father, along with several other officers, climbed out a rear window. He brought back a Bronze Star, his decoration for valor, a Nazi ceremonial dagger, and a pistol taken from a German prisoner. Sometimes he brought his footlocker down from the attic and I was allowed to look at these things. The Bronze Star was in a blue-plush case. The dagger had a chrome blade. Best of all was the pistol, black and deadly.

Then something went wrong. My father changed. He got frighteningly angry for reasons I couldn't understand, and I fell out of love with him. Suddenly he seemed to have a lot of enemies. Every night he watched the Army-McCarthy hearings on television. "Maybe old Georgie Patton was right," he said. "When we finished with the Germans, we should have taken on the Reds."

He became very suspicious. There were floodlights in our back yard so he could cook outside. Sometimes, without warning, he would turn them on.

"What's wrong?" I would say.

"Nothing. I just thought I heard somebody in the back yard."

For years my father went along, never earning much money. Meanwhile, his friends were making their pile, moving into big offices downtown and hiring younger geologists to work for them.

Then he did make money. He found an overlooked deposit of oil only thirty miles away. It was brilliant geology. Everyone said so. But instead of moving downtown, my father built an office in the garage. Money bought freedom, but what did he do with it? He bought a big Steinway piano.

My father loved the piano. As a boy in Lincoln, Nebraska, he had taught himself to play; had earned pocket money in high school by playing for a movie theater that still showed silent pictures. Now he practiced all the time. Instead of making more money, he learned to play Chopin.

But it got so I hated to come home and hear him playing: it meant he'd been drinking. Sometimes I would go in his office and look at his maps. Before he made money, he had spent long hours working on them. Each contour line was lovingly inked in; there were overlays of colored tissue paper for each geologic age. Now they were ignored.

My father was trying to decide what to do. He thought about it longer and longer, staying up all night at the piano and sleeping all day.

Once, when he was cleaning the pistol, my mother said it was dangerous and he should throw it away. To prove that an unloaded pistol was not dangerous, my father aimed it out the back door and pulled the trigger. The bullet made a small hole in the screen.

WHEN MY FATHER WAS IN HIS EARLY FORTIES, HE began doing field work again. That summer he took us to Chambers, Arizona. There was no town, just a yellow cinderblock motel in the middle of nowhere. Ten miles west was the Painted Desert. Across the highway was the Navajo Reservation.

Every morning his Navajo driver knocked on the door of my parents' room. He drove my father off into the desert, leaving my mother and me behind. While she read the *Ladies' Home Journal* under the roaring air-conditioner, I watched the other guests leave. Most were on their way to California. Night had surprised them on this long, empty stretch between Gallup and Flagstaff. They got in late and left early the next day.

Sometimes I walked around behind the motel, where a big landfill, full of garbage, sloped down to the Puerco River. A girl stood in the back door of the café adjoining the motel. She was a year or so older than I was. "What's your name?" she said.

"Bill."

"Where you from, Billy?"

"Texas." I tried to sound tough: girls who called you Billy didn't take you seriously.

"I got a horse. Maybe we can ride it sometime."

"Maybe."

She disappeared into the café. Then I walked along the highway, past the corral and her horse and an old Airstream trailer, my loafers filling with hot sand.

I was fourteen years old. My grades were not very good. I sketched in my notebook instead of writing down the things my teachers said. When I was younger, I had suffered from terrifying nightmares about the atomic bomb. I had seen our house, standing alone in the Nevada desert like the houses on the television programs. There was a flash, and the shingles ignited; then there was only flying debris as the shock wave rolled over it, like surf.

"Learn everything about what frightens you," my father had said, "and you can overcome it." I had taken his advice and had learned everything there was to know about protons, neutrons, electrons. The nightmares had stopped. Now I had only one problem—talking to girls.

Ahead, I heard singing. Three Navajos sat under a highway bridge. They wore robes and big hats and passed a bottle. There was a fire, the flames almost invisible in the glare. The singing faded in and out as the wind shifted. I crouched down and watched them for a long time.

Later, when they were gone, I went closer. Gallo Thunderbird bottles lay on the sand. I poked the ashes of the fire with a long stick. What sort of people, I wondered, would sit around a fire on a day like this, drinking, wearing those hot clothes? A big semi boomed over the bridge. I got nervous and walked back to the motel.

My father returned about the time the neon sign out front began to glow. He wore a clean white shirt to dinner, and a string tie with a turquoise clasp. After closing time, the couple who owned the motel sat in our booth and

talked to my parents. Everyone was friendly here. I watched their daughter, whom I'd spoken to that morning, working in the kitchen with two Navajo girls. Later, her boyfriend came for her in a pickup. Wearing charcoal-gray slacks, a pink shirt, and a thin gray plastic belt, I dropped nickel after nickel into the jukebox, playing a song I didn't even like, Pat Boone's "Love Letters in the Sand."

FROM THE DAY WE CAME TO CHAMBERS, WE HEARD about Hank Luscombe, who ran the trading post—he had lived with a Navajo woman, had tried peyote. He sounded like the most interesting person around. One evening, my father and I drove over to see him.

The trading post was on the old, bypassed highway, a mile north. It was a long, low building, part log, part adobe. Navajos sat on the front porch, ignoring us and drinking Orange Crush.

Hank had a sly, dishonest look. As he talked to my father, his eye kept roving around and finding me. I felt uncomfortable and walked away through rooms that got smaller and smaller. In the last room of all, I found the paintings.

They were of birds, deer, Navajo. Painted in bright primary colors, they showed a world of stylized light: the moon was a silver crescent, the clouds a glowing, scalloped line. The most beautiful, to my mind, was of an impossible blue horse.

"You buy?"

A big Navajo was standing at my shoulder, his hair in a pigtail. "Fifty dollars," he said.

Hank, followed by my father, came into the room. "This is Jimmy Begay," he said. "He painted all those pictures."

"Fifty dollars. Good price."

"We're not looking for a painting," my father said.

"Hank," the Navajo said, "you got something for me?"

They went in the other room. Through the window, a moment later, we watched him leave. In one hand he carried a can of tomatoes; in the other, a bottle wrapped in a paper sack.

Hank returned and told us about Jimmy Begay. He had joined the Marines at fourteen, lying about his age. When he came back, he started to paint. Among collectors of Indian art he was famous; but he hadn't sold a major painting for two years.

"I thought liquor was illegal on the reservation," my father said.

"I give Jimmy a bottle now and then. He does me a favor, bringing me those paintings, so I do him one. Jimmy's my friend."

He showed us the largest one—a Navajo in a Marine uniform, floating in a thundercloud and staring off over golden mesas with a look of tragic, helpless love.

"He says this is his masterpiece. But he wants five hundred dollars for it, and it's so gloomy nobody will buy it."

Hank was right. Nobody ever bought the painting. But I

was inspired and began sketching the horse in the corral behind the motel. This should have been easy, since it stood motionless for hours. Sometimes I almost got the proportions right. But I always gave up and went back to my room. The motel was silent at noon except for the droning, singsonging chants on Radio Gallup, which I could half hear on the maid's transistor radio. Under my bed I kept a copy of *Playboy* I had found on the landfill. It was years old, but its pages had been preserved by the dry desert air. I stared at it for hours. There was one photograph of Marilyn Monroe, her skin the color of honey, lying naked on a spill of red velvet: sometimes it seemed afterward I had actually made love to her.

ONE SATURDAY WE DROVE TO GALLUP. WHILE MY parents went shopping, I went to see a movie I'd heard a lot about, *Rebel Without a Cause*.

For two hours, I became the boy on the screen—had a knife fight, wore a red-nylon windbreaker, screamed at my parents *You're tearing me apart*, tried to save Plato by emptying his gun of shells. When I came out, I stared into the blue mirror covering the façade of the building next door and was shocked to see I was still myself: staring back was the same confused face of my yearbook photo.

The building was a hock shop. I went inside and bought a switchblade with a transparent handle—when it was turned just the right way, you could see a naked girl, her pubic hair covered by the ace of spades.

All the way back to Chambers, I stared out the car window, having grim, enjoyable visions of being misunderstood for the rest of my life. "What's wrong with you?" my mother said.

"Nothin'," I mumbled.

"For God's sake, Sonny, speak up!" my father said. "I can't understand a word you're saying."

But I didn't answer: I was busy perfecting my impersonation of James Dean, teenager from the moon.

After dinner that night, I sat at the counter, rolling one toothpick after another out of the dispenser, until the girl leaned across the Formica top and said, "Billy, is something wrong?"

"No," I said, rolling out another toothpick.

"Come back in the kitchen, so we can talk."

I followed her. She wore a papery skirt and shoes with red-crepe soles. The Navajo girls dropped silverware and giggled at us. "Billy," she said with some concern, "are you In Trouble?"

This was the fifties, and being In Trouble could mean anything from being pregnant to stealing hubcaps. I made up a story on the spot, borrowing from the movie. "I go to a pretty tough school. They get tough on you if you don't belong . . . Sometimes they fight with knives. If you don't, they think you're chicken."

I showed her my knife. She seemed to like what she heard. The movie had confirmed something I had long sus-

pected: girls didn't go for nice guys. They liked the guys who got In Trouble; liked the guys they said they didn't like.

"Let's go out to my uncle's trailer," she said. "He's got a radio."

Her uncle was a ham operator. The walls of the trailer were covered with postcards. She tuned his big Zenith to a commercial station, and from far-off Chicago I heard the Coasters singing "Searchin'." "Come on," she said, holding out her hand, "pretend I'm your big sister."

"I don't feel like it."

I looked instead at postcards from Dayton, Ohio, and Anchorage, Alaska. Most of my dancing had been done with myself, in front of a mirror. Dancing with a girl seemed almost as impossible as going all the way with her.

"You are a strange boy. I watch you sometimes. What are you doing out there all day long?"

"Sketching."

"You going to be an artist?"

"Maybe."

"Dancing's against our religion," she said. "We're Latter-Day Saints. But sometimes my boyfriend takes me. The Navajo girls showed me some steps."

She opened a cabinet. Inside was a bottle. "Maybe someday I'll stop going to church, like my uncle did. He drinks and plays poker all night long with his railroad friends. Say," she said, looking at me, "how about drinking some of this?"

My mouth had the metallic taste that goes along with doing all dangerous things for the first time; but there was never any doubt I was going to drink it.

After we had some, she took the bottle to the sink. "I'll just put some tap water in it and he'll never know the difference," she said. "It's always worked before." She left the bottle on the table.

Together we sat on the couch, and she told me about going to Gallup with her boyfriend. "Maybe you and me can drive to Gallup sometime."

"I can't. I mean, my parents took away my license when I got In Trouble."

We had another one. I thought it was doing nothing to me and wondered why my father liked it. While we talked she extended one leg, pointing it at the bottle, dangling

her shoe from one toe like a little girl. I got up to put the bottle away, but found myself in the bathroom, staring at my reflection in the dirty mirror. Did my face show any change? My lips no longer had any feeling in them.

Now the Five Satins were singing a sad, ghostly song, "In the Still of the Night." "Won't you try dancing with me?" she said. "Just once."

I held her, no big sister now, and we circled slowly on the linoleum floor, grains of sand scratching underfoot. Dancing was easier than I'd thought: I just shifted my weight from one foot to the other.

"You got a girlfriend?"

"Yeah, she's the only one who really understands me."

"What's she look like?"

"I can't describe her. There's this big ole haunted house, and we go there sometimes and pretend our parents are dead, and we're all we've got."

"You're so strange, Billy."

"Don't call me Billy."

"Bill, Billy," she said. "Who cares? There's billions of Bills, a billion boys."

Silence fell, full of the singing of blood in my ears. Then the screen door was jerked open. I was grabbed and thrust outside; I fell on my hands and knees. I heard a slap; then she ran past me, sobbing. "You've been drinking," her father said to me, righteous as Charlton Heston in *The Ten Commandments*.

"Nosir."

"Don't nosir me. The bottle's right there on the table."

He shoved me along to the door of my parents' room and knocked. The door opened. There they were. "They were dancing," he said, "and drinking her uncle's liquor."

"You don't have to get rough with the boy," my father said apologetically. "I'll discipline him myself."

"See that you do."

The door slammed behind me. My mother said, "You have disappointed me today in more ways than one."

She opened my door, and to my horror I saw the *Playboy* lying on the bed. The maid must have left it there when she made up my room.

My father was taking off his belt. "I haven't punished you like this since you were a boy," he said, "but I guess you need it."



There was only one thing to do. Screaming *You're tearing me apart*, I ran off into the night.

For hours I sat on the landfill. There was no place else to go, although I considered hopping a freight to Los Angeles. Secretly, I was very proud of myself. With a long stick I wrote several Love Letters in the Sand. When my parents' lights went out, I slipped back into my room and my bed, trying not to think about tomorrow.

From a great distance, I heard a groaning sound. Struggling up out of sleep, I realized somebody was trying to start my father's Jeep.

Just as I got to the window, my father burst from the door of their room, wearing only Jockey shorts, pistol in hand, and fired into the air.

The shots woke the whole motel. Whoever was trying to steal the Jeep ran off. My father called the police. Sleep was impossible. We sat around in bathrobes. At least my trouble was forgotten.

"I've wished a thousand times you'd throw that old thing away," my mother said.

"If I hadn't had the pistol," my father said, "I would have lost the Jeep."

At daybreak, the Navajo Tribal Police brought back my father's driver, who had tried to hot-wire the Jeep. They'd caught him hitchhiking, miles down the highway. My father talked to them, then walked away from their car, whose spinning red lights lit up the courtyard. "I didn't press charges," he said. "That boy wasn't worth a god-damn. A year in jail's not going to make him any better."

For a moment he sat, his head in his hands, then looked up. "Sonny, I've got to finish this job, and I don't want to hire another Navajo. Do you think you can help me?"

"Yessir."

"Then I'll give you another chance."

IN THE DESERT, I FELL BACK IN LOVE WITH MY FATHER. The first day we gassed up at Hank's trading post. I heard a Navajo say, "Where you going in that Jeep?" It was Jimmy Begay.

"Over toward Black Knoll," my father said, "looking for oil."

"You got a cigarette?" My father gave him one of his Viceroy's and they looked at each other.

"You'll get lost out there."

"I don't think so," my father said.

"You be careful, you get lost." He added something in Navajo, and the Indians on the porch laughed. Then he walked off down the road to Wide Ruins.

My father and I drove south, across the Puerco River, onto a ranch belonging to Mr. Paulson. Ahead was a frozen sea—not of ice but of bentonite, yellow desert clay.

My father had to know the elevation of certain beds. He drove me to the foot of a hill and dropped me off. Then I climbed to the top, carrying the surveyor's rod that unfolded in sections, like a carpenter's rule.

Holding the rod upright, I stared off into a world of silent light. To the west was Black Knoll; to the south, the shimmering outline of the White Mountains, fifty miles off. To the east, I could see the tiny figure of my father. He stared back at me through the telescopic sight of his transit, which was mounted on a tripod that stood by the Jeep.

Finally, he walked away from the tripod, waving his hat: a moment later, I heard a faint cry. This was the signal that he was finished. Folding the rod, I climbed down and waited for him to pick me up.

One afternoon at the end of the first week, I noticed my father was in pain. He had injured his back jumping into a ditch in Belgium under fire, and it had given him trouble ever since. "Sonny," he said, "why don't you drive?"

"Are you serious?"

"Go ahead, it's about time you learned."

So I drove the thirty miles back to the motel, learning to coordinate clutch and gas pedal. Maybe that was when I began to love my father again. Knowing I could drive, I looked forward to going back to school in September and perhaps getting my beginner's license, so I could take the car on dates.

In the desert, we told time by light. In the morning, the rocks were pink and gray. At noon, when the sun was overhead, they looked white as plaster. The heat was too great to work. My father parked the Jeep in the shade of a cedar, and we ate lunch.

Then, while he took a nap, I explored the nearby arroyos, keeping my eyes to the ground, looking for pottery left by the tribe the Navajo called the Anasazi, or Old Ones.

As I walked, I thought of the first time my father had taken me into the country. That summer in Wyoming, when I was six years old, we had driven across the prairie, pronghorn antelope scattering from the Jeep. In an arroyo like this, he had found two stones, covered with tiny cracks, and placed them in my hands.

"They're dinosaur eggs," he said. "They've been here so long they've turned to stone."

This country, he told me, was the greatest in the world for fossils. Back there, along the ridgeline, he'd found the thighbone of a brontosaurus.

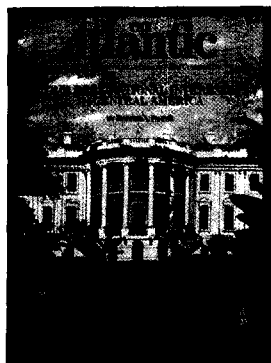
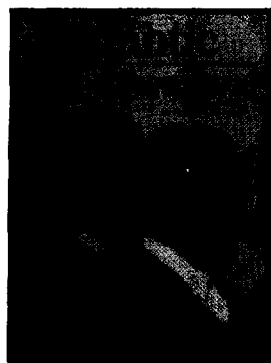
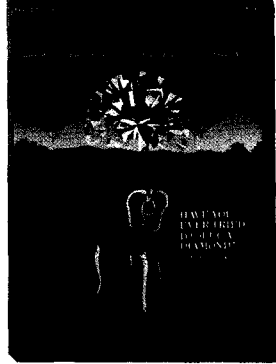
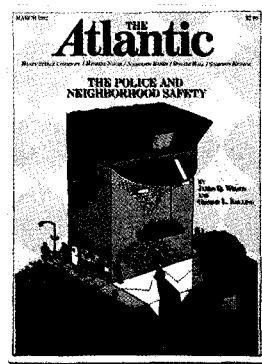
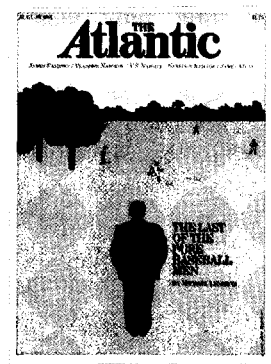
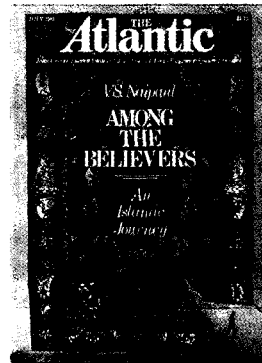
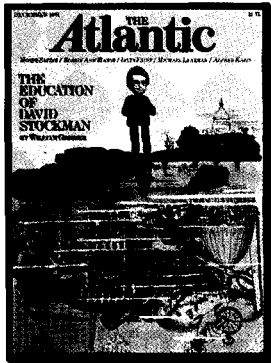
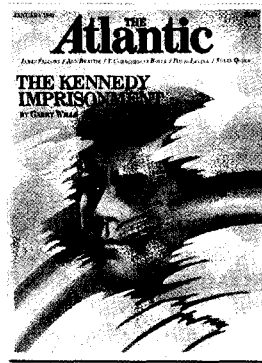
Couldn't we go get it, take it home? I thought it must be very valuable and was in agony, afraid somebody else would find it.

"They'd walk right past it and not even notice," he said, laughing. "They wouldn't know what to look for." That was the day I had learned what a geologist did.

I liked the way my father looked at this country. Sitting on a petrified log, holding the map on his knees, he stared off at the exposed layers of sandstone. Kayenta, Kaibab, Coconino, Chinle: my father was seeing the memory of the earth.

At the top of the arroyo, I looked out over the whole bentonite sea. After a long time I let my eyes fall on my

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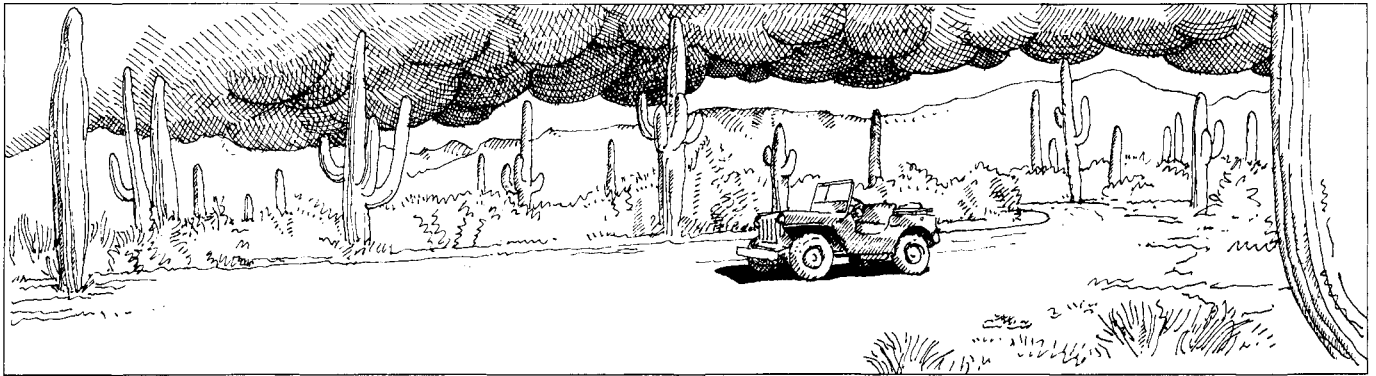
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father, sleeping by the Jeep, seemingly at my feet. I had never seen him so happy. In the desert, my father never drank, never wondered what to do. He belonged here.

Later, the light changed again, and the rocks were golden-looking, almost soft. I climbed down the arroyo to wake my father. But he was up before I reached him, as if even in his sleep he had sensed the change. Then we worked another range of hills, until we lost the light entirely.

Once, he dug a bit of yellow rock out from under a ledge with his pocketknife, and I asked him what it was.

"Carnotite. A not-very-pure sample of uranium ore."

"Can't we stake a claim or something?"

"No, there's nothing here. The big beds are across the highway, on the Navajo Reservation."

"Well, then, let's go there."

"Even if you found it, it would belong to the Navajos."

I put the rock in the knapsack. "Let's look around," I said. "Maybe there's more."

For a moment I was angry again. This was like the dinosaur bone: another example of my father's knowledge that he could not, or somehow refused to, profit by.

IN AUGUST, CLINT YARBOROUGH CAME, MY FATHER'S boss, landing his Beechcraft Bonanza on the dirt strip behind the trading post. He was a gray-haired, handsome man who wore a beautifully tailored blue suit and cowboy boots. When my father showed him the map, he said, "I don't see the structure."

"Right here, along this bed."

"Forget it, you're the geologist. Come on, I'll take y'all to dinner."

Afterward, back in my parents' room, he propped his expensive boots on the desk. He was paying the bills. "Boy," he said, "why don't you get some ice?" He opened his suitcase and took out a bottle of Wild Turkey.

My father talked geologic theory. "Clint, there's no doubt about it, the younger geologists are right. The continents are in motion."

"I hope Africa doesn't float up next to Padre Island. I got some property there."

My mother forced a laugh, and I hated Clint Yarborough.

"No, Clint, I'm talking about millions of years—"

"Millions! What kind of football team are the Longhorns going to have next year, that's all I care about. You're going to join us for the Cotton Bowl, aren't you? I got a suite at the Adolphus Hotel. You can play the piano and tell all your good stories. Goddamn, you tell a better story than Arthur Godfrey, you know that?"

I went to my room. Later, listening through the walls, I heard Clint say, "People back in north Texas say you're the best geologist there is. They also say you got a drinking problem."

"It's not a problem, Clint, so long as I don't drink."

"You had some tough experiences in the war. That probably had something to do with it. But that's none of my business. I'm proud to employ you."

"Thanks, Clint."

"There's only one thing I want to know: Have we got a well here or not?"

A long silence.

"Just give me your professional opinion."

"You've got a well. The question is, where?"

"All right," Clint said. "When you're absolutely certain, you give me the word. Can you do that?"

"Can do."

"Good." I heard Clint get to his feet. "When it comes in, I'll put you on salary. There's going to be some government reserves turned over to private corporations soon, and Lyndon's a good friend of mine. Yarborough Oil is going places . . . and you could be going places with it."

My father worked more slowly after that. In his silences, as he stared off at the distant beds, I sensed confusion.

One day, there was a thunderstorm. I watched the clouds carefully—the surveyor's rod could attract lightning. From the Jeep my father and I watched the gray broom of rain hitting the desert floor, one hundred, then only fifty, yards away. Solid drops struck the roof of the Jeep, like shot. The arroyos were filled with floodwater that looked like moving concrete. Afterward, the desert was not a world of light but was all in tones of gray, like a photograph. The clouds pressed right down on our heads. The crows always seemed bolder on days like that; they followed us, silently, everywhere we went.

"There's nothing more to do today," my father said. "Let's go home."

Driving back, I decided to take a shortcut up one of the arroyos. My father didn't think I could do it. "The hell I can't," I said.

Halfway up, I got stuck. The Jeep rocked back and forth, wheels spinning in the wet sand. My father told me to get out and push. Nothing worked. Finally, he turned off the ignition.

"We'll walk," he said.

"Walk?"

"Do you want to spend the night here? The road runs right along the top of this arroyo. It's only about seven miles. Here, you take the knapsack."

At the top of the arroyo, we walked through big boulders. "You couldn't have gotten through here anyway," he said. "I shouldn't have let you try. Here's the road. Put a pebble in your mouth."

"What for?"

"So you won't get thirsty."

We walked. At first, I went ahead. When I got a blister and slowed down, my father caught up with me. "What's your hurry?" he said. He took the knapsack. At sunset the sky cleared, and every little stone cast a pencil of violet shadow. Then the sun was gone, and the air was losing its warmth.

At the Puerco Ford, my father was far ahead. He stopped. Against the afterglow, he looked like a silhouette cut out of blotting paper. When I reached him, I said, "What's wrong?"

"There's a fire."

Just ahead was a sandstone outcrop. It was full of caves, hollowed by the wind out of solid rock. Their roofs were blackened by the smoke of countless campfires, their walls scratched everywhere with the petroglyphs of the Anasazi.

Sitting in one were three Navajos. They were drinking Thunderbird around a fire they'd built with one of Mr. Paulson's fenceposts.

"You get lost?" one said. It was Jimmy Begay.

"No," my father said. "We're not lost."

"Come over here and give me a cigarette."

To the north, I could see the lights of the motel. "We're almost home," I said. "It's only another mile or so." But my father sat down by the fire. "That feels good," he told them. "We were getting cold."

He passed around cigarettes; they offered him the bottle, but he refused. "What are you looking for out there?" Jimmy said.

"Oil."

"There's no oil here."

"Oh, yes," my father said, "you have lots of oil here, underground." He explained how, millions of years ago, this was a forest. They'd seen the petrified wood on Black Knoll? Some of the trees had turned to stone; others had sunk into the ground and turned into coal and oil. He loved

to talk geology, even when the people listening couldn't understand a word.

Then a long silence fell, broken only by the pop of sticks in the fire.

One of the Navajos looked at us and said something. My father asked Jimmy to translate. "He says he doesn't like you Anglos," Jimmy said.

The Navajos seemed to pull together in the firelight. Let's go, I kept thinking. Let's get out of here.

"He says you're always trying to take something from the Navajos."

"This isn't your land," my father said. "It belongs to Mr. Paulson. And you're burning one of his fenceposts."

I got ready to leap up—not to defend my father but to go for help. If I could outrun them.

"Once all this land belonged to the Navajos," Jimmy said. "Then you Anglos took it."

"That's right," my father said. "Kit Carson took it from you at the battle of Canyon de Chelly. You were great fighters. But you didn't have rifles. He took you prisoner and sent you to Fort Sumner. But your whole people walked back here together."

Jimmy spoke with one of the other Navajos; then he said, "You're right. He says his great-grandfather was on the Long Walk, and told him all about it."

The Navajos seemed impressed. They nodded several times and a more comfortable silence fell, while I wondered where my father had learned all this.

"It's hard for Navajos," Jimmy said. "Sometimes it seems like you Anglos got everything. All the Navajo has is his land. It's holy—every rock means something. Hank says you fought."

"Fought?" my father said. "Yes, I fought."

"I fought the Japs. I killed one of them with my bare hands. Maybe I shouldn't have done it. When I got back, I found my life was shortened. I started drinking. I really hated people and spent my time alone somewhere. You fought."

"Yes," my father said.

"So you know." He lit a cigarette from a glowing stick and took another drink.

"My father was what you call a medicine man. He told me the sickness I had was well known and would get me in a lot of trouble. I believe in some of the Navajo religion and some of the Anglo religion. He took me to a holy place. I breathed in and out four times, and every time I could feel the sickness leaving me. There was a storm coming. I painted a picture of this. That ceremony really blessed me. I sang all night long, and everything was beautiful."

He stood and tossed the empty bottle away. I heard it explode on the rocks, somewhere beyond the firelight.

"But now, I don't know. Things are not what I thought they'd be. I'm not a good farmer. All I want to do is paint. They"—he indicated the other Navajos—"think I'm stupid. I owe Hank a lot of money. But I don't make money painting, and sometimes I get sick again."

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Another silence fell. Then one of the Navajos said something else.

"He wants to know if you're working for Washington," Jimmy said. "He thinks you're looking for this blasting powder the government uses to make the atomic bomb."

My father took the carnotite from the knapsack. "It looks like this," he said.

The Navajos passed it from hand to hand.

"Yes," Jimmy said, examining it carefully, "I've seen rock like this, long time ago—I don't remember the year. I was a boy, herding sheep near Sanhosteen. I went up a blind canyon and there was rock like this, lots of yellow rock."

He sounded like my father. It was strange to think your father looked at the world like an Indian.

Jimmy started to give it back. Their hands touched. "Keep it," my father said.

Before we left, the two of them stood for a moment, saying things I couldn't hear. Jimmy put his arms around my father and slapped his back. Boy, I thought, he's really loaded. The air outside the circle of firelight was cold. The other Navajos were still staring into the glowing fire, motionless as painted figures. Then we were walking again, toward the lights of the motel.

"Where'd you learn all that about Kit Carson?"

"At Fort Leavenworth Staff and Command School, when I was studying to get my captain's bars. I learned something in the Army, Sonny; I didn't leave it a complete fool."

"What did he say to you?"

"Hell if I know. These Indians are the most sentimental people on the face of the earth. They should never let them drink. Do you know that boy is only thirteen years older than you? Terrible thing, what drinking does to them."

"I'm sorry about the Jeep."

"Don't worry about that," he said. "My work is done. I figured out where they should drill. Somewhere back along that road, the whole structure just sort of fell into place in my head."

We were getting close to the highway. Ahead, I could hear the soft roar of cars. "I was getting worried," I said. "For a while I thought we were going to have to spend the night out there."

"I slept in plenty of ditches in Europe," my father said.

A RIG WAS BROUGHT IN. IN THE SECOND WEEK, they reached the reservoir sandstone. The drill was stopped and samples brought up. Under ultraviolet light they were the yellow color of oil. But everyone already knew the well was going to be a big producer. The air around the rig was full of the odor of petroleum.

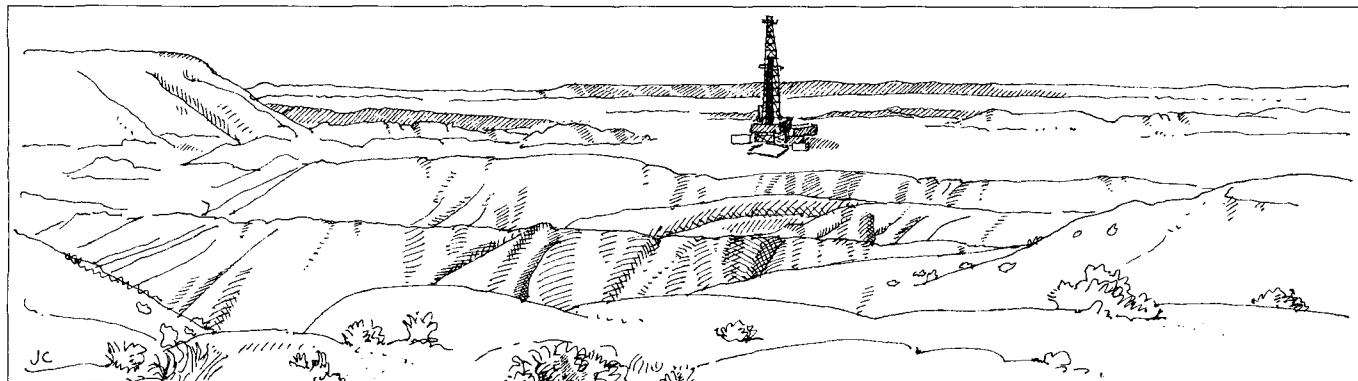
My father phoned Clint, who promised a big bonus. We drove to Gallup, and traded in our old car on a new Oldsmobile Rocket 88. It was turquoise and silver, like a piece of Navajo jewelry. Then we drove to Las Vegas, to meet Clint Yarborough for a big celebration. Before we left, my father went to the trading post and bought me the painting of the blue horse. The price had gone up to one hundred dollars.

In Las Vegas we stayed at the Desert Inn. It was like a big motel, with palm trees and a golf course. The bars were serving Atomic Cocktails. There was going to be a shot at the proving grounds the next morning. The papers said it was going to be one of the largest atomic bombs set off in the United States.

Clint Yarborough brought along a strange woman. He announced he was going to get a divorce and marry her. My mother took this hard. They took me to see Jack Benny and Gisele MacKenzie, then dropped me off and went out to party all night long. Sometime during the night, there was a terrible argument. My mother told me about it when they got back. I was already up and standing by the pool in my bathrobe, waiting for the bomb to go off.

"Your father told Clint Yarborough he didn't want to work for him," she said. She walked off toward their room. I saw my father coming slowly toward me, looking down at the ground.

The last seconds ticked off as we stood there together. In the flash, I saw on my father's face the same look of despair it always wore when he made money. To the north, what looked like the sun rose over the hills. People were shouting all over Las Vegas, but I stared at it calmly. I saw it as the release of billions of electron volts of energy, and felt no fear, only intense interest. My father had been right: learn everything about what you feared, and you no longer feared it. In time, you could even learn to love it. □



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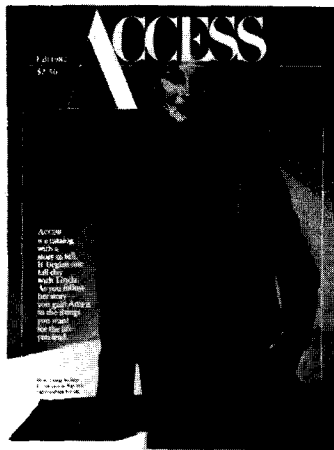


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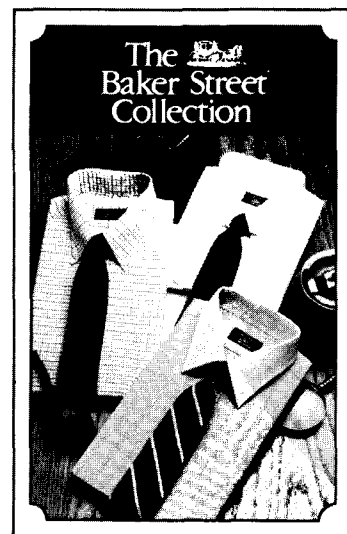
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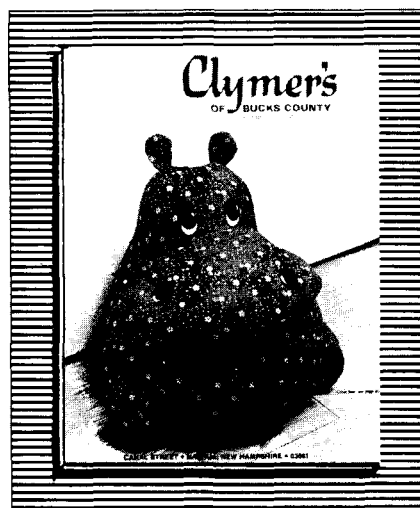
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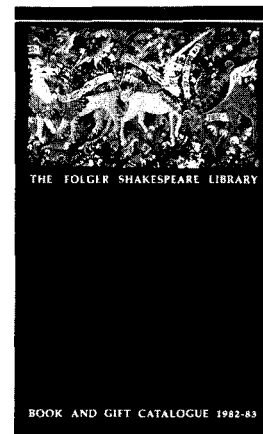
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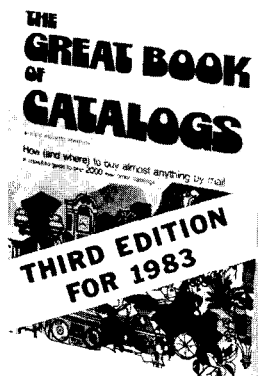


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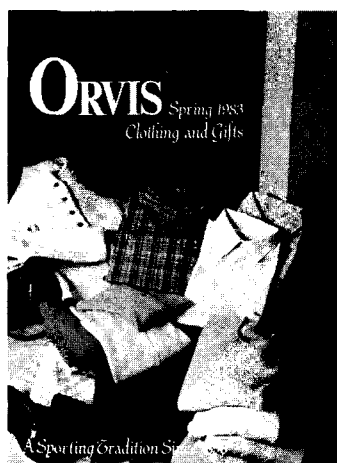
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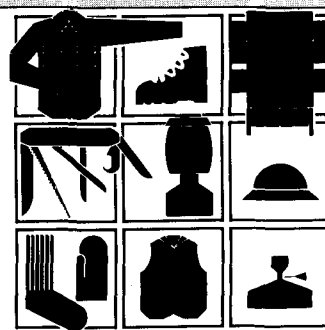
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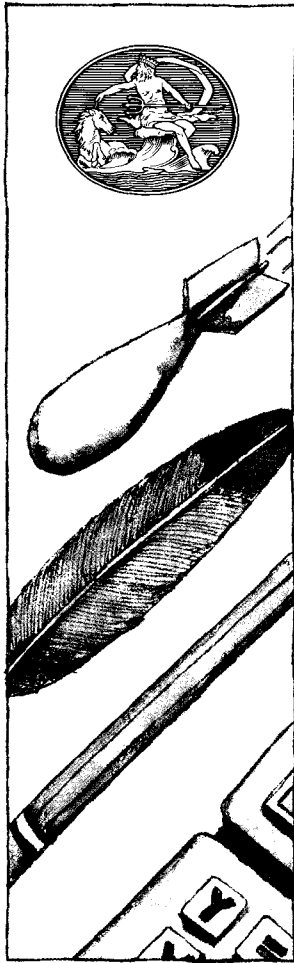
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HOW TO BE A WRITER, USING SOME OF MY IDEAS

BY ROBERT M. STROZIER



IT'S NOT EASY starting out as a writer, so I'd like to help some of you younger ones get going. Here are ten ideas of mine, for stories and articles and other things, which you can have. I don't expect anything in return. How you do with them will be reward enough. Good luck, I'm crossing my fingers for you.

1) The first one goes back a number of years, but I think it can still work for you. It's a takeoff. I got the idea for it after reading the following news item in *Parade*:

When he is not involved with his weekly TV show for CBS, Danny Kaye likes to conduct symphony orchestras, do a fast month at Las Vegas, or hop a plane for Hong Kong where he roams the streets making faces at Chinese kids.

What I did was have this Chinese entertainer come to the United States and roam the streets making faces at American kids. I found an amusing name for him, too, which was Mitch Woo. Finally the cops pick him up, but he persists in showing them some of the things he does. For instance, he says, "Get a load of this one—I've just come out of a blizzard. I've been in snow up to my ears for hours. Now, keep your eyes peeled on what follows, fellas. I slowly thaw out." The cops really blow their tops, but Mitch says, "Wait now, don't give me the raspberry until I've finished. This is an old chestnut. Watch the wart. It has a secret, you dicks. It will play Chinese checkers." What I like about this piece is that it is very cute without being slightly offensive to families with children or all the Chinese people. I think you will really be able to do something with it. Here, have it.

2) This would be an exchange of insults, each worse than the last, until by the end the fur is flying in a madcap, hilarious way, but I never got too far with it. Flannel-mouth, sod-soaker, tosspot, waffle-stomper, and you posturing,

mealy-mouthed, limp-wristed popinjay are ones you can use, though.

3) I came to a magazine with this idea and they said let's do it, and then something in me said, let someone else do it, and I want you to be that someone. It's an article on ugly people.

4) Do at least one *Playboy* story. Read *Playboy*, think *Playboy*, write *Playboy*. As a submission for them, I think you'll want to use much of "Reverend Wakefield and the Prostitute." It's about a young priest who meets a prostitute on a park bench, then seeks to reform her. Hoping to figure out where she went wrong, he tape-records numerous conversations with her. This would have been enough for any story, but I added an element of mystery: a funny little sound that appears periodically on the tapes, which the priest can't identify. I bet you can, though, can't you? That's why you're going to make it as a writer. That's correct: it's a little squeak of passion, involuntarily emitted by the priest. Identifying it at last, he realizes he's fallen in love with the prostitute and leaves the priesthood. The last scene, which we hear on the tape, has on it grunts and groans. I can't say enough about this story.

5) A must is to write about your experiences in therapy. This can be incredibly moving and instructive to the reader who doesn't know you too well. Include a lot of dream material. The patient could be called Thingummy. I have a catchy title for it, too. It is: "Waiting for Egodot." Isn't that adorable?

6) In front of me is "I Look For You, Along the Avenue." I find it very interesting to come across it again, and I am thinking of you as I read it. It is an old friend. Let us sample some of it, so you can see what you will be up to with it.

It is Saturday night. I pick up the Sunday *New York Times*. Walking home, I marvel at its fullness. Inside the door, I rub my hand along the spine of it. It shifts. I am feeling warm all over. "I am glad you could come, THE WEEK IN REVIEW, THE

Robert M. Strozier is a frequent contributor to *The Atlantic*.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAGMAR FRINTA

BOWLING CLINIC, and AUSTRALIAN LEADER IN U.S.," I whisper. One thing leads to another. I can't tell who is leading whom toward the couch. I feel weak in the knees. I shrink from its touch. "Please don't," I say.

But it does.

INSURANCE MART NEAR ITS OPENING, GALLERIES OTHER, and OUR FLAT FOLDING DUFFLES all come together in a blur. I am hurting. We decide to keep the lights on. Everything is all crazy. "It had to be you, THE ECONOMIC SCENE—SOME QUESTIONS ANSWERED, UNKNOWN TEAM IN BRIDGE FINAL, and LOUISVILLE PIPEFITTERS STRIKE," I exclaim. I feel the layers of reserve peel away.

I have been with papers before, but it's never been like this. "What are you doing to me, PRINCETON CHOIR IN ROME, NEW SHOWER HEAD SAVES YOU UP TO \$120 A YEAR, and WHICH TYPE OF CORPORATE BOND FUND PORTFOLIO IS RIGHT FOR YOU?" I gasp. A crackling, crumpled sound is its only reply.

"Have there been others, LUTHERAN BUDGET APPROVED, WHERE WE STAND—BY ALBERT SHANKER, and HEAD OF TASK FORCE CRITICAL OF CRITICS?" I ask. I cast a longing eye over it. I open my arms wide, holding it. It is on my lap. I moan. I fall back on the couch. "Don't ever leave me, PROS AND CONS OF AN OLD ISSUE SHOWING SLIGHT SIGNS OF LIFE, LONG ISLAND (CONT'D), and A FOXHOUND FINDS SOME RECOGNITION," I whisper. It is bent upon me. I feel the press of it against me. I give myself

up to it. My heart beats to its beat. My hands and eyes are everywhere. My head spills over the edge of the couch. "TIMES!" I cry. I cross the brink. I am its!

That's only about half of it, actually, and you will probably want to expand it even more, since something that I can't put my finger on is just right about this piece.

7) Next is when I did this that I'm doing now before, offering up what I've written to others, except that I did it as a collaboration the first time, which you should do a lot of, but the other party pulled out, not being willing to offer as much to younger writers as I, saying: "If I were to paint you it would have to be dry brush, a weaving vibrancy of linear collision. Whew! You don't sit still for a minute! You vibrate. You electrify. You brim. Be it your sheer restlessness or your awesome magnanimity that's fanning the flames, I get the feeling—and I'm a pretty good judge of people, Bob—that you could go on and on with this thing. But look, *I'm* not bottomless, Bob. I'm going to have to cut bait with the following or go dry, and I hate going dry, Bob. I can't write dry. So here are my final ideas, and let me make myself clear: there are no more where these came from."

8) Something here about a silo filled with cole slaw. Take it home, someone.

9) You can have some real fun with the next one, which is a piece on Kokomo, Jr., a performing chimpanzee. He used to live down the block from me with his trainer, Nick Carrado, but they moved, so you may have to track him down, but

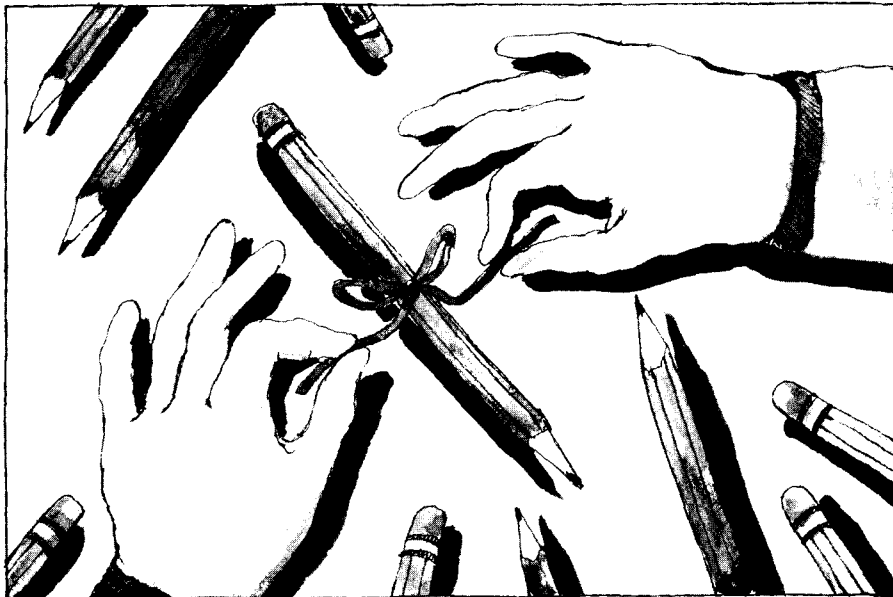
really any performing chimpanzee will do. In the subtlety of how you examine the relationship of a man and an animal can be found just enough to sustain the piece, so that a national magazine will want to have it be theirs. Here is Nick speaking, which will give you the heart of what there could be to it:

I'm also a magician, hypnotist, and a black-belt holder in judo, jujitsu, karate, aikido, and savate. My talent is as good as Kokomo's, and I'm not jealous because I figure that he's an extension of me. My goal is to make Kokomo a household word around the world. I'm not like other chimp trainers. They work with the chimps for a couple of hours, then throw them back in the cage. I work with Kokomo all the time, and every night I play with him for an hour. I'll say, "Oh, Koke, the zookeeper is going to get you," and he bounds around the room, hooting just like a kid. I rarely have to punish him, though. If he doesn't do what I want, all I have to say is, "Nick is going to cry," and he relents. He always knows exactly what I'm feeling. If we're traveling in the chimp-mobile, and I lose my temper at a driver, Koke shakes his fist right along with me.

Kokomo likes you. See how he's reading the science book? He wouldn't do that if he didn't trust you. Not all chimpanzees lead such a good life as Koke does. He has a TV set, radio, and hi-fi, all built into the wall. He uses the toilet on his own and cleans himself, and I give him a shave and a haircut once a week. I got him dressed up for you, but usually he likes to wear a sweatshirt around the house.

A couple of years ago I was leading a pretty wild life, and I'd kind of let Koke slip a little. But I made a big change in my life. I remember, I used to bring some chick home and ask if she liked animals. If not, I'd quietly close the door to the next room, which is where I keep a lot of the chimp stuff. If she liked animals, I'd say, "Oh, then, I want you to meet a friend of mine down the hall." We had some great parties in those days. Once I had some members of a hypnotists' association over for dinner, and we tried to hypnotize Koke. We got his eyes rolling, but no further than that. One hypnotist wrote me saying it was one of the most entertaining evenings he'd ever spent.

10) My dog is so skinny people can't



tell where the leash ends and the dog begins/come on and do the locomotion with me/two mighty cross roosters/I'll never stop saying Maria, I'll never stop saying Maria/Dieter Totter/carved a pumpkin with the face looking in/lady of pain I adore you/don't sprinkle pepper on a raised dander/there's a sucker born every minute/I don't read pornography, I memorize it/don't roast me/my knees are so knobby that I can balance a teacup on my lap while standing up/don't make out with a camel while straining at a gnat/vat hass dis suit to do mit de eagles/Bli' me, Ephrain, lassan jars tovabb/oh. □

TOYS

COMPUTER ROMANCE, PART II

BY JAMES FALLOWS



LAST SUMMER, I described my affair with the Processor Technology SOL-20, the computer that had been my helpmate and obsession for the previous three and a half years ("Living With a Computer," July, 1982, *Atlantic*).

Since then, I have heard from nearly every owner of a still-operating SOL-20, many of whom took offense at my calling the beautiful antique "obsolete." (Would I say the same about a 1956 T-Bird?) I have heard as well from huffy belletrists, who saw a declaration of loyalty to any computer as a slur on the prose that flowed from their pencils and pens. (Did Tolstoy need a word-processor?)

Thanks to my (shaky) standing as a computer expert, I have been able in the past six months to try out demonstration models of many new machines. At one blissful point, I had an IBM Personal Computer sitting on my desk and a Victor 9000 facing it from a packing crate on the other side of the room, with the SOL still operating on the floor. The new devices enabled me to try for myself the proliferation of new programs that inspired such longing when I read about them in the computer magazines. Now that my initial curiosity has been satisfied, things are not quite the same.

James Fallows, Washington editor of *The Atlantic*, is the author of *National Defense*.

My liaison with the computer has moved into comfortable middle age. I am looking for a warm meal on the table, for a dependable friend. The Victor 9000 (which I finally bought) came equipped with several "character sets." By changing from one to another, I could convert the screen display from the Roman alphabet to Greek, or Hebrew, or—since I could create other characters myself—conceivably even to Chinese. Before, I would have killed my evenings for weeks playing with this program. Now I say, So what? The character-generating program sits in the bottom drawer of my desk, next to the teach-yourself-German program and the game that promises a six-hour excursion through a "Colossal Cave."

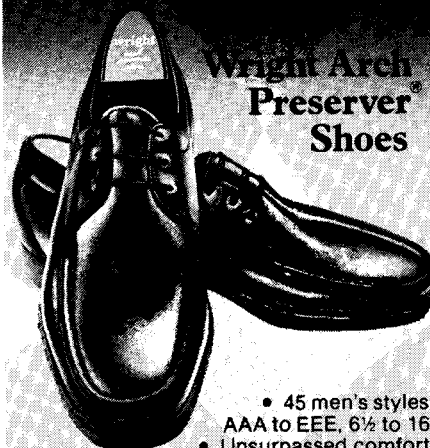
In my new maturity, I have been drawn to programs that unobtrusively earn their way, to systems that can be swung into action quickly and that simplify life rather than confuse it. So far, I have found only four that meet this standard. Day by day, these are the programs I actually use, as opposed to merely marveling over their descriptions in the computer magazines.

I approached the first of these, The Random House Electronic Thesaurus, as a total skeptic (*n.* disbeliever, agnostic, atheist, doubter, cynic, infidel, heathen, nullifidian). Through the years, I had rarely resorted to a thesaurus of the conventional kind. My stated reason was that it bred needless polysyllabification. The real reason was that, with its endless cross-references and its onionskin pages, it was a nuisance to use.

No such complaint can be made about the computer version. The Electronic Thesaurus, produced by Dictronics Publishing, of New York, is a giant step toward purely effortless (or, in the language of the trade, "user-friendly") computer systems. With this program, you can pause at any point while working on a text, select one word, push a certain button twice, and in a little more than one second, a list of possible synonyms appears at the top of the screen. It is so easy to use that I find myself using it all the time. Most often it convinces me that I had the right word to begin with. But at other times it has helped me find the *mot juste* that I knew was out there but that I could not recall.

The program's source document, the *Random House Thesaurus*, lacks the encyclopedic completeness of *Roget's*. Still, at 80,000 words, it is hardly skimpy. I am more often surprised by the words for

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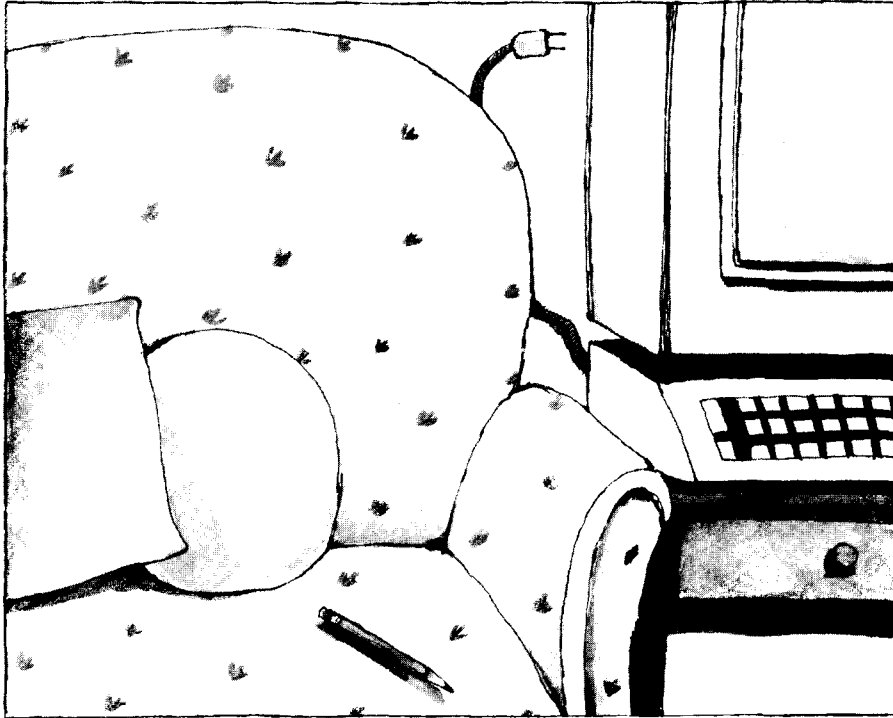
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which the program offers synonyms (*testy, rook, forlorn*) than by those it overlooks. Its principal limitation is that in its initial form, it will work only with the word-processing program WordStar (Dictronics says it is now adapting the thesaurus to other programs). WordStar is the most widely used of such programs, but it lacks the advanced features that several others offer.

My second favorite among the new software offerings is The Word Plus, the most elegantly simple of the spelling-check programs. (It should not be confused with "THE WORD processor," which is a computerized version of the entire Bible.) Proofreading programs are a dime a dozen these days. Actually, like other software, they cost \$100 or more. The Word Plus (from Oasis Systems, of San Diego), at \$150, is far from the most expensive. Most of them are so cumbersome or slow that, however helpful they may seem in theory, they are agony to use. The typical program will know that "horse" is a word but will stop to mark "horses" as an error. It may recognize "walk" but not "walked," "walking," "walks," or "walkathon." Depending on the formulas they apply to the herculean task of sorting all the words in a document and checking them with the dictionary, the programs can take so long to function that you're better off doing the job yourself, with a pencil, a green eyeshade, and a dictionary.

The Word Plus is something else

again. It works faster than most other programs, and its internal dictionary contains more unusual words, from "arteriolar" to "pachyderm." This second advantage carries its own peculiar penalty. Unlike a more limited dictionary, The Word Plus would recognize both "spore" and "faction" as correctly spelled words—but it would have no way of knowing that the words you meant to spell were "sport" and "fraction." This problem is more than offset by the program's ease of operation. It compiles one master list of misspelled words, rather than requiring you to slog through the text and indicate that each of the two dozen occurrences of a seeming error such as "Lyndon" is in fact a proper spelling. It offers two or three entries from its dictionary as possible right spellings for a misspelled word. If so directed, it can even remove the mystery from crossword puzzles and acrostics, through functions that list anagrams for a group of letters, or the six-letter words that begin with *p* and end with *r*.

The balance tips heavily toward the positive for these first two programs, at least for my purposes. (When someone puts *Bartlett's* on a disk, spawning a new generation of quote-spouters, then I will object.) But certain other programs suggest the needless and at times offensive kinds of "help" computers can provide, probably because designers cannot resist the temptation to harness all that electronic power.

Consider, for example, *Grammatik*, produced by Aspen Software, of Tijeras, New Mexico. (Aspen has since been acquired by Dictronics, the same company that created The Electronic Thesaurus. Dictronics intends to put out a revised version of *Grammatik*, probably based on both the *Chicago Manual of Style* and Strunk and White's *Elements of Style*.) It performs one limited service that is valuable enough to justify the program's presence on the disk drive, but it also attempts to do several things no reasonable person would want done.

As the program's name suggests, its implied promise is to move beyond mere spelling checks to offer guidance about grammar and style. *Grammatik* does so by checking the nuts and bolts of punctuation. Is there a period or question mark or exclamation point at the end of each sentence? Is there a space between the end of one sentence and the beginning of the next? Do capital letters appear at the beginning of names and sentences and nowhere else?

True, most people can handle such questions without relying on a computer. But it can be convenient to have an automatic backup to your proofreading, especially if you happen to be turning out newsletters or frequent reports. Every time I have used the program on a long document, it has detected a punctuation problem I had missed. That is why I value *Grammatik*, despite several other attributes that seem to me perfectly idiotic.

The most egregious is a feature called "Sexist," which is designed to cleanse one's prose of objectionable gender-specific usages. If you write "gentlemanly," it will instruct you to substitute "polite." (For "ladylike," its only counsel is "Revise!") A reasonable case might be made for such corrections. But "Sexist" will also scold you for every appearance of "he," "she," "her," and "his" in a document, which can be a nuisance if you happen to be writing about a person of either sex. Those who value such reminders probably do not need to get them from a machine. Others will find them severe provocation.

Fortunately, *Grammatik* permits you to "disable" (I like to think of it in the physical sense) "Sexist" and several other parts of the program, such as the one that will place a blinking marker at each appearance of "accept" to make sure you didn't mean to say "except." Another feature reminds you that "would of," "could of," and "might of" should be

changed to "would have," etc. (Sociologists, note: This program suggests that these days a person can earn enough money to buy a computer and unravel the mysteries of WordStar without ever learning to shun "would of.") Indeed, you can remove any item from the program's checklist, or insert any new one of your own—for example, sentences that begin with "And" or "But." I have retained in my version of Grammatik those features that make it a healthy scourge. The blinking signal forces me to stop at each "very," "rather," and "basically" to contemplate what I have done.

Finally, there is SUPERFILE, a program that falls only a little short of the convenience it potentially offers. If you have ever collected a shoe box full of note cards for a research paper or bibliography, or pawed randomly through your correspondence to find a letter you wrote last year, SUPERFILE can help you. It provides a fast, simple way to organize almost any material—names and addresses, financial data, research notes, letters—so that it can be quickly recalled. When you copy a paragraph out of a book or write a letter on your computer, you attach as many "key words," or references, as you like. Later, you can tell the program to pull out all the letters to Mr. Weiner that were sent in November but were not about real estate, and in a few seconds you get the results. The people who made The Electronic Thesaurus so easy to use should someday have a talk with the creators of SUPERFILE (FYI, Inc., of Austin, Texas), because SUPERFILE requires a lot of superfluous punching of buttons to confirm your original intent. Not enough punching, though, to negate the flexibility and value of the program.

Forcing me to confront the burning-out of early passion is not the only way that this stage of my computer education has been sobering: I now recognize that I have the soul of a clerk. The friends I have made in the business live on the edge of great adventures, risks, and rewards. Careers have been made (and broken), financial empires have been built, in just the few months since I began taking the time to observe the computer world. The grubby small-timer I knew last year is now a man of wealth. A former computer titan is now between positions. All the while I placidly watch, marveling at the entrepreneurial spirit and resolving to keep notes under that heading in my machine. □

BOOKS

NUCLEAR JUGGLERS

BY THOMAS POWERS

THE SOVIET UNION AND THE ARMS RACE
by David Holloway. Yale University Press, \$14.95.



STALIN WAS A patient listener, according to Charles Bohlen, a State Department Russia specialist who served as a translator at conferences of the Big Three during World War II. While Churchill or Roosevelt laid out plans for guaranteeing the peace, Stalin sat impassively. Often, he doodled. What he drew most, Bohlen said in his memoirs, was the heads of wolves. This was the sort of Stalin the West perceived in the late 1940s—an implacable, single-minded, power-hungry foe of almost supernatural malevolence. When Stalin published *Problems of Leninism*, it was widely read in foreign-policy circles in Washington, where it was described as Stalin's *Mein Kampf*. Officials spoke of the "Soviet timetable," as if war would be inevitable as soon as Moscow saw its chance. Even in the late 1950s, the head of the Strategic Air Command told a journalist, "Our real mission, you might say, is to have that Russian planner get up from his table every morning and turn to Mr. Khrushchev and shake his head and say, 'Today is not the day, Comrade.'"

The alarmist view of Russian appetites, which is far from being dead, offers the single best explanation of American military programs since 1945. The arms lobby, the big multinational companies with foreign investments, and empire-builders in the Pentagon have all done their bit to fuel the arms race, but it does not add up to much alongside the conviction of national-security officials that "deterrence works." What they mean is that the Russians would have pushed the West into war long since if it weren't for their well-founded fear of American nuclear weapons. As a practical way to reach agreement on defense budgets, this better-safe-than-sorry approach works fine. If Stalin and his successors really are wolves, and the Soviets truly are bent on world conquest, then we have no choice, and must arm. But what

if the Soviets are only as frightened of us as we are of them? What if Robert McNamara was right, back in 1967, when he described the arms race as an "action-reaction phenomenon"? In that event, we are running the terrible risks of nuclear war to no purpose.

The alarmist view of Russia did not come from nowhere. The Soviets have done plenty to arouse Western fears; the invasion of Afghanistan is only the most recent example. But we have done much to frighten them as well. In his short history of Soviet military thinking, David Holloway cites a Brookings Institution study that describes nineteen occasions between 1946 and 1973 when the United States put its strategic nuclear forces on alert as visible earnest of a threat to use them. (According to Holloway, the Soviets did so only once during the same period—in October, 1962.) These alerts were accompanied by insistent American claims that the only defense against nuclear threats, not to mention nuclear attack, was a convincing deterrent. The Soviets could hardly fail to get the point. Whatever we may think about the origins of the Cold War, clearly the arms race is not the work of one side alone.

THE LITERATURE ON Soviet strategy and military programs since 1945 is extensive, but not much of it reaches the general public. This should not be surprising. What the Soviets write about military matters is almost entirely abstract and theoretical. What we write about what they write is grayer still. Holloway's book is not vacation reading, but it does gather in one place much that is known about Soviet military programs, especially their efforts to build atomic weapons. The story begins in May of 1942, when a young Soviet physicist noted the abrupt absence of articles on nuclear fission in the American journal *Physical Review*. He drew the obvious conclusion—security measures often point an unmistakable finger—and wrote Stalin a letter reporting that the

Thomas Powers's most recent book is *Thinking About the Next War*.

Americans were trying to build an atomic bomb. Early in 1943, Stalin appointed the physicist Igor Kurchatov to run a small Soviet bomb project. Two years later, at the Potsdam Conference, in July of 1945, President Truman casually remarked that the United States had developed a new weapon of "unusual power" for use against Japan. Stalin just as casually congratulated him. But after the meeting, speaking to General Zhukov, he said, "They simply want to raise the price. We've got to work on Kurchatov and hurry things up."

The following month, back in Moscow, Stalin called a meeting of the small group already working on atomic weapons. "A single demand of you, Comrades," he said. "Provide us with atomic weapons in the shortest possible time. You know that Hiroshima has shaken the whole world. The balance has been destroyed. Provide the bomb—it will remove a great danger from us." The Soviet program that followed was run by Lavrenti Beria, head of the Soviet secret police. According to Holloway, most of the construction and heavy labor was performed by political prisoners, and about half of the research was conducted in prison institutes of the sort described by Solzhenitsyn in *The First Circle*. The first Soviet nuclear weapon was detonated in August of 1949, and the first thermonuclear weapon, just about neck-and-neck with the American one, on August 12, 1953.

That is pretty much everything in the public domain about the building of Russian nuclear weapons. The record is thin, to say the least. It is like the life of Shakespeare: a few pages are enough to cover what we know. By contrast, the voluminous American record includes a vast wealth of detail about the Manhattan Project, the decision to bomb Hiroshima, and the controversy surrounding the decision to build the hydrogen bomb. The disputes of historians over what we did and why we did it are now confined to the nuance of interpretation. Not only is the Soviet record thin but the anecdotes at its heart are impossible to verify. Did Stalin, for example, really say, "A single demand of you, Comrades"? It certainly sounds unlikely, but Holloway accepts it at face value on the grounds that Stalin must have said something of the sort.

The history of the Soviet Strategic Rocket Forces is equally sparse, consisting of another handful of anecdotes of

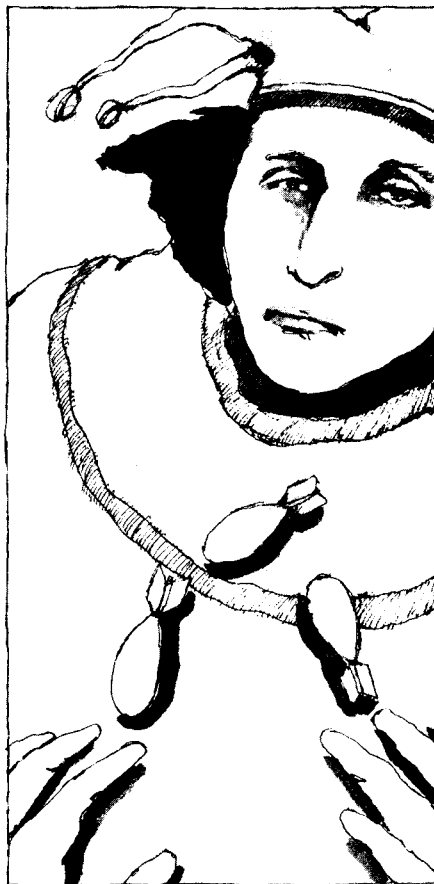
doubtful authenticity, backed up by a detailed chronology, compiled by American intelligence agencies, of missiles actually tested and deployed. G. A. Tokaty, a Soviet rocket engineer who defected in 1947, records, for example, that Stalin said to a Politburo meeting in March of 1947, "Do you realize the tremendous strategic importance of machines of this sort? They could be an effective strait-jacket for that noisy shopkeeper Harry Truman. We must go ahead with it, Comrades. The problem of the creation of transatlantic rockets is of extreme importance to us."

Why "transatlantic"? one wonders. Soviet missiles aimed at the United States would pass over the Arctic Ocean, not the Atlantic, and it is hard to imagine that Soviet engineers could ever have considered any other route. But Tokaty had things about right, all the same. The Russians concentrated on missiles from the beginning, vigorously competed with the Americans for German scientists and engineers (all but kidnapping thousands of them), pretty much ignored the intercontinental bombers on which the United States spent so many millions, and successfully launched a big, long-range rocket in August of 1957, throwing the

American military establishment into something of a panic.

HOLLOWAY'S BOOK, LIKE other studies of the same subject, reveals a fundamental American ignorance, astonishing in its extent, of Soviet politics where military matters are concerned. This is the result not of any sloth on our part but of the Russian obsession with secrecy. Holloway tells us, for example, that Brezhnev was publicly identified as supreme commander in chief of the armed forces only once during his eighteen years in power—in October of 1977. Had he just been elevated? Was publication of the fact a slip of the official censor? Did it reveal some deeper military-civilian clash in the Kremlin? Holloway does not say, and he probably does not know. The Russians clearly think that such secrecy protects them, but it is hard to agree. A Russian defense official of the 1950s once said, "We are stuck fast in secrecy like a fly in treacle." Certainly one effect of this secrecy is to grant wide latitude to the imaginations of American analysts, who are free to describe Soviet policy in the darkest hue because there is nothing to contradict them but wooden official statements and theoretical discussion. All the inevitable "color" of policy—the matrix of surrounding argument, bureaucratic maneuvering, personal history, and factional struggle—is simply lacking. The resulting vacuum has encouraged a school of analysts, many of them now high officials in Washington, to argue that ritual Soviet support for "peaceful coexistence" is only so much persiflage. Behind this "correct" public line, it is said, lies a hardhearted confidence that even nuclear war conforms to Clausewitz's dictum that war is the continuation of policy by other means. Current versions of the alarmist view hold that Moscow is willing to run the risk of war—even nuclear war—in the vigorous pursuit of expansionist goals, because it thinks it could win.

Two large bodies of evidence are cited to back up this claim. One consists of the facts of Soviet force structure—the strategic and conventional weaponry that seems well designed to fight, not simply to deter, a big general war. The second consists of Soviet military writings, and especially those directly concerned with the problems posed by nuclear war. These are difficult to assess, because so little is known of their authors or of the



context in which they are published. Probably the most important group of these writings comes from a secret Soviet General Staff journal called *Voen-naya Mysl'* (*Military Thought*). Some eighty-one issues of this journal, from 1963 through 1973, each containing about ten articles, have been declassified and released by authorities in Washington. Over eighty of the articles concern nuclear war. They have generated much discussion—a kind of war of quotations—in professional defense circles, because they offer evidence for two opposing views. One insists that the Soviet military thinks it could win a nuclear war (bad as it would be), while the other claims that the Soviets prepare to fight a nuclear war for the same reason the Americans do—to deter the other side.

The quotations marshaled in Holloway's study (I have never read the declassified translations of *Military Thought*, which are quite difficult to obtain) suggest that Soviet military officers are in fact of two minds. One group stresses the horrors of nuclear war. In 1965, General Nikolai Talensky, a former editor of *Military Thought*, wrote that "there is no more dangerous illusion than the idea that thermonuclear war can still serve as an instrument of politics, that it is possible to achieve political aims by using nuclear weapons and still survive." Three years later, General K. Bochkarev countered that the practical effect of such a position was that "our military science should not even work out a strategy for the conduct of war since the latter has lost its meaning and its significance. . . . In this case the very call to raise the combat readiness of our armed forces and improve their capability to defeat any aggressor is senseless."

The war of quotations can be endlessly waged, but all of the evidence falls roughly into these two camps. The argument in American military circles follows a remarkably similar pattern, and hinges on a single question: Nuclear war may be too terrible to serve any rational purpose, *but what if* . . . ? Holloway sensibly concludes that Soviet talk of war-fighting involves no aggressive intent but only reflects the inevitable military officer's belief that you have got to do the best you can. As a practical matter, this implies expensive civil-defense and military programs, which the Russians—but not the Americans—have so far been willing to fund.

THE SOVIET UNION and the Arms Race is a good, solid, useful study of an important subject that the average reader is bound to find arcane. It is balanced and thoughtful, and authoritative on the subject of Soviet nuclear-weapons programs, of which Holloway has made a particular study. But, in my view, he neglects the one thing bound to be uppermost in the minds of Soviet military men—the fact that the United States has thousands of nuclear warheads that cannot be destroyed with confidence by a surprise attack and against which there is no defense. This is something they *know*. On this rock founders all the talk of refusing to admit defeat, come what may. American planners are up against it too. The mighty power of nuclear weapons promises only horror, not victory.

Khrushchev seems to have understood this. He was a compulsive talker, and it is a pity Holloway does not record what he said on the subject. The American diplomat and lawyer John McCloy had several long discussions with Khrushchev, notably during a visit to the Soviet Union in July of 1961. "I used to cite technology to Khrushchev, and asked him, 'How can you match us?'" McCloy once said. "But Khrushchev would say to me, 'McCloy, just give me the biggest.'" Khrushchev indeed built the biggest, and he was proud of it. In May of 1964, he told the Egyptian journalist Mohammed Heikal, "We now have warheads which have so powerful a yield that we couldn't deliver them on Germany, because the fallout would contaminate the Soviet Union. When President Nasser was our guest we showed him a film of an atomic explosion. But that was in 1958. We were proud of it then, but now I feel ashamed. It was just a tiny thing, the size of a pea compared with the giants we've got now." Heikal remarked in a volume of memoirs that "all this was said with a typical peasant's enthusiasm."

Nasser was not the only foreign leader to whom Khrushchev showed his films, but his pride in his weapons did not blind him to their implications. In October of 1958, he told the Yugoslav ambassador to Russia, Veljko Micunović, "The Soviet Union will continue to fight stubbornly for peace, which we have especial need of for the next fifteen or twenty years. After that, no one will be able to go to war, even if he wants to." He expanded on this point with Heikal. "When I was appointed first secretary of the Central

March report on
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THE LONG DYING OF BABY ANDREW

Once an *Atlantic* article (July, 1979), now a book that seems certain to change the way American hospitals treat premature infants. The story of a young couple who found themselves locked in combat with officials and the medical staff of a modern metropolitan hospital over an unexpected issue—whether or not to use every medical means to prolong the life of their desperately ill, premature infant son.

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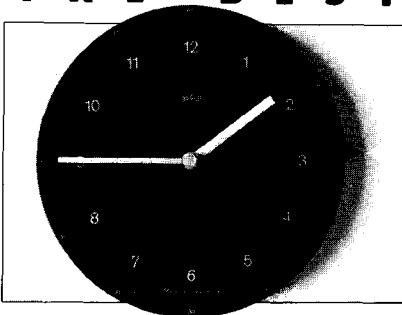
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Committee and learned all the facts about nuclear power, I couldn't sleep for several days. Then I became convinced that we could never possibly use these weapons, and when I realized that, I was able to sleep again."

Military men—Russians and Americans alike—may talk of fighting a nuclear war. Professionalism demands they do the best they can. But supreme commanders, the men with the ultimate responsibility to decide for peace or war, must take a broader view. It is hard to see why Russian leaders would be any more likely than their American counterparts to ignore the abundant facts. The real danger is not a lack of realism in high places but a kind of juggler's confidence that the situation is well in hand, deterrence "works," we may take our time when it comes to arms control and other efforts to relax the Soviet-American military confrontation. The jugglers felt exactly this sort of confidence back in 1914. □

A WARRIOR'S LEGACY

BY ROBERT SHERRILL

IN THE SPIRIT OF CRAZY HORSE

by Peter Matthiessen.

Viking, \$20.95.



CRAZY HORSE was considered by many to be the greatest military tactician ever produced by the Sioux, an Indian nation noted for its warriors. His most famous victory, shared with Sitting Bull, was the extermination of Colonel George Custer's troops, in 1876; but among the Sioux, it was probably not any particular victory by Crazy Horse that lifted their hearts but rather his stubborn refusal to go gently into the reservation night. Believing that the Dakotas belonged to his people both by aboriginal claim and by formal treaty with Washington, Crazy Horse would not be pushed onto a restricted piece of turf; for taking that attitude he was, though unarmed, killed by federal soldiers. At the moment, he was their captive; they said

he was trying to escape. (Sitting Bull was later killed for "resisting arrest.")

It probably was not easy for Peter Matthiessen, the adventurer and novelist, to uncover the legacy of Crazy Horse's vitality, heroism, and indomitable humor that is buried in the lives of reservation Indians today. Those who have tried to maintain their traditional ways, says Matthiessen, have been so starved and neglected and generally abused by the federal government and by white society that it is "difficult to find a family without an alcoholic or a member in jail, a recent suicide or car-wreck victim, a woman sterilized by the Indian Health Service without her consent, or a child removed to a government boarding school or foster home against the family's will."

Many of the Indians who venture into the white man's world fall into two categories: drifters and drunks. The rare ones who show spunk often do so in criminal ways. In South Dakota, where much of Matthiessen's book takes place, Indians make up only 6.5 percent of the general population but between a quarter and a third of the prison population. No minority group in America is more impoverished. And even when Indians do find decent work, they often are consumed by a restlessness, a sense that they don't really fit in.

A lot of Indians would still like to grab the white man where it hurts and make him live up to all those treaties he has broken. It was this passion that launched the American Indian Movement (AIM), in 1968. For most people, the only names that come easily to mind from that movement are Dennis Banks and Russell Means, but Matthiessen says that in fact they did not operate as a team and were often at odds. Perhaps the worst feature of Indian poverty, at least on the Sioux reservation central to Matthiessen's study, is that it helped create terrible schisms, Indian against Indian (the "traditionals" versus a group supported by the Bureau of Indian Affairs) in a power struggle that left dozens of unsolved murders and an atmosphere of anarchy in which everyone went armed. The inner tensions were increased by rumors that AIM had been infiltrated by FBI spies.

Nevertheless, despite its fractured leadership and undisciplined following, AIM managed to pull off enough flashy confrontations with white authority—including a sit-in and a riot at the Bureau

Robert Sherrill, a book critic and essayist, is the southern correspondent for the Texas Observer.

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of Indian Affairs, in Washington; a seizure (and holding, from 1969 to 1972) of Alcatraz Island; and the "capture" of the trading post at Wounded Knee (site of the 1890 massacre, a popular place with tourists)—to alarm federal and state authorities. To them, it seemed obvious that Indians were a serious threat to national security.

THE GOVERNMENT'S embarrassingly excessive reaction was most clearly evident at Wounded Knee, where AIM's ragtag group, though it hadn't given any indication of becoming violent, was surrounded by scores of U. S. marshals, FBI agents, BIA "tribal police" (usually referred to by the traditionalists, and by the author, as "goons"), state troopers, and an assortment of rancher vigilantes—a veritable army, equipped with "armored personnel carriers, automatic weapons, and enough ammunition (133,000 rounds for the M-16 rifles alone) to wipe out every Indian in the Dakotas." At one point, the FBI asked that 2,000 soldiers surround the reservation, but this request was rejected by Washington, as was one for a dozen rocket launchers.

Just how overblown the whole episode was (the national press must bear some blame) is shown by the fact that virtually all the government's charges against AIM leaders were thrown out of court when the case came to trial. The government's case was not helped when an FBI witness turned out to be a perjurer. After that trial, there was so much hatred on both sides that further diplomacy was out of the question. Speaking for AIM, Dennis Banks said: "All FBI agents strike me the same. They look like amateurs, and they look like killers." Speaking for a significant part of the government, William Janklow, a prosecuting attorney who would later win popularity—and the governorship—as South Dakota's leading anti-Indian politician, said: "The only way to deal with the Indian problem in South Dakota is to put a gun to the AIM leaders' heads and pull the trigger."

A murderous encounter was probably inevitable. It occurred during the late morning of June 26, 1975, when two FBI agents, in separate cars, drove onto the Oglala Sioux's Pine Ridge Reservation. Because of the FBI's past harassment, their presence was interpreted as a hostile intrusion. Apparently, the agents saw that they were driving into deep

trouble, for they stopped their cars on the road. Around them, at some distance, was a scattered group of Indians. No one knows which side fired first, but considering the odds against them, the agents were fools if they started the fight. They were caught in the open, with only their cars to hide behind, and in the cross fire both agents were wounded, one so seriously that he passed out from loss of blood (his arm was nearly shot off). The other agent was helpless too; somebody came up and finished them off at zero range with a high-powered rifle. The agent who was still conscious when his assassin ap-



proached may have tried to ward off the fatal bullet with his hand, because there were powder burns on it.

Many Indians had participated in the shoot-out. Their identities were known, but for some reason the government decided—after the biggest FBI manhunt in history—to take only three to trial. Two, tried in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, were acquitted. The jury concluded that because of previous provocations by police agencies, the Indians felt they were shooting in self-defense.

That left only Leonard Peltier, an Ojibwa-Sioux. Fearing that he would not get a fair trial, Peltier fled to Canada. U.S. officials won his extradition by of-

fering Canadian authorities the deposition of a witness who, the prosecuting attorney later admitted, "was incompetent in the utter, utter, utter, ultimate sense of incompetency." An appellate judge noted that if the government would use such a witness, "they must be willing to fabricate other evidence" as well.

Peltier's trial was held in Fargo, North Dakota, before what Matthiessen describes as "very conservative rural jurors—mostly Lutherans of Scandinavian ancestry, with long faces and a long ruminative memory of the nineteenth-century massacres in Minnesota," a group that was suspicious of Peltier's sarcastic (and bungling) "East Coast Jewish radical lawyers." The judge refused to let the jurors take notes or consult the transcript of the enormously complex trial. He permitted the prosecuting attorney to tell the jury of Peltier's previous run-ins with the law (serious run-ins, though Peltier had never been convicted of anything) but did not permit defense attorneys to point out that Peltier's two co-defendants, against whom the evidence was essentially the same, had been acquitted. Also, the judge blocked defense efforts to remind the jury of the FBI's highly suspicious ballistics work.

And so today we find Peltier alive (despite what Matthiessen convincingly portrays as a government plot to have him killed by a fellow convict) but serving two consecutive life sentences. If he behaves himself, he may get out by the year 2015.

WHAT ARE WE to make of this? It will certainly do no good to be swept up in AIM's romantic interpretation of the episode. Matthiessen strikes the right note of caution: "With the passage of time, the events of June 26, 1975, were being portrayed [by AIM propagandists] in the bright proud colors of Crazy Horse and the days of Lakota [Sioux] glory, when what had happened at Oglala was not glorious at all but sad and ugly." Considering the imbalance of power on that occasion, it was cowardly as well. Yet, as Matthiessen goes on to argue, the engagement must be judged not as an isolated event but as a part of an environment that the federal government created over many years. It is only fair to consider the possibility that what was done at Pine Ridge was done not as individual violence but as part of a war. Peltier claims that he was acting simply

as a warrior and a soldier, and that it is illogical to judge him otherwise. "When white society's efforts to colonize people are met with resistance it's called war," he says. "But when the colonized Indians of North America meet to stand and resist we are called criminals. . . . We are an Indian nation and the governments of Canada and the United States and the dominant white society they represent have made war against our people, culture, spiritual ways and sacred Mother Earth for over 400 years." He has a point, and Matthiessen supports it persuasively by a quick review of what the government has done to the Sioux.

In 1868, federal officials signed a treaty at Fort Laramie granting the tribe "absolute and undisturbed use" of a vast tract of territory that included the Black Hills, an area sacred to the Sioux. When gold was discovered in the Black Hills, Washington took them back, and much more besides, and gave the land to whites. In 1878, Christian missionaries began heckling the Sioux, and within a few years had persuaded federal agencies to outlaw rituals that were central to the Sioux religion. In 1883, "the last herd of northern bison was wiped out by soldiers and mercenaries," and "a century of utter dependence on the white man had begun." In 1887, Congress passed the Dawes Act, permitting whites to begin a wholesale stealing of Indian land, and over the next half-century, writes Matthiessen, "the native people all across the country would lose two thirds of their remaining lands by sale and swindle." In 1890, the U.S. government was so grateful to Custer's former regiment, the Seventh Cavalry, for massacring about 200 Indians (including quite a few women and children) at Wounded Knee that it awarded the soldiers twenty Congressional Medals of Honor despite, Matthiessen says, "a bungled maneuver in which at least twenty-five Blue Coats perished in the cross fire from their own guns."

The list, of course, could be brought down to the present, and though the government's techniques for abusing Indians have become somewhat more sophisticated (U.S. soldiers no longer play catch with the severed breasts of Indian maidens, as the author says Kit Carson's troops did), the overall pattern is clear enough: a protracted effort—through physical repression, territorial restrictions, and the use of arms, starvation, psychological intimidation, and various

stratagems of deceit—to force the Indians into a "citizenship" that amounts to nothing but the most abject surrender. Moreover, the Sioux, remembering what happened to the Black Hills and very aware, as Matthiessen tells us, that "more than half of the continent's uranium and much of its petroleum and coal lie beneath Indian land," may be forgiven if they suspect that the white man has decided "Indians are in the way again."

THIS WAR IS so lopsided, though, that it might better be called a hunt. So it is good to have Matthiessen as our



guide. He has had considerable experience observing others hunt all sorts of beasts and fish. This is the first time he has observed manhunts, and there are moments in this book when I get the feeling that, though he follows the events with meticulousness and gusto, he almost wishes he were back dealing with more admirable predators, such as the lion in Kenya that snapped off a schoolgirl's head (*Sand Rivers*) or the shark that swam off with the bottom half of a Californian (*Blue Meridian: The Search for the Great White Shark*).

Those who have, through his books, accompanied Peter Matthiessen on his wide-ranging adventures know that he is

a man of great courage, conscience, insight, sympathy, and tenderness. Those characteristics are seen again in *In the Spirit of Crazy Horse*. But unless I am badly misled by the internal evidence, there has also been a profound change in Matthiessen: he is losing confidence in mankind, and perhaps in himself. In *Sal Si Puedes*, his 1969 book about Cesar Chavez and the United Farm Workers, Matthiessen, after quoting a black migrant farm worker as predicting "the world gonna be great one day," adds that "Cesar Chavez shares this astonishing hope of an evolution in human values, and I do too; it is the only hope we have." On the final page of that book, he predicts that sooner or later "the new citizens" who prefer freedom to conformism and fear will "win, for the same reason that other new Americans won, two centuries ago, because time and history are on their side, and passion." But fourteen years later, in this, his first "social issues" book since *Sal Si Puedes*, there is no such note of hope, no assurance that mankind will outgrow its orneriness.

If Matthiessen has changed, when and why did it happen? In the early 1970s, having recently lost his wife to cancer, Matthiessen set out to find answers. He went in search of the ultimate Zen experience and, almost coincidentally, in search of a rare Himalayan beast. In *The Snow Leopard*, his account of the trek, he told us that when the journey down the mountains was nearly at an end, his tent was invaded by a Hindu with a scabby head and rotting lip. "I lunge at him," he wrote, "and shove him bodily out of my sight, lashing the tent flap and yelling incomprehensibly myself: I do not have the medicine he needs, and anyway there is no cure for him, no cure for me. How can he know, poor stinking bastard, that it is not his offensiveness that offends me, the pus and the bad breath of him—no, it is his very flesh, no different from my own. In his damnable need, he returns me to our common plight, this pit of longing into which, having failed in my poor leap, I sink again." The great enlightenment that he hoped the trip would produce did not take place. "For all the exhilaration, splendor, and 'success' of the journey to the Crystal Mountain, a great chance has been missed and I have failed. I will perform the motions of parenthood, my work, my friendships, my Zen practice, but all hopes, acts, and travels have been blighted. I look forward to nothing."

The search for the snow leopard was made in late 1973, but since the account of it was not published in book form until five years ago, I assume that the underlying despondency persisted at least until then. Indeed, I think it persists in *Crazy Horse*. Matthiessen knows he does not have—and knows our society does not have—the “medicine” the “poor stinking bastards” on the reservations need, either.

Maybe that's too melodramatic an interpretation. Maybe I read too much hopelessness into *Crazy Horse*. But I am fairly certain of one thing, and I think it relates to his depression: Matthiessen has lost, for the moment at least, his touch of poetry. At its best, Matthiessen's prose is so right that it becomes more than prose, as when he tells us of the song of the whales in *Blue Meridian*, those marvelous oinks, squeaks, grunts, and whistles, “tuned by the ages to a purity beyond refining, a sound that man should hear each morning to remind him of the morning of the world”; or recalls his meeting with the sharks in “a nether world of openmouthed dead staring forms that moved in slow predestined circles”; or paints that primordial scene, in *Sand Rivers*, of “spleen-yellow” crocodiles feasting on a rotting hippopotamus, “swollen a pale purple, that was stranded like a huge rubber toy on a hidden bar out in mid-river.” Death and violence have often inspired him before; victims have stirred him to some of his finest writing. But not here. Here there is only prose hardened by unhappiness with a mean system that defies reform. In this respect, I guess, *In the Spirit of Crazy Horse* is a perfect book for our times. □

SHORT REVIEWS



ROBERT BROWNING by Donald Thomas. Viking, \$18.75. When old John Lockhart, biographer of Scott and erstwhile editor of the *Quarterly Review*, was sourly loitering in Italy, Robert Browning was one of the few people he approved, because “he isn't at all like a damned literary man.” He was hardly like a proper poet, either. He did not quarrel with his parents, mistreat his

wife, neglect his son, acquire a mistress, drink to excess, use drugs, annoy the police, have a nervous breakdown, or run into debt. In his old age, as the most obliging and, consequently, ubiquitous lion in London's literary zoo, he was occasionally accused of talking too much, too loudly, and never about poetry. These seem to have been his only misdemeanors, and can hardly be classed as serious. A biographer confronted with such a lack of fine frenzy must find other means of stimulating the reader, and Mr. Thomas has done that, cleverly and convincingly, by emphasizing the areas of subject matter, language, and technique in which Browning's work was “years ahead of its time.” He does not, happily, chase down every possible example of Browning's influence on later writers; he indicates just enough to provoke the reader into recognizing more. This is a good and (in view of the formidable mass of source material available) admirably brisk biography.

TOWARD THE BRINK by Claude Manceron. Knopf, \$20.00. The fourth volume of Mr. Manceron's history of the French Revolution is as lively, as tart, as detailed, and as populous as its predecessors. It covers the affair of the queen's necklace, among much else, but does not get beyond the convening, in 1787, of the Assembly of Notables. That group will explode in the next volume, which can hardly come too soon.

THE SINDBAD VOYAGE by Tim Severin. Putnam's, \$17.95. Mr. Severin is the man who sailed a leather boat across the Atlantic to prove that St. Brendan could really have done it. This time, he is sailing an Arab boom from Oman to Canton to prove that reality underlay the tales of Sindbad the Sailor, which is a less exciting project, because the capabilities of Arab ships and navigators are historically well attested. The voyage itself, however, is thoroughly interesting. Mr. Severin's account of ship construction, work methods, local chicaneries, ports of call, accidents, and crew members will please any addict of maritime adventure.

ON THE BLACK HILL by Bruce Chatwin. Viking, \$14.75. Mr. Chatwin's novel about twin brothers who spend most of their eighty-odd years doing nothing of public importance on a Welsh border farm is, in fact, a beautifully written,

slyly satirical survey of British society, British eccentrics, and the changes that have befallen both in this century. It is a delightful book and, in its quiet way, quite wickedly disrespectful.

LETTERS OF ARCHIBALD MACLEISH edited by R. H. Winnick. Houghton Mifflin, \$20.00. In the course of a life that lasted almost ninety years, MacLeish was “a playwright, a lawyer, a teacher, a journalist, a Librarian of Congress, an assistant secretary of state” and a poet. In all of these capacities, he made friends and wrote letters. Since the letters chosen by Mr. Winnick are designed to show the multiple facets of MacLeish's career, they range from mildly wearisome financial protests to Henry Luce through affectedly rumbustious chitchat to Hemingway to the patient and canny maneuverings by which MacLeish, more than anyone else, extracted Ezra Pound from the mental hospital. The difficulty of this last enterprise was to persuade the somewhat unpredictable Robert Frost to act as front man in dealing with what MacLeish, as an old Washington hand, knew to be the suitable authorities, while simultaneously persuading the refractory Pound to keep his overworked mouth shut. MacLeish brought it off. He was, in addition to all his other accomplishments, an admirable diplomat.

THE SHADOW OF THE MOTH by Ellen Hawkes and Peter Manso. St. Martin's, \$12.95. The fact that one or both of these authors is well read in all the chronicles of Virginia Woolf and the Bloomsbury Group is no excuse for attaching their names to the characters in a second-rate espionage thriller. There is, unfortunately, no law against literary grave robbers.

THE WASHINGTON SQUARE ENSEMBLE by Madison Smartt Bell. Viking, \$15.75. Page one starts off as though Mr. Bell intended to imitate Damon Runyon. Be not deceived. Johnny B. Goode and his crew of drug peddlers are brutal, fantastic, pitiful, grimly funny, and not in the least like Runyon's pseudo-genteel rapscallions. This noteworthy first novel even includes religious and philosophical undertones, provided the reader can find time to consider them in the midst of all the crash-and-bang action.

ART OF THE AZTECS by Henri Stierlin. Rizzoli, \$50.00. The illustrations of Indi-

an art and architecture are in color and very handsome indeed. The text is predominantly devoted to the various earlier cultures from which the Aztecs derived their artistic style, for pre-Columbian Central America was a world in which religious and aesthetic concepts passed from one group to another over centuries without losing a basic uniformity. The Aztec were the short-lived last of a long line. In describing this process of development, Mr. Stierlin assumes serious interest on the part of his readers, and offers no crutches, much less needless frills.

AMERICAN BEAUTY by Lois Banner. Knopf, \$17.95. As everyone knows, fashions in women's clothes and women's looks change over the years. In the early nineteenth century, the aunt of Oliver Wendell Holmes was sent to a school where

They laced her up, they starved her down,
To make her light and small;

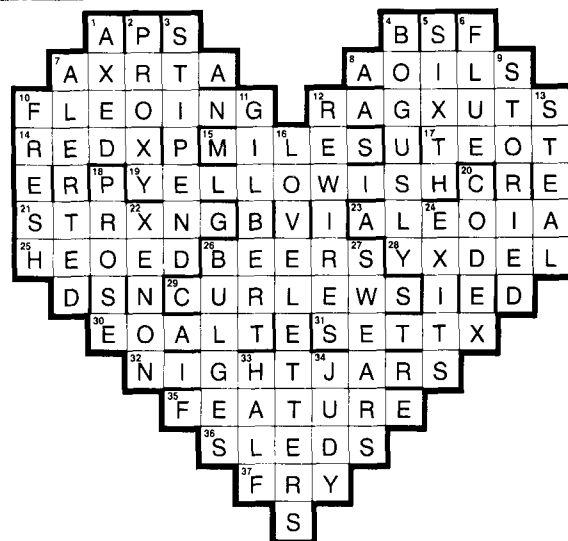
but by the end of the century, young women were making great efforts to gain what they called "flesh." Followed the boyish ideal of the 1920s, and then the overboshed Playmate. At present, it appears, muscles are in vogue. Do these changes represent anything more than the fact that change is the whole purpose of fashion? Ms. Banner believes that they do, and she investigates the matter intelligently, persuasively, and with a bit more solemnity than is necessary.

PHOTOGRAPHS & WORDS by Wright Morris. Matrix, \$32.50. Mr. Morris is a fine photographer as well as a fine writer. Morris the novelist concentrates on people in passing time. Morris the photographer concentrates on moribund objects. The text Mr. Morris has written to accompany this selection of his pictures explains the connection between his two arts. It also provides some engaging reminiscences on the pleasures and the dangers of photographing rickety barns without the owners' permission.

THE PATH TO POWER: The Years of Lyndon Johnson by Robert A. Caro. Knopf, \$19.95. Portions of this book originally appeared in *The Atlantic*, in somewhat different form.

—Phoebe Lou Adams

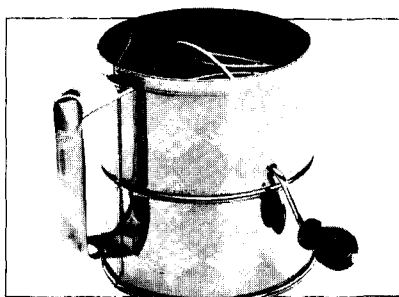
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Across. 7. A-(m)ORTA(l) 8. A(X)ILS 10. FL(EX)ING 12. RAG(OUT)S 14. RED-O 15. MILES (double def.) 17. TEX-T 19. YELL(O)-WISH 21. S(TR)ONG 23. ALEX-I-A 25. HE-XED 26. BEERS (double def., pun) 28. YODEL (*yokel* with middle letter changed) 29. CURL-E-W-S 30. E(XAL)T (*far* rev.) 31. (t)SET-TO(h) (*hottest* rev.) 32. NIGHT(JAR)S (*things* anag.) 35. FEATURE (anag.) 36. S(LE)DS 37. FRY (double def.) Down. 1. A(X-E)D 2. PR(OX)Y 3. S(TIP)END 4. BOGUSLY (anag.) 5. SI(X)TH (*this* anag.) 6. FLU(T)E 7. ALERTED (anag.) 9. STOR(I)ED 10. FRES-H (*serf* rev.) 11. GI(LB)ERT (anag. + *lb*) 12. REW([d]IR[t])ES (*sewer* rev.) 13. STEAL (hidden) 18. PROSE (homophone) 20. C(ODE)X 22. X-ENON (rev.) 24. EXITS (anag.) 26. BU(LGE)S (*leg* anag.) 27. S(W)EARS 33. H-A-LF 34. JUD(o)-Y

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Mail this form, your ad copy and payment to:

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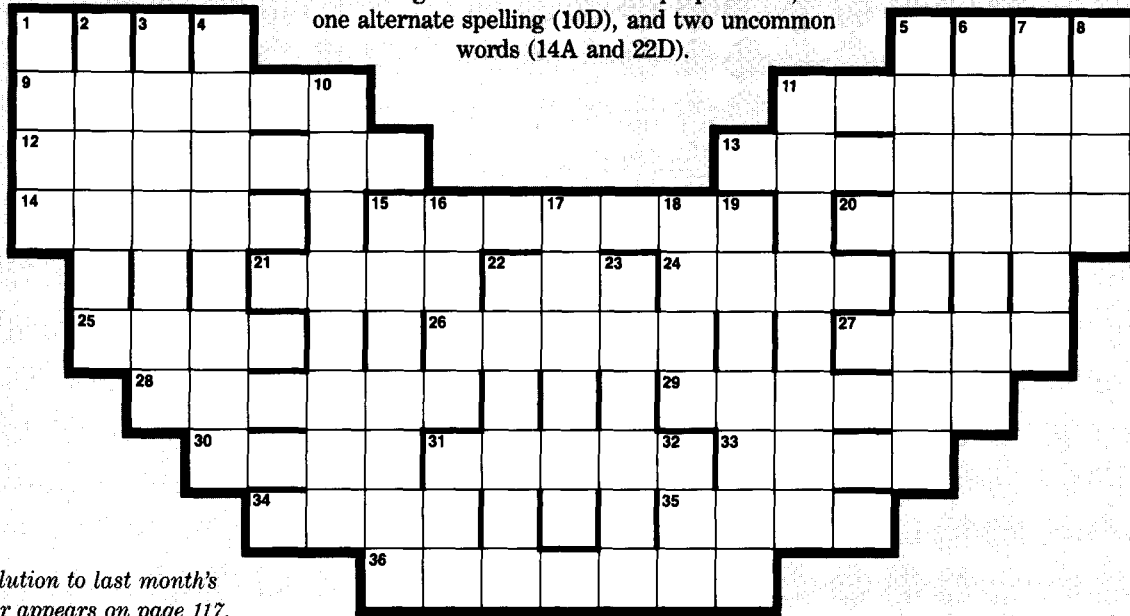
The Atlantic is represented by Russell Johns Associates, Ltd. for classified advertising

THE ATLANTIC PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

NOAH'S ARK

In filling the diagram to this month's puzzle, solvers should not be too single-minded. Among the answers are one proper noun, one alternate spelling (10D), and two uncommon words (14A and 22D).



The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 117.

ACROSS

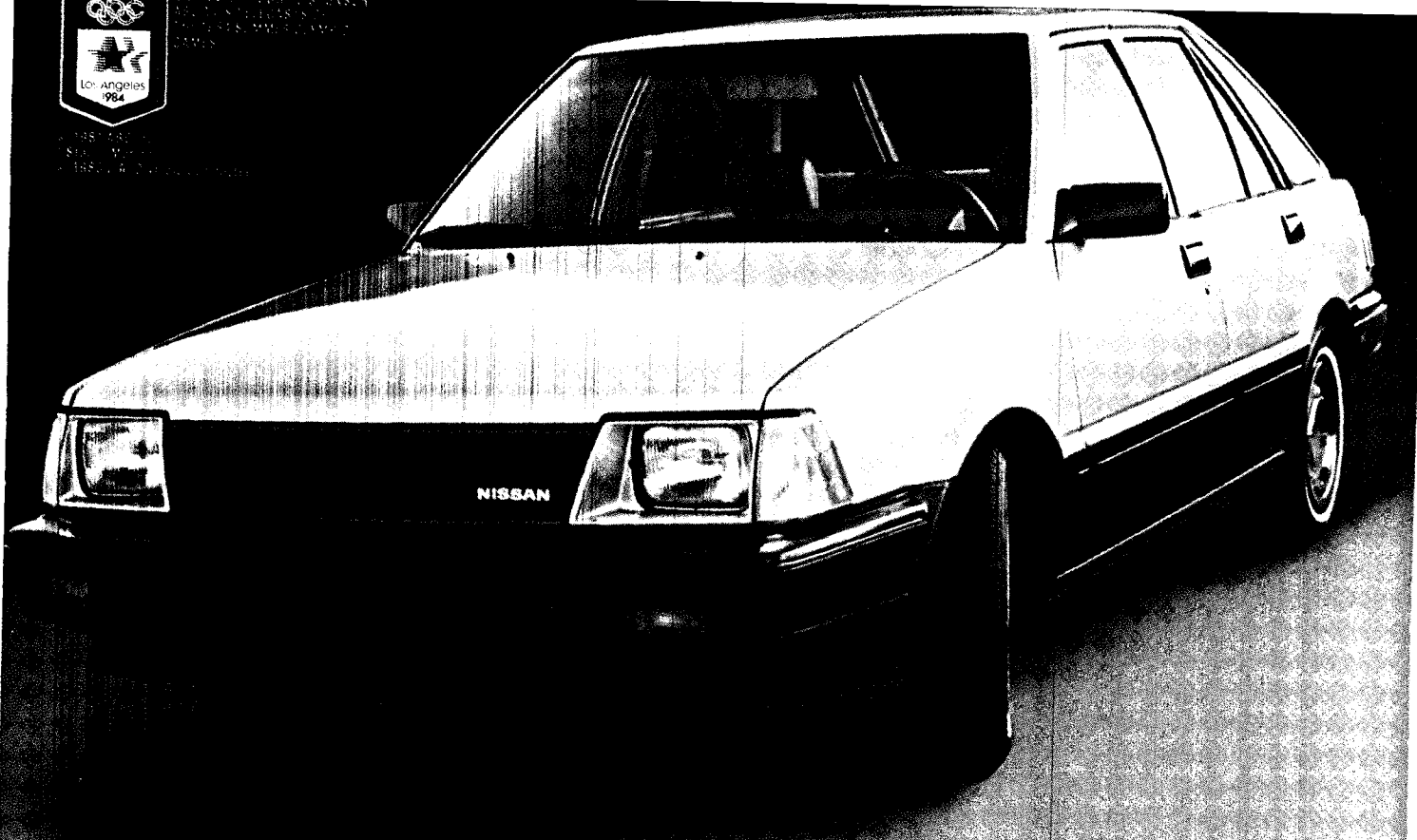
9. Get busy putting pair into boat for Noah (6) (2 words)
11. Money for sailing pieces (6)
12. Animal with male name . . . (3)
13. . . . and the female—more luxurious (7)
14. Mouse's tail came up with a gnawed edge (5)
15. Pets, in parts of ship, keeping company (7)
20. Look for danger at sea (6)
21. Scatter swine (3)
22. Coop up swan (3)
24. Ones initially caught in tossing sea (4)
25. Days and days amid watery earth (4)
26. Rat circling about was concerned (5)
27. Bovine knocking front off boat (3)
28. Flows off in Flood's last downpours (6)

29. Work periods providing color aboard ship (6)
30. Note bats in shade (4)
31. Avoid certain fowl (4)
33. Attending to some of the reptiles (4)
34. Coin phrase: "Elephants shouldn't often show their heads" (4)
35. Where missing second member used to be (4)
36. Nestled among fruit, dog is safe (7)

DOWN

1. Last cuckoo, cat, and horse (8)
2. Fable about animals in the middle of wild weather (6)
3. Dove flew around to make love (7)
4. Creator of drama put vegetation in front of deer (8) (2 words)
5. Toes lure mongrel resembling a bulldog (8)
6. Oddly, sick hoot-owl is with groups of fish (7)
7. Train first couple of dirty, squirming eels (6)
8. Only body of water (4)
10. Oinkers carelessly consuming last of spare cleaning fluid (8)
11. Quieter, endless precipitation landing in the water (8)
15. Pandemonium and rioting during meal (7)
16. Monkey with scar bends (4)
17. Where farmyard animals are found in loud song (6)
18. Serpent finally notices little frogs (4)
19. Rodent's foe, hidden in shelter, is injured (7)
22. Centers around frisky pair of goats (6)
23. Vessel's cook eating bit of eggnog (6)
31. Bear is back at rear of deck with deer (4)
32. Grazer finds little room around Ararat's top (3)

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, write to The Atlantic Reprint Department, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.



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**ONLY AT YOUR
DATSUN DEALER.**

In Italy, stanza means "room." In America, Nissan Stanza means more passenger and luggage room than a lot of cars with "big" reputations.

More room than Cavalier, Escort, Lynx, J2000 and VW Jetta. More than Cadillac Cimarron, Mercedes-Benz 300D, Peugeot 505, BMW 320i, Audi 5000 and Volvo GL. Absolutely!

BETTER GAS MILEAGE, TOO.

Nissan Stanza also means efficiency. A 2-liter NAPS-X engine powers its wind-cheating wedge to the best gas mileage of any car its volume, with surprisingly spirited acceleration.

ADVANCED FRONT-WHEEL DRIVE.

Nissan Stanza's weight is distributed almost equally between front and rear wheels.

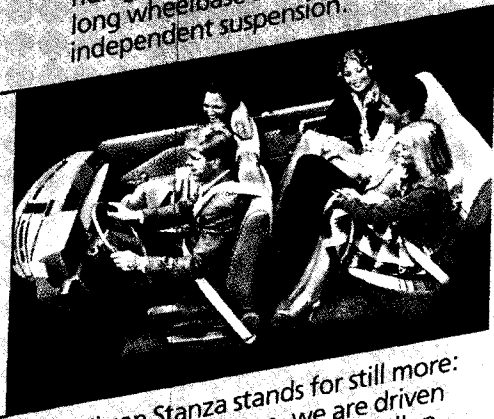
This balanced stance lightens steering effort and, combined with a precise power-assisted rack-and-pinion system, lets you move through curves as if on rails.

45 31

EST. HWY. MPG EPA EST. MPG

Use EPA estimated mpg for comparison, with standard 5-speed. Actual mpg may differ depending on speed, trip length and weather. Highway mpg will probably be less. California mpg lower.

riding smoothly on a wide track, long wheelbase and refined 4-wheel independent suspension.



**YOU CAN CROSS YOUR LEGS IN
THE BACK OF A NISSAN STANZA.**

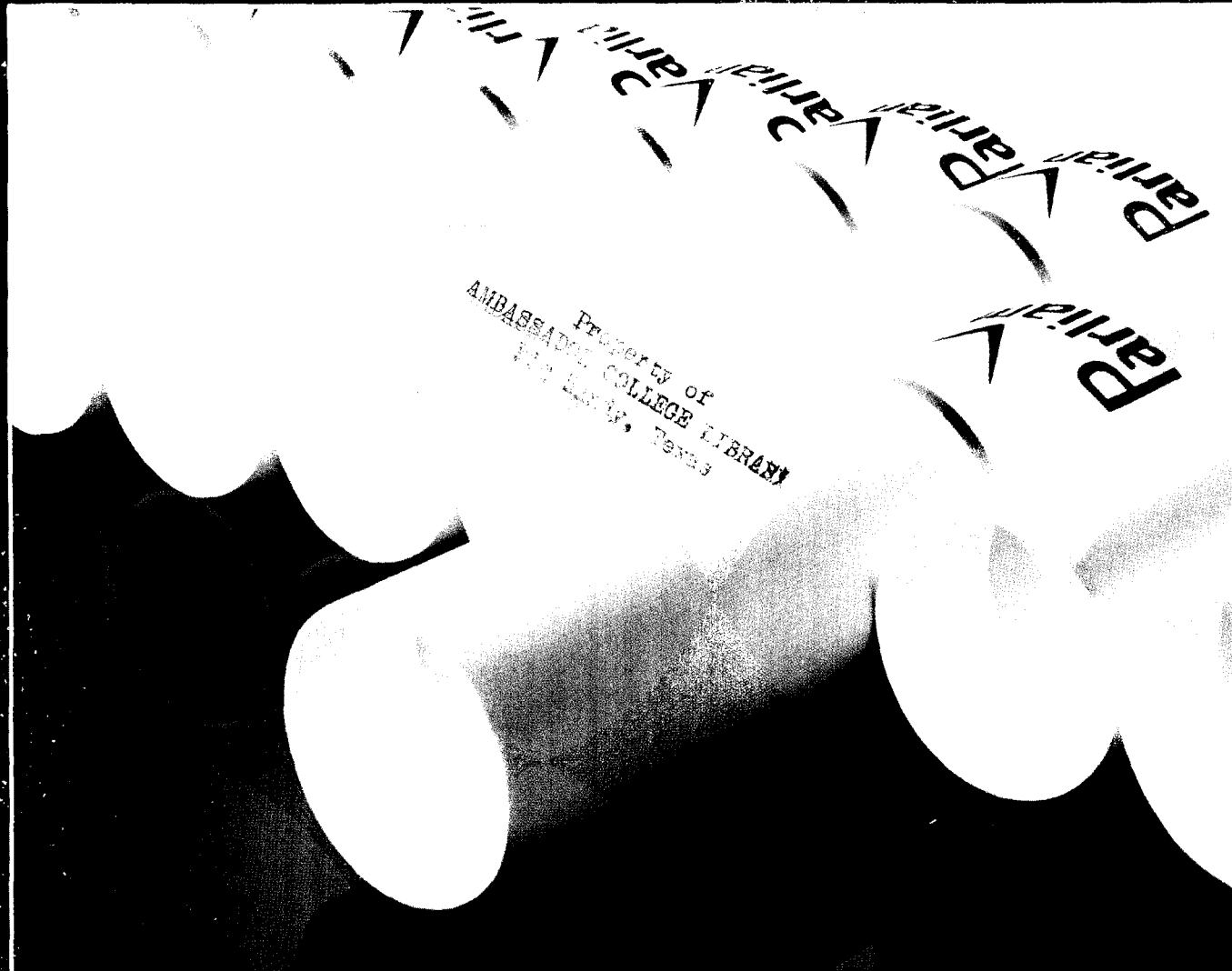
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We've invested a quarter-inch of space at the end of our cigarette.

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